

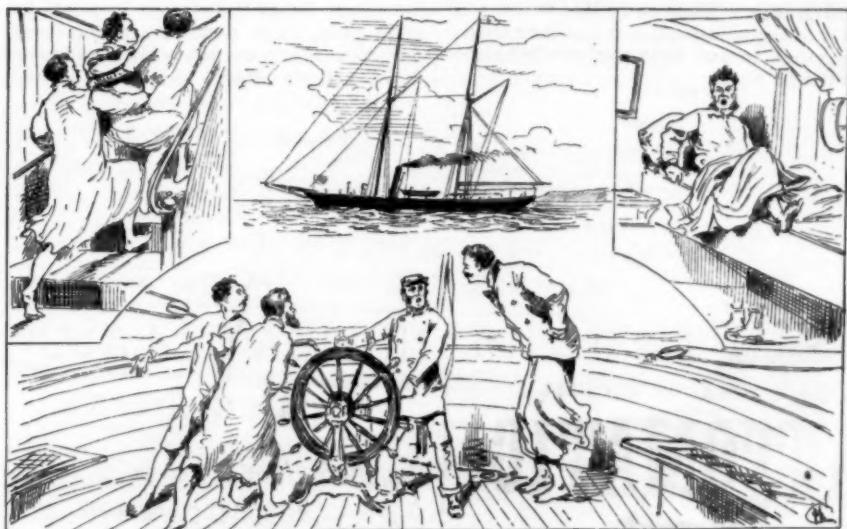
SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XIII.

DECEMBER, 1876.

No. 2.

BAY SHOOTING.



"HAS SHE STRUCK A ROCK OR HAS THE BOILER BURST?" (PAGE 158.)

"LYING low for wild ducks" is a phrase generally understood to express the greatest artifice and cunning, the exercise of which is most essential to the capture of the duck, as also of his congener, the goose. The latter has a reputation for stupidity utterly at variance with the gunner's experience, for a more wary, wide-awake, suspicious customer cannot be scared up than an old gander in charge of a flock of geese. Few of the lucky recipients of a brace of wild fowl from a sporting friend can form an adequate idea how very low he has to lie to induce a flock of ducks to come within shot. Indeed, when they learn that during a greater part of the time he is lying upon his back on a meadow partially submerged, or in a leaky boat, with mayhap a snow-squall or a heavy rain beating down upon him, they may appreciate his self-sacrifice, and awake to the fact that the duck-shooter is no sybarite.

Dilettanti sportsmen do not usually affect bay shooting; half a day's tramp over the stubble with a possible bag of a dozen quail about fills the measure of their endurance and enjoyment. The more ardent sportsman, however, while appreciating the delights of upland shooting, looks forward with far keener zest to the rougher experiences incidental to "bay shooting" as a relief from all absorbing business cares, and seeks both mental and physical relaxation with gun and rod and reefed sail on our wintry waters.

A glance at the coast-line on a map of the Middle States will show the reader that from Montauk Point, at the eastern extremity of Long Island, to Cape Hatteras, the coast is fringed by a succession of bays or sounds formed by an outer barrier of sand. These narrow sand-spits are penetrated at irregular intervals by inlets, through which the sea-water ebbs and flows, rendering their

waters in the vicinity of the inlets very salt, while at a distance from them, owing to the discharge of fresh water from numerous tributary creeks and brooks, their waters become brackish, or almost fresh. These bays are very shallow, admitting vessels of only the lightest draft; hence they are practically useless for commercial purposes, and are abandoned almost entirely to gunners and fishermen.

Where the waters are salt, the smaller crustacea abound, and where they are brackish, there is a rank growth of marine plants and grasses. These conditions attract wild fowl of every description during their annual migration to and from the breeding-places in the far North; and these bays are conse-

while the women provide, in a homely way, for their entertainment. Though utterly without education, these people evince an accurate knowledge of all within their sphere, and an independence and integrity of character that insures the respect and admiration of all who come in contact with them, while some, who have been in the habit for years of entertaining strangers, have imbibed ideas of refinement which are in very striking contrast with their appearance. To the sportsman, there is an irresistible charm in the novelty of such surroundings, for at the seasons in which he seeks them, these coasts are a very *terra incognita*. Then the sea is black and menacing, and the great combers roll in and



A SNIFE BLIND.

quently selected as feeding-grounds and resting-places by the countless thousands of ducks and geese passing over them each spring and autumn; for, although for the past quarter of a century they have suffered a steady fusilade from Cape Cod to Cape Hatteras, there is no perceptible diminution in their numbers.

On this outer barrier, or spit of sand, at long intervals, are beach-houses, owned by a hardy class who gain a scant subsistence by fishing, gunning, and wrecking; they are keen sportsmen, capable of great endurance, and frequently act as gunners to the gentlemen-sportsmen who shoot in their locality, furnishing them with the necessary appliances in the way of boats, decoys, etc.,

burst upon the beach, threatening to overwhelm the low gunning-house, cowering in its loneliness behind the giant sand-hills, which wintry gales have reared, and twisting them into a thousand weird and fantastic shapes. The gunners, too, seem to belong to a different race of beings, with their rudely picturesque dress, their strongly marked features, and rough, though expressive, dialect. The mode of life is no less novel. You are aroused at three o'clock in the morning, take your breakfast soon after, and then, in gunning attire of rubber and oil-skins, go out into the darkness, grope down to the boat, and pull off a mile or more to the "Point," perhaps breaking the ice to force a passage; and who can forget the return at

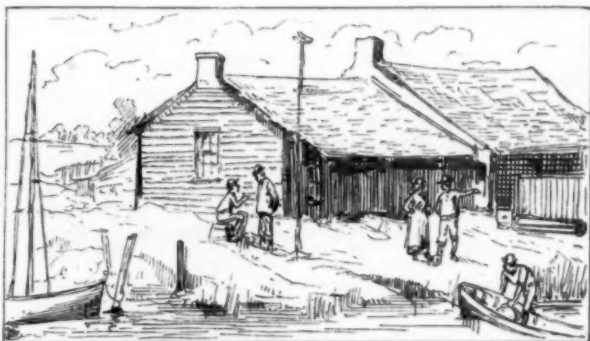
night, reefed down to a gale, the greeting and comparison of luck with fellow-sportsmen, the hearty supper, the adjournment to the "bar" (the common sitting-room of all beach gunning-houses), when, amid thickening clouds from a dozen meerschaums in full blast, a spirited and general discussion ensues upon the relative merits of guns, decoys, boats, and gear of all descriptions, with an occasional digression into the realms of natural history, where peculiarities of wild fowl in general, their mode and strength of flight, their cunning in eluding decoys, their favorite food, etc., etc., are dwelt upon at great length by the more experienced gunners, and listened to with avidity by the tyros, who are about to make their first essay. Meanwhile, each one is occupied in his own peculiar fashion, cleaning and oiling fowling-pieces, splicing parted gear, mending or drying clothes, and smoking to a man, like so many Pittsburg chimneys.

The scene forms, even to an inartistic eye, a striking picture, as the ruddy glare of the fire, struggling with the clouds of tobacco-smoke, throws its ever-varying light upon the strangely appareled, strangely assorted group.

The design of this paper being not only to depict some of the incidents of sporting life in adjacent waters, but also to afford specific information to those who care to enjoy it, we shall confine ourselves mainly to pointing out localities which can be readily reached by business men of sporting proclivities, residing in or near New York, Philadelphia, or Boston.

In the spring of the year, along the east end of Long Island, on the ponds of Montauk, or on the waters of Shinnecock Bay, there is capital goose-shooting (the best in our vicinity). Let us suppose it to be the first day of April; the bays are clear of ice, and we receive a telegram that the flight has commenced; so we in turn telegraph to our wife to send our gun and "ducking things" down to the ferry-house of the Long Island Railroad: old bay gunners always having their gear ready for immediate use. The more necessary articles pertaining to an outfit are, first, a breech-loader, No. 8 or 10 bore, weighing from $10\frac{1}{2}$ to $12\frac{1}{2}$ pounds,

very heavy in the breech, 300 to 500 shells, loaded with 5 drams of Dupont's ducking powder, $1\frac{3}{4}$ ounces B. B. shot (for geese), a rubber blanket, rubber (thigh) boots, yarn stockings, heavy underclothing, a Car-



A BEACH HOUSE.

digan jacket, and a suit of Cape Ann oilskins, and a sou'-wester, all of which (except the gun) may be had for about \$30.

The Long Island Railroad will deposit us in three hours and a half at Atlanticville, a little hamlet on Shinnecock Bay, where we arrive at $7\frac{1}{2}$ P. M.; fare, \$2.

Here we are met by "Wash" Howell, and, after a good supper, a romp with the babies, and a smoke, we turn in for the night, having previously so disposed our "togger" that we can jump into it at a moment's notice.

At 3 A. M., a light flares in our eyes, with a cheery "turn out" from Wash. "All right! How's the weather?" "Dooiced cold! Snowing a little; but the-wind's to westward, and its sure to clear."

After a good breakfast, presided over by "The Madam," we shoulder our guns, and go down to the shore blowing our fingers. Here a lively scene presents itself. In a pen, 20 feet long, by about 10 feet square, the lower end submerged, is a flock of 22 wild (trained) geese which we are to use as decoys, and four men are engaged in transferring them to two long boxes. A lively time they have of it, for goosey affects to dislike the arrangement, and hence the tallest kind of hissing, flapping, and honking. They are soon caged, however, and a box being put in each boat, off we start with a free wind,—for the first few hundred yards through a wooded creek which opens into the southern part of Shinnecock Bay.

The westerly wind has by this time par-



GOOSE-SHOOTING IN SHINNECOCK BAY.

tially dispersed the clouds, and the rising sun is gilding their dark edges, as well as the sand-hills across the bay, and the tall shaft of Shinnecock Light-house, which stands out like a golden rod, its twinkling star resisting the growing daylight.

The boats dash forward under the influence of the fresh morning breeze, and as we breathe the clear, piercing air, we are possessed by a strange feeling of exhilaration, which is soon heightened by the sight of at least a dozen flocks of geese heading in over the sea, and occasionally sending an answering "honk" to the vociferations of our old gander, who protrudes his snake-like neck through the slats of the box, knowing as well as we that he is in for a day's sport.

The waters, as we approach the middle of the bay, are so clear that, though the depth is now three feet or less, it does not seem so many inches. Sailing on a few hundred yards, we come upon a dry shoal, just a wash, fifty feet long, by about fifteen in width, and in a moment our keel grates the sand. All hands now jump overboard, and the boxes of geese are carried ashore. The geese are taken out separately, and toggled to stakes driven in the sand where the water is an inch or two deep, the line of stakes forming semicircles whose outer edges are from twenty to thirty yards from where

we shoot. We then deposit our "duds" in boxes about six feet long by two and a half wide, sunk into the sand, so that they are invisible twenty paces distant; yet, not only form a perfect "blind" from which to shoot, but shelter us completely from the piercing nor'-westers.

We then put the empty decoy boxes back into the boat, and after packing up everything, and so disposing the sand as to give it a natural look about our sand-boxes, both boats get under way and stand over to the beach, a mile off, leaving us alone in the middle of the bay. But the water between us and the beach is not much more than knee deep, so the danger is not appalling. The wind blows keenly, and we cower down into our sand-boxes, and cocking our guns, peer over the edges, looking seaward eagerly for game.

Hardly have we ceased meditating on the peculiarity of our situation when the old gander begins to cock his head on one side and look knowing. Casting an eye to westward, we spy in the distance a long line of geese apparently heading in over the beach. Now begins the anxious time; minutes seem hours; they may come or they may not. Now—now—they swerve seaward again, and immediately the old gander gives a shrill honk, in which he is joined by the

nineteen other geese who vie with one another in shrillness and flapping of wings. Now they turn again, and the gander immediately subsides. So sure as they turn off he pipes up and the chorus is renewed, but so long as they head for us he don't "say a word." "Now, here they come, sure pop! don't move a muscle. For Moses' sake, keep that head of yours down, Jack!" How we shake with nervous excitement. Here they are, right over us; see how they circle round us; blessed if I don't think I could catch that fellow by his legs; strange they don't see us; now they settle down; see them inspect the decoys; how pretty they look as they preen themselves; and how hypocritically innocent our old gander looks, as if he hadn't lured them on to destruction and wasn't gloating over it! Now then, give them each a barrel where they are, and then one as they rise. Are you all ready? Bang! bang! bang! bang! What a splutter! Six down, by all that's lovely! Now we gather our dead and cover them with sand, so as not to scare the next lot; and then, reloading our guns, snuggle down into our boxes out of the wind.

Half an hour passes—here they come again; and we go through the same excitement of alternate doubt and certainty. Often, just as they get almost within shot, they don't like the looks of things and off they go. Sometimes an hour elapses between shots; and, perhaps, under the rays of the noonday sun we get drowsy, and take a nap, and before we know it, a lot of strange geese alight and are walking around among the decoys. Occasionally bunches of black duck and broadbill come within shot, but we rarely bother with them, unless there is a scarcity of geese.

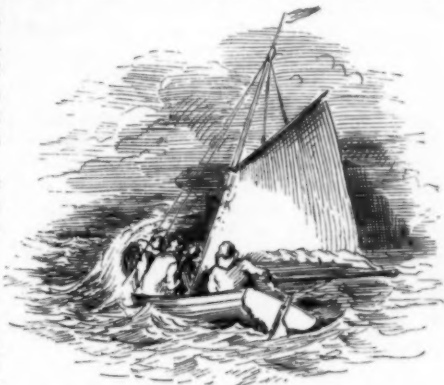
Toward four o'clock we begin to get thoroughly tired and chilled, so we signal the boats, and, counting up, find that we have from twelve to twenty head. Gathering up our "duds," and packing up our decoys, who have done us such good service, we start off to the main, and the wind blowing a gale, we double-reef, hardly knowing whether we are under or a-top of the cresting seas.

Apropos of the superiority of live over artificial decoys, we well remember one cold day, when, after good sport, we saw that a heavy snow-squall was imminently threatening, and signaled our boats.

When they arrived, all hands went to work with a will to get the things aboard; the boats were hauled upon the spit, and

their sails flapped as if they would be torn to tatters by the gale; the dead game and all our accouterments were scattered about upon the sand, and when the squall burst upon us, in casting an eye to leeward we spied a flock of geese making directly toward us. Instinctively the men shouted "lie low," and grasping our guns we threw ourselves flat upon the sand, never dreaming however that, under the circumstances, they would come within shot. But, attracted by the decoys, and bewildered by the snow-squall,—apparently seeing nothing but the decoys,—they settled literally at our feet, and in two minutes six more were added to our bag. If we had had artificial decoys the geese would not have come within a mile of us.

To enjoy this sport one should allow himself at least five days; for, although every



COMING IN UNDER DOUBLE-REEF FROM THE POINT.

day *may* be a good day for shooting, still we cannot count upon over one day out of three: of course on very stormy days one cannot shoot on the shoal, and the flight, too, is somewhat dependent on the direction of the wind. The expense of shooting here is naturally large, since it involves the services of four men, 20 live decoys, and two boats, all of which are furnished at \$20 for every shooting day. If four gentlemen go, the expense is of course \$5 a piece.

Good spring and autumn shooting may be had on the Great South Bay of Long Island, and at South Oyster Bay; Amityville, opposite Fire Island Light, and thereabouts, affording both spring and autumn shooting from "batteries" at black duck, broadbill, and sheldrakes. At times there is good brant-shooting, but "battery" shooting is exceedingly uncomfortable and exposing.

South Oyster Bay, being so accessible to the city, is greatly affected by New Yorkers, and there is consequently great competition for "points"—so much so that one is frequently obliged to spend half the night on them to secure them. The access to the "points," too, is disagreeable, involving "poling" down a muddy shallow creek for a mile or more, hours before dawn, and then a long pull out on the bay. The gunning-houses are on the mainland, and are comfortable taverns:—McComber keeps the "Vandewater House," Walker keeps Gelstan Smith's Old House, and the Brothers Haff, "Verity" and "Cornelius," can always be depended upon as gunners, furnishing all the gunning paraphernalia for \$2.50 per day. These places can be reached in two or three hours from New York, by the Southside Railroad. On the whole, however, we prefer Barnegat Bay, as the most reliable for ducking at all seasons, and for the variety of the fowl in the spring. In the northern part of the bay there is always good shooting at canvas-backs, red-head, widgeon, etc., with a fair chance for geese; while in the southern part, the brant, broad-bill, and black duck fairly swarm, and occasionally large numbers of geese are killed.

All parts of the bay may be reached by New Yorkers or Philadelphians, in from four to six hours by rail, including the sail across the New York Bay, if one takes the boat connecting with the New Jersey Southern Railroad to Sandy Hook.



BILL CHADWICK'S GUNNING-HOUSE.

Bill Chadwick's gunning-house, in the upper part of the bay, is perhaps the best known sporting hostelry in the vicinity of New York; thirty years ago it was known as John Maxon's, and many a gentleman of

the old school, who long since has laid aside his gun for a staff, has pleasant recollections of the little fishing-but on Squam Beach.

"That tavern old and quaint,
And all devoid of paint,—
A long low building stretched a hundred feet or
more,
With many a curious name
Set round with gilded frame,
Nailed and fashioned over and up against the
door."

Chadwick, like Maxon, his father-in-law, is to the manor born, and has inherited all his genial and sporting qualities. He is a typical character of the beach, and king-bee among the fraternity. A daring surfer, he has assisted in saving the lives of over two-hundred and fifty shipwrecked people; as a gunner and fisherman he has no superior, and as a practical joker he is simply incorrigible. If one betrays any marked peculiarity, it is sure to serve as a peg whereon Chadwick may hang innumerable tricks. An habitué of the house once evinced a strong aversion to dogs; now Bill is especially fond of them, and always has a houseful of all sorts and sizes, and having the run of the bar-room, they invariably ensconce themselves in the warmest corner, to the great disgust of their enemy, who spent a large part of his time in ejecting them, with kicks and oaths. So William on one occasion determined to avenge their ill treatment. Watching his opportunity, and taking advantage of his guest's temporary absence from his

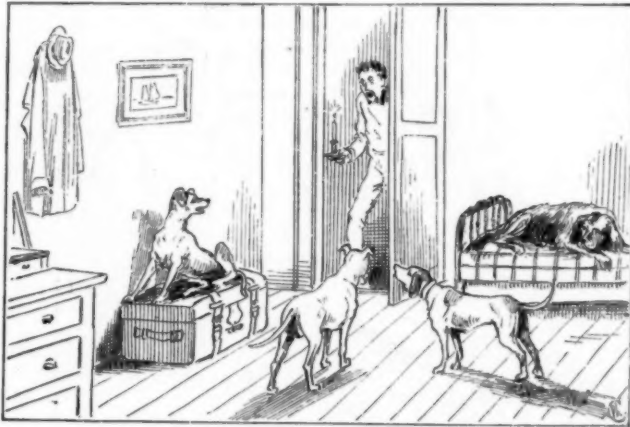
room, Bill called every dog in the house upstairs, and presently came down without them, having "fixed things," as he expressed it. The gunner returned late in the evening, tired out and disgusted with his ill luck, and at a very early hour retired to his room. On opening the door, to his astonishment he was greeted with a low growl, and to his intense disgust, discovered "Quango," the great Newfoundland, snugly ensconced upon his bed; chairs, trunk, and

other available spaces being occupied by the other dogs. His entrance was at once disputed by low growls and snarls. In vain he

* The head-boards of vessels wrecked in the vicinity.

tried to wheedle them,—they remember ill treatment and only growl the louder. In vain he called for help; his friends had suddenly become timid in regard to dogs, and refused to interfere, and Mr. William had, un-

loader of his, which was purposely pooh-poohed by Bill, offered to shoot it against Chadwick's celebrated "Old Tom" (a muzzle-loader) for a basket of champagne. Two targets were procured, in order that



"GOOD LUCK! IS MY ROOM A DOG POUND?"

expectedly, pressing business a mile or so down the beach; so the gentleman, after making the air fairly blue with imprecations, "threw up the sponge," and, leaving the enemy in undisputed possession, took another room.

Once, a rat was caught and surreptitiously introduced into the apartment of a sportsman who was known to have an especial aversion to the animal. He had just dropped asleep, when a peculiar noise aroused him. In a second he was wide awake and aware that he had a rat for a room-mate. As he was afraid to get up in his bare feet, he shouted for help, but of course all were fast asleep. Meanwhile the rat gave unmistakable evidence that he was enjoying a comfortable meal off the mold candle. This gave G— a cue to the rat's whereabouts, and reaching for his boots he let fly first one and then the other, but missing his aim, smashed the water-pitcher, which deluged the floor. Disturbed at his meal, the rat took to the bed, and then the fight grew lively; pillows, bolster, candlesticks and books flew through the air like hail. At last Mr. Chadwick meekly knocked at the door and innocently asked if the gentleman had the nightmare,—lifting his hands in holy horror at the condition of the room!

Again, a gentleman who was enthusiastic over a new and very expensive breech-

loader of his, which was purposely pooh-poohed by Bill, offered to shoot it against Chadwick's celebrated "Old Tom" (a muzzle-loader) for a basket of champagne. Two targets were procured, in order that the penetration and shooting qualities of each gun might be separately and fairly tested, and six shots were to be allowed to each gun. The cartridges of the breech-loader were duly charged with the prescribed quantity of ammunition and placed on a table ready for use, when the owner of the gun (by preconcerted arrangement) was called up to the balcony to see a passing vessel; during his absence, Bill coolly substituted six cartridges loaded with less than half the prescribed charge. At last the match began. The shooting was led off by Bill, who made a splendid target. The owner of the breech-loader then fired six shots, but failed to put a single pellet into his target. His astonishment and dismay may well be imagined,—his expression of countenance was too ludicrous to be looked at with a straight face. Having loaded his own cartridges he was satisfied that there could be no trick, and with this conviction he spent the rest of the day in cursing his gun-maker, and promising to "make it lively" for him on his return to town.

With such jokes the weary hours of a stormy day, or a long winter evening, are whiled away.

The shooting here commences on the 20th of October, the earlier birds having reached here on their way south about that time. The blue and green-winged teal are then killed in large quantities. In fact the shooting is generally very good about this time, as the birds, not having been shot at, are not so wary. But if you ask one of the old gunners when to come, he will say, "bout 'lection time" and "just at the end of a heavy storm," for in fine mild weather the fowl congregate during the day-time in the middle of the bay, and it requires a hard storm to break them up into small

bunches, when they naturally take shelter under the lee of the meadows and close in shore, giving the gunner a chance after the storm is over. The bay opposite Chadwick's

on the main at red-head and canvas-back, as they are trading in and out of the creeks and coves.

The shooting being from "points," a little



"HAS THE GENTLEMAN THE NIGHTMARE?"

is about three miles wide, and jutting out into it from the beach are meadows which are intersected by water-lanes, or thoroughfares, one to two hundred yards wide, and but a foot or two deep. In these thoroughfares the fowl feed at night on the rich grasses of which they are so fond, and in some localities upon the wild celery, and then establish there what is technically called a "trade;" and if they are not disturbed at night they fly in and about these places all day long, from one point to another, affording capital shooting.

Every point of meadow has its proper designation, which is as familiar to the gunner as is the location of his own house. These points are occupied, or not, according to the state of the tide and wind. Some command the fowl "trading" up and down the thoroughfares, while others command the middle of the bay, the decoys attracting the large flocks passing up and down, as well as the new-comers constantly arriving. Thus, "the north-west and south-west points of the great and little sedge," "big and little cormorant," and a host of others are daily selected by gunners for the scene of their operations; sometimes they go all the way across the bay and shoot from the sand-pits

circular fortification, two feet high, of seaweed and grass is erected on their extreme edge, and inside of it and sheltered by it from the wind the gunners spread their blankets and, lying down, peer through its crevices for coming game. The decoys of wood are anchored in the water at about twenty yards distance. Sometimes the flight is enormous, the whole air being thick with ducks and geese, but the bay being so extensive, not one flock in ten will come near the points, or one in twenty within shot. Usually, in the height of the season, ten of Bill's "points" will be occupied, and the average is not over seven ducks killed to a point, although, on good days, "north-west" will kill twenty-five.

In this vicinity, the wild celery and duck-grasses flourish, attracting the better varieties of duck; and in both autumn and spring, vast numbers of canvas-backs, red-heads, widgeon, teal, dippers, and sprig-tail are killed. The canvas-backs and red-heads have as fine a flavor as those shot in the Chesapeake, while, in the lower part of the bay, about the inlet, the water is salt and the marine plants do not thrive; consequently, the fowl of that vicinity are obliged to live upon the abundant smaller crustacea, and their flavor

is apt to be fishy, excepting the brant (the most delicious of fowl), which feeds upon a kind of sand-worm. Chadwick's can be reached by land by the Central Railroad of New Jersey to Squam, and thence by Charley Maxon's stage down the beach seven miles; but those seven miles are through deep sand, and, as the winter winds have a clear sweep across the spit, it is an exceedingly uncomfortable drive. It can be done in the way above described in four hours and a half, at an expense of about six dollars; the pleasanter way, however, is to take the New Jersey Southern Railroad by steam-boat to Sandy Hook, thence by rail to Tom's

of course, are salt, and the mussels and crustacea on which brant, black duck, broad-bill, etc., feed, are very plenty; hence, there is capital shooting in the vicinity. On the beach, about seven miles below the light, is situated "Harvey Cedars," a well-known gunning-house kept by Uncle Charley Martin; it is a most comfortable house to stop at, and early in the spring and late in the fall it is much frequented by sportsmen. The beach here is much wider than at Chadwick's, and between the house and the sea are extensive ponds of salt-water, in which large number of fowl take refuge in stormy weather. Last spring we saw geese shot



HE PROMISES TO MAKE IT LIVELY FOR HIS GUN-MAKER.

River, and thence by Captain Gulick's boat the "Zouave," across to Bill's (a pleasant sail of seven miles). There is a capital hotel, Cowdick & Cook's, at Tom's River. The cost will be about the same as by way of Squam. The expense of shooting at Chadwick's—and the same may be said of all the gunning-houses on the beach—is about \$5 per day; \$2 for board, and \$3 for the gunner, who furnishes boat and decoys; but the gunner must be provided with ammunition, or with a money equivalent. Some twenty miles below Chadwick's, the beach is penetrated by an inlet, on the southern point of which is situated the well-known Barnegat Light. The waters thereabouts,

within five hundred yards of the house, as they were heading in there for refuge from a violent gale.

The method of shooting hereabouts is different from that at the upper part of the bay. Inasmuch as the meadows are very low, with no sedge to hide in, one is obliged to shoot out of boats, which are shoved, side by side, into holes cut in the meadows, and are then covered with sedge grass. As these boats are necessarily very small, just large enough for a man to stow himself in, and as he is obliged to lie on his back the livelong day, and can only sit up when he shoots, the sport becomes very irksome, and he suffers greatly, too, from cold, especially if it

rains or snows; but, of course, he thinks very lightly of it, if only the birds fly lively. The spring shooting (say from March 10th to April 10th) is by far the best. The game is principally brant, broad-bill and geese, the former frequently appearing in immense numbers. They are constantly moving up and down the bay, and usually come well to the decoys. At this season, too, geese often afford good sport. The "points" hereabouts are numerous, but can only be occupied at certain stages of the tide, and when the wind is in the proper direction; hence, priority of occupation does not insure possession of a point, as in other places; for any one coming along may put out his decoys by the side of you, and at the end of the day insist upon a division of the game. The most noted gunners in this part of the bay are the Ridgways (Samuel, Joel, and Joseph), Spragg, and the Perrines, all reliable men who live at Barnegat Village on the main, and who, on receipt of a telegram, will always meet a sportsman at the dépôt of the New Jersey

the beach, but leave for home on Saturday afternoon; for nothing could induce them to fire a gun on Sunday. Of course, they have to be on the beach again by three o'clock on Monday morning, hours before dawn; nevertheless, on no consideration, could they be induced to leave home on Sunday before midnight; thus, rather than technically break the Sabbath, they will pull seven miles across, through darkness and often through storm, towing a sneak-box after them (for hereabouts each gunner occupies a separate boat, so that he must provide for the sportsman too). One of the Ridgways is a Methodist preacher and holds service every Sunday. If he preaches as well as he shoots, he must be a second Moody.

In the upper part of the bay the men are not so abstemious, perhaps, but they are a jollier set, and their facility of adaptation to almost any circumstances in which they may be placed, is remarkable. Take "Zeph" Chadwick, for instance (it is a mooted point whether he was christened Zephyr or Zeph-



DUCK-SHOOTING ON NORTH-WEST POINT.

Southern Railroad to take him over to the beach, and gun for him while there. These men are "characters" in their way; hard-working, sober men, rarely, if ever, touching spirits, although sometimes subjected to fearful exposure. They spend the week-days on

eniah),—who, with his brother "John," was born on the beach. Both are natural sailors and surfmen. When a regatta is sailed, they usually are found at the helm of the winning boat; when the birds are flying, they shoot; if a ship comes ashore, they lend a hand to

save the people and "wrack" the vessel; when nothing else offers, "Zeph" works as a ship or house carpenter, it don't appear to make much odds to him which. The latest exploit of these boys, John and Zeph, was to take a small sail-boat down outside, to North Carolina, neither of them having the faintest idea of the science of navigation, or of the use of a chart. The

voyage lasted a month, and Zeph came home apparently dying from exposure; but he got well instead, and having had enough of the sea, took service with an undertaker, under contract to build coffins, drive a hearse, and take care of a small farm. He looked the embodiment of respectability, as, clad in funeral garb, he sat perched upon his hearse behind a spanking pair of blacks. On one unlucky day, however, as he was returning from a funeral in the country, a Monmouth jockey tried to pass him. The road was fine and the day cool, and Zeph, exhilarated by the recollection that he had had seven funerals that week, was not at all disposed to take any one's dust. So he gave his horses their head, and off they shot. It was Nip and Tuck, first hearse and then jockey. Among the funeral cortège there were some teams that were not to be distanced without an effort,—so the whole procession resolved itself into a scrub race, and went flying into Tom's River, to the great scandal of that very respectable community. Zeph won the race, but never drove a hearse again.

One of the oldest of the gunners of this region is Uncle Jimmy Loveland, who, in spite of his age, is a crack shot, and can even now knock over a duck going sixty miles an hour, or drop an English snipe with the best of them. He has an eye like a hawk, and can see a bunch of ducks and describe their species, when, to an inexperienced eye they are mere specks on the horizon. The unerring certainty with which old gunners can distinguish different fowl at immense distances is most remarkable, and is, of course, the result of years of observation,—the different kinds of fowl having certain peculiarities of flight, with which, by degrees, the gunner becomes familiar. Before going



MORNING START.

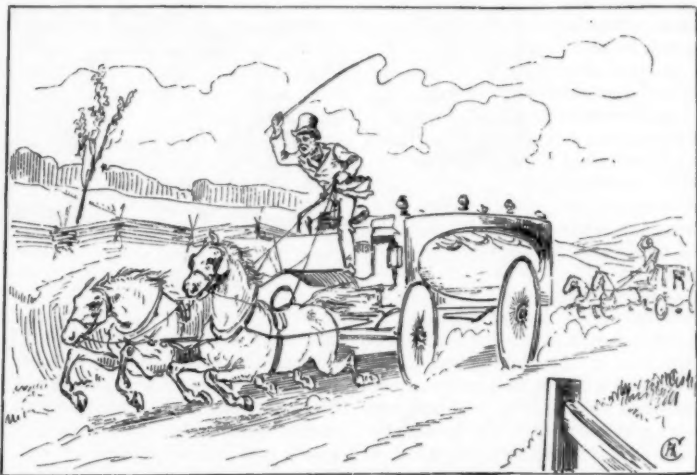
down, we telegraph Jimmy at his residence at Point Pleasant, to meet us at Chadwick's on a certain day. When we meet him, the first question is, "Many ducks in the bay, Uncle Jimmy?" to which he replies in this strain, "Yes, sir-r-h; I see a power of canvas-backs and red-heads a-settin' off n'ar West P'int, as I cum down in my box from the head of the bay—there must 'a' bin six thousand of 'em a-feedin' on the flat. I sailed as nigh to 'em as I could git, and then they got up with a noise as ef a thunder-cloud had busted."

The wag of the beach is Charlie Stout, a herculean gunner. During the war he was drafted, and, after having been wounded in the thigh before Fredericksburg, saved his life by rolling behind a fence, where his blanket, which he had rolled in a ball to represent his head, was absolutely riddled by bullets. He owns a small thirty-ton sloop, yclepped "Old Hickory," the age whereof no man of the present generation can pretend to guess; he calls her his yacht, and employs her "oysterin' and clammin' when there aint no gunnin'." The writer once went on a gunning excursion in her, when she got hard and fast aground. There was little on board to eat, and that little not nice. Stout's paternal injunction to his son, who acted as *chef de cuisine*: "Simon Solomon, cook us a mess!" having been productive of a *pot-pourri* which none but a strong stomach could digest. After lying aground all night and part of the next day, Charlie became disgusted, and notwithstanding it was midwinter, he jumped overboard, and putting his shoulder under the counter, actually *boosted* her off into deeper water.

Once, when Charlie was returning from gunning on a sand-spit, just inside the inlet, where he had been induced to stay longer than was prudent, at the earnest sollicita-

tion of his "gentleman," who was having elegant sport, the wind began blowing a heavy gale from the westward, and Charlie,

the various shooting-places on the coast, commencing with the Credentic Hotel at the head of the bay, seven miles from



ZEPH CHADWICK IN THE ROLE OF UNDERTAKER.

seeing that his companion's boat was drifting seaward, took him in tow. Both men began to pull for dear life, for, if driven out on the bar, they must inevitably perish. The gentleman, who was a cool hand too, shouted:

"I say, Charlie, if we can't make the point at 'the light,' it will be all up, wont it?"

"It will be all up with you, Mr. L.," replied Charlie, "for I shall cut the tow-line if we drift much further, and go ashore and tell the folks that the last I seed of you, you was a-headin' for Europe! *I don't want to go there myself!*"

All this was said coolly in the face almost of death, for it was a question whether even Charlie could fetch the point.

As the weather becomes colder, and the ice begins to form, the fowl seek the southern waters, some going direct, and others gradually working down through the bays on the coast of Delaware, Virginia, and North Carolina. Just to the south-west of Cape Henlopen, there is fine shooting in Rehoboth Bay, which, although accessible, is not much frequented by gunners. The shooting there, both for ducks and geese, is said to be very good, and the expense of getting there is not great. Steamers of the Old Dominion Line leave New York three times a week for Lewes, Delaware. Sailing in the afternoon, we arrive at Lewes the next morning (fare \$2), and thence take the Breakwater and Frankford Railroad to

Lewes; next comes "Daniel Steel's," at the junction of Indian River with the bay. The next place is Mr. Derrickson's, at the head of Isle of Wight Bay, where, beside fine fowling, there is capital quail-shooting. Fenwick's Island, a few miles below, is also a capital place, as is "Birch's," "Scott's," "English's," and "Wallop's Beach," on the outer beach forming that celebrated water, Chincoteague Sound. These places are capital spots for wild fowl as well as bay-snipe; and, while possessing all the advantages of Barnegat and Long Island Sound, as a resort of game, they are but little frequented by sportsmen. The peninsulas formed by the Delaware Bay on the one hand, and the Chesapeake on the other, seem to combine all that a sportsman could desire in the way of upland or bay shooting; and if he inclines to fox-hunting, there are lots of red foxes, and no country in the world better suited for following them. The above-named shooting-houses can all be reached by taking the Breakwater and Frankford Railroad at Lewes, Delaware, and its connections down the coast.

Currituck Sound, on the coast of North Carolina, undoubtedly affords the best duck-shooting to be found in this country; but it requires a greater expenditure of time and money to indulge in it than the sportsman can usually afford. All the conditions of shooting there are pleasant, for although, as

in other places, there are good and bad days, still when the fowl do fly, they fairly swarm. Two years ago, an acquaintance of the writer and his party killed fifteen hundred head of geese, swan, and ducks in ten days' shooting. Then, again, there is little or no exposure or hard work about it; the "points" are not remote, and the thermometer rarely falls below forty degrees Fahrenheit, and the grasses and reeds not being cut down by the heavy frosts as they are further north, they afford natural "blinds" where one can stand or sit at pleasure without finding it necessary to lie on his back; indeed, one often sits on his chair and waits for the birds.

The Currituck Shooting Club, whose

board is \$2 per diem, and for the use of boat and decoy, the same.*

Although the introduction of the breech-loader was for a long time vigorously opposed by old sportsmen, no one who has the means of buying one would now be without it. This change is chiefly owing to the ease and celerity of charging the breech-loader, and the freedom from danger in handling it. At the time of their introduction,—indeed up to within a year or two past,—these guns were of foreign manufacture, and, costing as they did from \$150 to \$300 gold, were beyond the means of many sportsmen. But now that the Remingtons, whose name is a guarantee for good work, produce a breech-loader equal in shooting qualities to any



SNIFE-SHOOTING AT "CHADWICK'S."

membership consists largely of New Yorkers, has acquired pretty much all the good ground in the vicinity. Nevertheless, there are still some good points where non-club men may shoot. On application to Mr. Van Slaick, or Mr. Wood, at Currituck Court-house, N. C., the sportsmen will be notified when and where to come. The route is by rail to Baltimore, thence by steam-boat to Norfolk (three times a week), where a propeller is in waiting to take passengers down through the Dismal Swamp Canal to the Currituck Club House wharf, whence sportsmen can go either to Van Slaick's or White's. The time necessary for the journey is about thirty-six hours, and the expense about \$12. The charge for

imported gun (we believe the same may be said of the "Parker" gun, price \$75, although we have never seen it), and as they are sold as low as \$45, the muzzle-loader is becoming a thing of the past.

Mr. Hodgkins, of No. 7 Warren street, New York, who is a practical gun-maker, and has probably sold as many breech-loaders as any man in New York, says that either of the above guns will perform as well, so far as mere shooting goes, as any gun of European make, although they will not wear so well nor endure so long the racket of continuous shooting.

* It is of course necessary to take plenty of ammunition, viz., an assortment of shot (from B. B. for swan to No. 4 for ducks), and say 20 lbs. of Dupont's ducking-powder.



HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. ("FRANK FORRESTER.")

The sport of the bay gunner is by no means confined to duck-shooting, for when they have disappeared, the flight of English snipe commences, and during the months of May, July, August, and September, the bay-snipe appear, and yellow-legs, curlew, willett, marlin, doe-witches, and other varieties are shot in large numbers.

Yacht owners with sporting proclivities have a rare opportunity offered them of combining their favorite pastimes by indulging in both fowling and sailing at the same time, and of enjoying the former sport with a far greater degree of comfort and convenience than the sportsman who has to depend upon the beach house, and the ordinary means of transportation obtainable in those comparatively uncivilized regions. Yachts of light draft can enter almost any of the sounds and waters where sport is to be had, and in some instances may penetrate them for considerable distances; while those on board, being well provided with the necessary im-

plements, after having settled upon their shooting-locality, are always sure of a comfortable, not to say luxurious, resting-place, after their day's sport is over,—not to mention the society of congenial companions,—and if the sport is not promising, all they have to do is to lift anchor and change ground. This sort of yachting is far more exciting, under any circumstances, than summer cruising with fancy yachts up and down New York Bay, or Long Island Sound, where the crack of the escaping champagne cork is the most formidable sound that greets the startled ear. Very different is a winter's cruise with housed topmasts and short sail along our coasts, and as the party is necessarily composed of men of congenial tastes, there is no limit to the fun indulged in; every incident, however grave, or trivial, is twisted, if possible, into a joke. We recall a recent occurrence aboard a clipper steam-yacht, in which the comic in any event must have kept pace with the tragic. We had spent the previous evening at anchor and in high spirits, expecting, under any circumstances, to reach our destination on the next afternoon; the engineers were ordered to have steam up by early dawn. Our cabin was next the engine-room, and, at the appointed time, we were duly awakened by the shoveling of coal and hissing of steam; but, burying our head beneath the pillows, we prepared for an additional nap and soon fell off into dreams of home; but assuredly, within those hallowed precincts, such sounds as those that now burst upon us, never were heard! In an instant we became conscious as to our actual whereabouts,—has the boiler burst? Are we running over a sunken reef? If the former, we are a "gone-er," for ours is an inside cabin. If the latter, the sooner we get out the better, for, at this rate, the bottom will soon be stove in, and then the cold water rushing in upon the furnaces will generate steam and parboil us in no time. These logical conclusions forced themselves upon the minds of four sleepy men at the same moment, and livelier skipping through a vessel's cabin, in airier costume, never was seen. The struggle for precedence up those narrow companion-stairs, with the prospect of a hot steam-bath in the rear, or of a volume of water from above, was in no wise in accordance with the rules prescribed in books on etiquette,—in fact, it was a veritable *saute qui peut*, and the devil take the hindmost. Arrived on deck, the scene was infinitely more absurd. The captain, who can out-talk, out-swear and out-shout any other living mariner,

stood at the wheel absolutely dumb; the occasion was too great for speech in any form.

"What can it be?" he finally gasped. "We are in twelve fathom water, and there aint no rocks hereabouts, and the engineer aint let off steam or stopped her, so the ingine must be all right," and four bare-legged men echoed: "Wh-a-a-t can it be?"

The air was keen, our nether extremities were uncovered, and our jaws would not keep still, but chattered, not from any fear, of course, but because we were firmly impressed with the idea that we were on the point of seeing the long-looked-for seaserpent, and that he was then gamboling under our keel. The engineer, however, after frantic efforts to keep his feet, succeeded in stopping her, meekly announcing that her screw was gone, and that the shaft having been released from a ten weight at its outer end, had naturally increased its revolutions from seventy to about five hundred a minute, which resulted in giving the little steamer a fit of the ague strong enough to shake her insides out, and to raise a din like the crash of a first-class collision. As soon as the nature of the accident was announced, every one said: "I thought so! just what I suspected!"

The captain's tongue now became loosened, and for four and twenty hours it never stopped, but revolved like an endless chain, or a shaft minus its screw, five hundred to a minute. The great bravery and presence of mind of the *sans-culottes* became more and more apparent every instant as each one briefly stated his experience; all had left their berths most unwillingly; simply from motives of curiosity (the idea of danger had never once crossed their minds), but

merely to observe the effect of the sea boiling over a sunken reef, or, in the event of anything being wrong with the engine, to judge of the expansive power of steam. But here the voice of the mighty commodore arose high above the recital of doughty deed and the din of escaping steam:

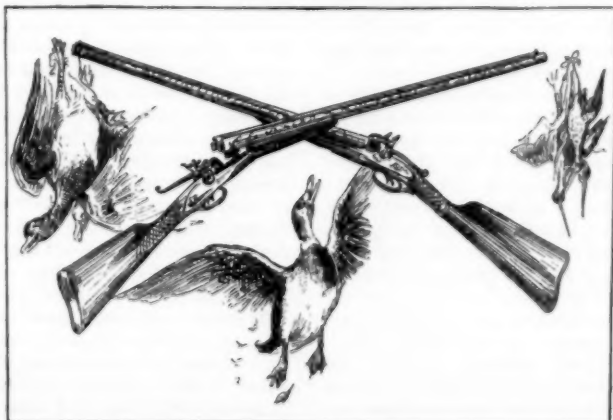
"Steward! Steward! Blank that steward."

Now, the steward was a contraband of purest African hue; was it high noon, or was it the dead of night, he was always on hand; but now he stood transfixed; the whites of his eyes only were visible, the pupils thereof being probably engaged in an introspective review of his life. In a moment, however, he showed signs of re-animation, and he feebly groaned:

"Whar are I, sah? I tought I was in hebben."

An order for coffee, however, roused him from his celestial contemplation; and a repeated command for breakfast at six bells, from the commodore, together with a gentle hint (accompanied by a severe glance at our scanty wardrobe), "that perhaps the gentlemen might embrace the interval in making some addition to their toilets," caused an instant stampede below.

It has been impossible within the limits of the foregoing article to enter into detail as regards the kind or habits of the fowl pursued, or to dwell upon the relative value of the various styles of fowling-pieces or the different qualities and quantities of ammunition used therefor. We would recommend any readers who are not already familiar with them to at once possess themselves of "Frank Forrester's" writings, which are an epitome of all that is worth knowing about shooting either by "field or flood."



MR. QUATTY'S GREAT SPEECH.



"MY FRIENDS! " * YOUR HUMBLE SPEAKER WAS ONCE AN OYSTERMAN."

A MORE sincere and every way excellent man than Mr. Phip Quatty never lived, nor a more thoroughly uneducated one; and a more sensible man you never knew. In the dialect of the South-western city in which he lived, "If ever a man had what you may call good strong hard horse-sense, Quatty's your man." As all admitted, however, there was one fatal exception which was always stated in the making out of this verdict—the individual in question "would speak." Mr. Venable, his young pastor, begged him in private, and almost with tears in his eyes—for it was a very serious matter indeed—not to make remarks in prayer-meeting, yet entreated him in vain. Mr. Ezra Micajah Parsons, who afterward secured an income of sixty-two thousand dollars a year by one of his many

inventions, had patented a vast variety of railway brakes among other things, but he failed ignominiously in devising any mode of stopping Mr. Quatty, and never had Mr. Parsons given his mind more vigorously to anything. Mrs. Chaffingsby, who imagined herself an artist, and painted atrocious prophets, apostles, martyrs and seraphims, became herself a picture of disgust in the framing of her pew "at meeting" whenever Mr. Quatty arose to speak. Mr. Parsons and herself were members of the same church with the offender, and had a strong aversion to his peculiarity,—of all people living, queer and notionate people being the most impatient of the oddities of others. There was Commodore Grandheur, superintendent of the Sabbath School and high official in general of the church, a man of imposing

presence, who had an alarming way of growing purple as to his face when angry, and bristling as to his heavy white mustache, and demonstrative as to his still heavier gold-headed cane. It was not every one who dared face the Commodore when the veins about his bald head became blue and swollen. After every attempt of Mr. Phip Quatty to "make a few remarks" at any church meeting, the Commodore would roll, so to speak, down upon the culprit in a thunder-storm even more terrible than the one before; and yet what good or evil did his almost apoplectic expostulations do? Not a bit. To Mr. Quatty, at least when the next opportunity to speak was come, the vehement denunciations were no more than the puffs of smoke from the cigar of the last passer-by. Mr. Quatty *would* speak. It was very remarkable. Every Wednesday night he went from the livery-stable of which he was the energetic owner—the city in which he lived being famous for the superb sea-beach drives near by—to prayer-meeting as fully resolved as any man could be, that he would not say a word. Alas, the lights, the singing, the fervent prayers, the reading by the pastor of some specially striking Scripture, most of all, the exhortations of some brother present, would be sure to stir him up and altogether beyond his own control, and in spite of himself as well as of all the world beside, speak he must, and would, and did.

I liked Mr. Quatty thoroughly, and I can see him this instant. He was a tall man, long, lean, sunburned by reason of unceasing exposure with his horses, which, by the bye, were so many manias to him, only less so than his speeches. He was restless of eye, generous to an absurdity with his money, whoever wanted it, with a shrewd and kindly face, having but that one fault,—he would speak. Nor was that a fault when you came to know the reason prompting the simple-hearted man; really it was the noblest sort of an excellence instead.

The fact that Mr. Quatty was one of the shrewdest of men in everything else, caused this insanity of his for public speaking to stand out in grotesque contrast upon the daily background of his otherwise uniform and even coarse common sense. Explanation is easy. He had heard a vast deal of oratory, very often of an exceedingly florid kind, on Fourths of July, during political campaigns, on masonic anniversaries and the like, and whisky could not have so intoxicated him. Not that the subject matter of

the eloquence was of the slightest interest to him. A breathless listener from first to last, by far the most excited hearer present, his one thought through all was:

"Oh, if I could only get a show at this crowd in that way! Yes, and, if I could just get to going, I could pile on the agony higher than *you* are doing, you bet!"

In other words, to Mr. Quatty, public speaking meant declamation, and declamation meant something immeasurably more than ordinary language. What so poor and mean as the daily talk he held now with this one man and now with that! In contrast, what so glorious as for him to have to do with a thousand people at once, his talk swelling into a sort of thunder-storm proportionately! But Dr. Burrows, a previous pastor of his, had stimulated his hallucinations into madness almost. A very *ore rotundo* speaker Dr. Burrows was. Portly of person, powerful of voice, orbicular of gesture, the solemnity of his themes gave a sanction to his oratory which made it a matter of conscience, in addition to all else, that Mr. Quatty should imitate and surpass it all. He would be more than President of the United States if he could present truth in that way, now sinking hand and voice into the still small whisper of thrilling appeal, and now—and this he liked best—crashing upon the people in thunder of righteous denunciation.

"Ah me!" Mr. Quatty had many a time groaned to himself on leaving church, "if I could get up as high as the Doctor did, I could have got up fifty times higher, and I could have come down upon those people a hundred times harder. You bet! No, not bet, it's Sunday, and it's a sermon. But, oh, if I only had any sort of a show,—but one fair chance,—just one!"

And thus it came about that Mr. Phip Quatty arose one eventful day at an unusually early hour. He had been very wakeful all night, so that when his wife groaned as he got up, "O Phip, Phip, I wouldn't if I was you;" and her husband replied, "Can't help it, Sally," it was but in continuation of a conversation to a like effect which had been kept up intermittently through all the hours of darkness gone before.

Mrs. Quatty sat up in bed, arranged her hair a little, rubbed her eyes, which had evidently been deprived of their lawful rest, and made one last, despairing appeal.

"O how I do *wish* you wouldn't!"

"Can't help it, Sally." The words in reply were few, but it was in substance all Mr. Quatty ever said, in that connection, to her or

to any one else. They were few and final, because they were the utterance to others of what was to the man himself, the decree of destiny, necessity, nature. *He* did not desire to make remarks in meeting. A vast deal rather would he listen, instead, to anybody else you might mention. "There is nothing I have to do I hate more," he often said. It was the grief of his life. "I would rather any day have an overseer take a rawhide to me," he was continually observing. By an inscrutable doom, more perplexing and painful to him than it could possibly be to any other, he "had to speak," and that was all there was of it. Mr. Quatty had never read of the Virgin at Delphi uttering oracles sorely against her will, or he might have quoted that precedent. As it was, his reply, as final in its tone as in all else, so cool because concerning something in relation to which all discussion was idle—his reply expressed it all—

"Can't help it, Sally."

The morning alluded to was that of the day upon which it had been arranged by Mr. Quatty's pastor that he should have a hall engaged for the purpose, and an entire evening to and for himself. Then and there he was to make fully, finally, once and for all, the remarks which he had so often and faithfully tried to make in prayer-meetings and elsewhere, and tried in vain. Although the plan had been suggested by his pastor very cautiously and with hesitation lest it should hurt his parishioner's feelings, Mr. Quatty had consented to it promptly, cordially, almost rapturously. It was precisely the thing he had desired for years.

"I have never had any show, you see, sir," he explained to Mr. Venable at the end of their conversation. "People all around me are going to ruin, and even when you get such people into a meeting, somehow what is said does not hit a man of the crowd as a hammer hits a nail on the head. It may all be very good, but it is mighty misty and roundabout. Somehow it don't hit so as to hurt, and people go away exactly as they came. That is the reason I get up. Something must be said. I would as lief have a hand chopped off as to have it to do, but if nobody else does it, I *must*!"

"But, why not say it all," his friend asked, "to people in conversation. You have many wicked men coming into your stable every day, you tell me,—why not seize an opportunity then, and have a private talk?" I find I can do more with a person

in such conversation than I can from the pulpit." The other made prompt reply:

"Because, being a minister, they don't interrupt, you see, any more then than when you are preaching. Talk?—I try to do so every day of my life. But the fellow, whoever it is, will interrupt. He is sure to say, 'Oh, Quatty, let me have a horse and buggy and go;' or 'Stuff, Quatty, nonsense, if you care so for my soul why won't you let me have that ten dollars?' *I do* let them have the ten dollars,—fifty for that matter,"—Mr. Quatty added, "except when I know for dead certain it will go for whisky or gambling or something worse. No, sir! and twenty to one, as sure as I begin to talk, the man will say, 'Well, now, you have had *your* say, let *me* talk,' and then he will fly off with some joke or story, or start me talking horse-flesh. What I want, you see, is to get at people when I can say all I've got to say without anybody putting in. My idea is to get a crowd to sit still as they do for you at church and listen. Then I only want a good fair start, and I can always have that by beginning with my being an oysterman, and all I want after that is to get to going you know! I have so much to say," he added with almost tears in his earnest eyes, "that if I get the hang of the thing, the swing of it you know, the *rush* of the thing, you understand," with an illustrative gesture of both of his long arms, as if he was pushing some vehicle rapidly before him, "the gush and rush and roar of the thing, I could make a speech that would *tell*,—yes, sircce bob, tell like thunder!"

And now the morning of the day set for Mr. Quatty to speak had come. Full notice had been given in all the city papers, Colonel Rosselyn, the editor of one of them, adding in his sheet a special editorial in reference to "Mr. Quatty, our well known, estimable and *enterprising* fellow-citizen," the subject of the commendation as ignorant as a lamb of the sarcasm of the Colonel's italics. Never had his many friends seemed so zealous in his affairs. Profane men and gamblers as many of them were, they had cheerfully contributed toward posters advertising the meeting in the hall,—posters exhausting the resources, both as to largest type and most vivid colors, of all the printing offices in the city. No wonder Mr. Quatty was unable to sleep the night before. Nor is it to be wondered that on rising, as we have said, he resisted his wife to the last as he put on his best clothes

at once, so as to give his whole mind to the matter without the interruption of having to dress again at night. Immediately after breakfast he had his span of "crack" grays harnessed to his own private buggy, and drove off to the sea-beach to be by himself and to think.

It was a morning bright, cool, crisp enough to inspire the dullest man living. Mr. Quatty's soul was charged and surcharged with an abundance of things to say,—things to him of the highest conceivable beauty and sublimity as well as importance; things which held and stirred his own heart beyond anything else in all the world. There was plenty to say, no fear of that; and no man could be in more vigorous, not to say, rugged health; the blood coursing swiftly, that bracing morning, through his brain, enabling him to dare and to do everything, as it did through his stomach, enabling him to digest everything. As he struck the beach he shook the reins eagerly. "G'lang!" he said to his grays, and, as they sped along in the fringe of the surf, "That is it," he said aloud, "that's the way to get to going in my speech,—the way to get the rush of the thing; and now let me study."

But the orator found it almost impossible to do so. He could not help going over in mind his many past efforts and failures. Then he pictured to himself the hall as it would be that night, the lights and the crowd, the death-like stillness of attention, the deepening interest, the tears of all present as he proceeded, the applause when he should end, the congratulations of his friends, the notices in the papers next day. As his horses flew along the broad hard beach, their driver continually shaking the reins and urging them on in his eagerness, Mr. Quatty had never been so excited in his life.

"The morning I was to marry was not a circumstance to it," he said; "not even the day I joined the church. But look here, Quatty," he continued, "this isn't studying my speech. Hold up a moment," he said aloud, and he reined in his grays until they came to a stand. "Let me imagine all the people there, still as mice, and attentive as you please. I wonder if the hall will be crowded. Perhaps some will have to sit on the platform. Never mind. Whoa, hold up! Let me begin at the beginning."

Now, it should be explained, Mr. Quatty always began his remarks in public by telling of having once been an oysterman, and

a rather disreputable one. Also of his having been rescued from his evil courses by the intervention of a stranger who had told him, somewhat singularly, that he perceived that he, Mr. Quatty, was a gentleman and a scholar. It is not improbable that Mr. Quatty had made a hundred efforts to speak, and every time he had begun with these facts, but, somehow, he always broke down almost immediately after stating them, whereas he had always regarded them in theory as but the safe beginning of the rousing address he always intended to make. "I was once," he now rehearsed, "an oysterman, that I've got pat. Then that man, and how I said that I was *not* a gentleman and a scholar, pat as you please. Now here is just where I begin to break down, it's the weak place in the harness. I must have something strong to say exactly there. Can't you stop your stamping and pawing? Whoa, I say. Let me see, let me see—." At this juncture a sea-gull swooped by and so near the heads of his pair that, eager for the least pretext to do so, they started off on a run, jerking the reins out of their driver's hands. There was not much danger, seeing that the ocean was on one side of the beach, and that the sand was heaped up twenty feet high on the other. The horses, however, were, as well as their driver, full of life, and put such soul as they too possessed into their heels. Mr. Quatty had been run away with who can say how many hundreds of times in his life, and was before long master again of the situation, but, when he had his horses standing still once more, and all in a foam, it was miles further along the beach, and all his preparations up to that point in his address had to be gone over again.

"Yah, you beauties!" their driver said to his horses as they struggled once more against the long and sinewy arm which held them in, "you upset my speech, that is all. You would, would you? I only wish I may run away with that hallful of people to-night the same way. Yes, and I can do it if nobody interrupts. If I can get to going, that is all I ask, to get under a good head of steam, to get into the rush of the thing. Now, what next? Just at that weak place I'll have something as strong as I can fix it, smart and strong to keep me from stopping one moment. Let me see," and he meditated deeply with his head down, but with no result. "If you only *could* be still one moment!" he ejaculated to his animals, "it is that, it is the interruption that halts

me, and all I need is to get into a good headway. Let me see," and his eye fell on a crab burrowing in the heaped up mounds of sand on his left. "Exactly," he exclaimed, "yes, I see, I'll illustrate that way, how a fellow burrows in the dirt when he drinks and gambles and such like. I can bring in the hard shell and the claws as sure as you live. That's good, they'll understand *that*! Get up, I'll see something else," and Mr. Quatty revolved his illustration over and over as his horses trotted rapidly along against a tight rein, the driver deep in thought.

Suddenly they shied to one side, and only by sheer strength could Mr. Quatty hold them in, rearing and plunging. Lying right across their way on the smooth hard beach, its head downward and still tossed as to the matted hair by the receding tide, was the body of a drowned sailor. It had evidently been washed up by the heavy surf of the night before, and it was far from the first time Mr. Quatty had come on such a sight along that beach. He held his struggling horses in as he considered matters. Life had long been extinct. The glazed eyes were staring at the sky, the brawny and tattooed breast was all bare to the day; the ineffectual arms, pictured over even to the tips of the fingers with anchors and crosses and hearts, were spread out in dumb appeal on either side, still being lifted and let fall by the ebb and flow of the retiring sea.

"Poor fellow, but you aint the first," said Mr. Quatty, "nor will you be the last. I'll drive right back and send out the coroner," and he turned his horses suddenly around. "Hold up!" he exclaimed with excitement as he did so, "it's a Providence has pitched you into the very outset of my speech. Why, it's the grandest sort of an idea! A man, dear friends," and Mr. Quatty transferred the reins from his right hand to his left, and extended his long arm to an imaginary audience, "a mortal man once as full of life and deviltry, I dessay, as any of you, and now, behold,—Oh! I have got the idea. I'm sorry for you, but glad for my speech; yes," he added, shaking his fist at the buzzards slowly circling round and round overhead, "I'll put *you* in too. Many and many a man of you," Mr. Quatty continued returning to his audience with an inflation into oratory of his voice, and a wave of his hand, "is a worse turkey-buzzard, a-circling and a-swooping every day round and round many a poor sailor in our harbor! Oh, but I'll

make your feathers fly to-night!" Mr. Quatty added with another shake of his fist, this time at those of whom the birds of prey were but a type. "G'lang, boys!" he added to his horses, and, as they gladly sped homeward, "I'll hold on to what I've got and go for the coroner; get up, will you!"

It was dinner-time before he had dispatched the legal officer and his jury in a wagon from his stable,—quite a jolly set as they drove off. Through all these arrangements, as well as during the hasty meal which followed, Mr. Quatty clung closely to so much of his address as he had accumulated that far, his enthusiasm greatly quickened by the events of the morning, as well as by the posters of the night's meeting which he could not help seeing as they blazed upon every wall. "Oh, Phip, Phip, I would not!" his wife, holding to his arm as he rose from the table, continued to urge. "The people are only making game of you. Please don't; the children have had ever so many fights with boys about it to-day already, and you so sensible a man in everything else; don't make a fool of yourself, Phip, please don't!"

"Sally," her husband said, "it's because you don't understand. Look here. You think it will be only my having been an oysterman. I tell you! why, I've got plenty of new ideas to-day. Splendid ideas! all I want to do is to do good, and you know it. Somebody *must* talk to those people, and who else is even trying to? You might have stopped me this morning, but I wouldn't give up making that speech now for the best horse in America. Just you wait," and he was gone. It was to get a fresh pair of horses and drive along the beach in the direction opposite to that of the morning. "All I want is to have no interruptions. Once let me get fairly to going," he said to himself, "and all the fear is I'll never be able to stop. Even an engine, let alone a horse, or a man, goes better after it gets warm to its work. Let me see, oysterman—not gentleman and scholar—crabs—buzzards—no, hold up, the dead man comes before that and, now, what after that?" Mr. Quatty reined in beside the surf and meditated, "Why, here's the sea, rolling and rolling. Whoa, hold up! And there is the blue sky, too, and plenty of stars, yes," Mr. Quatty continued with enthusiasm, "and the wind too, blowing, blowing. Can't you be still, you fools?" to his impatient horses. "It's a splendid idea," and looking carefully around to be sure that nothing but sea and sand were in sight, Mr. Quatty stood up, for he was

now using an open wagon, and, holding his reins with the one hand, he extended the other.

"Fellow-citizens! I am here to-night—never mind about oysters—scholar—degraded vermin wallowing in the sand—mud I mean—worse than that, swooping down on carrion wings—*no!* why can't you remember to have the dead man in first?—a something to swoop *on!* never mind, that'll all come right when I get into the rush of speaking—and, O friends! the boundless booming sea, rolling in like death, swallowing us all up—that will be grand, you bet! and ye tremendous winds—" Mr. Quatty here held the reins firmly down under his foot that he might use both hands, and continued, "you powerful breezes which sweep us all up away, you—*whoa*, hold up, can't you hold up, you brutes!—and this superior sky a-bending down from up there—*oh*, I'll get that in, you bet! As also those clouds, they are like our flimsy lives, you see. Ye float about, you melting and fluffy things—halloo, no, sir, fluffy won't do. Never mind, when I once get fairly agoing those little things will fix themselves. And O ye—you—what else?"

Mr. Quatty stood with extended arms, the honest soul of the man in his eyes and tones and long hands sweeping, in the bursts of his oratory, around him like a wind-mill. The livery-stable keeper was not insane. He was surrounded every day of his life by very bad men whom he was anxious to turn from their gambling and drinking and otherwise desperate courses, in which some of them were being killed almost every week. He had an abundance to say. His imagined audience were people who never went into a church, "but, if they did go," Mr. Quatty often said to himself, "what good would it do them? Preachers never say the sort of things such people need, or, if they do, they never begin to say them half hard enough." If ever a soul was driven, and as by its own fullness, to express itself, that soul was Phip Quatty. He had a vast deal more of pressing importance to say than Demosthenes, competing with the sea surf before him, ever dreamed of having, only the impediment in his case was worse than in that of the orator with the pebble in his mouth as a corrective. Neither Whitfield, Chalmers, Spurgeon nor any of the rest, ever had a larger or sincerer heart to do good; nor did these know as much more as you might suppose of that which was of practical value to say. The only trouble was that, somehow, this lover of his kind had never been able to

say out to people the much that, he felt as sure as he did of his own existence, he had to say. John Bunyan, the tinker, managed to write out his message to men, and Hans Sachs, the cobbler, succeeded in singing to the listening world what he had in his soul for them; all that Mr. Quatty wanted all along was a "fair show." He would have it for the first time in his life in the hall that night, and he would use it!

Standing erect in his vehicle, his foot firmly pressed upon the reins, Mr. Quatty poured out for some time quite a torrent of exhortation, denunciation and entreaty in rehearsal.

"Ye hard-headed and harder-hearted ones," he continued with increasing vehemence, and, in the earnestness of his appeal with both extended hands, forgetting the reins under his foot, "you miserable men soaking yourselves along our wharves with strychnine whisky, awake, rouse out, get up!"—It was said with such emphasis that his horses mistook it for an address to them, and started forward with a bound. The impassioned orator fell back into his seat, and when at last he had reined them in, he had his whole address to go over again from the first.

When Mr. Quatty went to the hall at night, he was exhausted as from the hardest day's work he had ever done. But his flagging spirits revived when he forced his way through the crowd and stepped upon the platform. As he did so a band of music struck up. It was a most gratifying surprise to him. The fact was that the friends who had plastered every wall in St. Jerome with the flaming posters, had also secured the best band in the city, and it put its entire energy into Hail Columbia as soon as Mr. Quatty had taken his seat. The crowd was enormous, for it was a large hall and every seat and standing-place was occupied. The one doubt which held the crowd was as to the exact nature of the conduct to be pursued. Was it a show, with Mr. Quatty as clown? or was it indeed a religious service, with that gentleman as the speaker? The large audience, made up almost wholly of men,—chiefly of men never seen at church,—oscillated as upon an edge, somewhat more ready, however, to laugh than to weep, but every man present having the sincerest liking for the orator of the hour.

"Now Quatty," that gentleman kept saying to himself, "you keep cool, hold a tight rein, don't get flurried; it's only like driving a big team. Be slow and steady

until you get to going. As soon as you do get going, get fairly started, get into a rush, you let yourself out. Never mind how long you speak, you let her go, and somehow you'll come out all right! Don't forget, now. Oysterman—scholar—buzzards—no, crabs—you fool, its the drowned man first—all right—wind flowing forever and ev—no, sir, the sea comes first rolling and rolling—the splendid sun—. The sun? O never mind, I'll get something to fix with that;" and under his anxious exterior Mr. Quatty conned his list of ideas over and over again, until the brass band had exhausted the national air. With the silence which followed, the orator of the hour stepped forward to the front of the platform. In the uncertainty as to whether it was a show or a church, the audience sat still, ready for anything. Now, a little to one side of the platform there was seated a certain Mr. Fanthorp, who was universally known as Farce Fanthorp by reason of his unwearying fondness for "a little fun," a fondness which he indulged by the equally unwearying manufacturing of that article when it was lacking. He was a wild young lawyer, and the essence and success of his jocularity consisted in the gravity of his countenance through it all. Men began to laugh and to look out for a joke at the very sight of the man, but Mr. Quatty, although he recognized him from the first as well as all along, was too much absorbed in his speech to remember that it was Farce Fanthorp. The moment the orator stepped forward the lawyer began, with eyes kindling with enthusiasm and with the most serious of faces, to applaud, and the entire audience accepted the suggestion with enthusiastic delight. It was some time before Mr. Quatty could get a hearing above the pounding of feet and the clapping of hands.

"My friends," he began at last with extended hand. "Your humble speaker was once an oysterman. You may be surprised, but so it is. I made my living by dredging for oysters——"

"Clams?"

The question was put by Mr. Fanthorp, from his seat among the people, in clear but respectful tones; evidently his only object was to know.

"Occasionally, yes, sir," Mr. Quatty replied, turning his honest face in the direction of the questioner. "Yes, fellow citizens," he continued, again extending his oratorical hand, "little as you may think it,

I was once nothing but an oysterman——"

"Crabs?"

Nothing could be more respectful than the questions. The serious aspect of Mr. Fanthorp showed that his sole desire was to be thoroughly informed.

"Very rarely," the speaker replied, with the utmost candor. "But I haven't got to crabs yet. Once I was an oysterman, gentlemen," Mr. Quatty continued, again lifting his hand which he had let fall in replying to his questioner. "I am ashamed to say that I used to lie and even to steal——"

"How much?"

"It is impossible for me to state exactly," the orator continued in reply to the question, again letting his hand fall. "Also, I blush to say, I was in the habit of drinking. O friends! I used to keep a demijohn buried in the sand near by, and drink and drink almost to the destruction of my imperishable——"

"Rifle or bald face?"

"Rifle, bald face, rum, gin, whisky, all sorts of liquors," Mr. Quatty hastened to say. "As bad a man I was as the best man here, I mean the very worst. And I used to quarrel and squabble and fight——"

"Fetch him?" the question was asked with grave uneasiness on the part of some one in a distant part of the audience who had taken his cue from Mr. Fanthorp.

"No, sir! I'm glad to say I did *not* fetch him; I never used anything but my fists. And, O my friends! it was a happy thing for me," the speaker continued, evidently with an effort, "when one day a stranger came along; I was dredging oysters in the flats; he stood looking on for a while, and we passed the compliments of the day. Says he at last, 'Sir, under your rude garb I see that you are a gentleman and a scholar;' which, my friends, I am *not*!" Mr. Quatty seemed refreshed by the energy with which he said it, and still more by the applause with which the denial was received; and launched out with much vigor into a detail of the conversation which followed between the stranger and himself. "Yes, sir," he added at last, "that man was—was—I lack power to say—*what* that man was—I mean to me; O my fellow-citizens! to me he was——" and Mr. Quatty stood, overflowing with gratitude, his hands clasped together and lifted up, his eyes searching slowly over the audience as if for the strongest word to be had, "I wish I could say what he was; to me, he was——"

"A peddler?"

The suggestion came from the back of the hall. "No, sir, not at all," the speaker said with entire frankness, but fallen suddenly from his fervor. "Not much, not at all; no, sir, he was nothing of the kind whatever!" but Mr. Quatty was compelled to give way for quite a time to the laughter and applause which followed. The trouble with the speaker was, not in the interruptions alone, but that they constrained him to change, and so suddenly, from the inflated tones wherein, as he firmly believed, all oratory lay. He was not the man, however, to yield as yet, especially as he had the leading incident of the morning's ride still in reserve, and he made another and more earnest effort. "My friends," he began again with outstretched arms, as the crowded room became comparatively quiet, "what is life? It was this very day it happened. I was driving up the beach; yes, this very day I beheld a fellow-creature lying all prostrate upon the cold, cold ground!" Mr Quatty had practiced this part of his address, standing up in his vehicle, a good deal, and rallied his waning energies upon it. "A fellow-creature, a sailor like a good many of you! lying on the cold, wet beach. One a few hours before," in slow and solemn tones, "as full of life as any one of you all, perhaps not a quarter as bad, and there—" the orator added, recoiling as from the sight, and holding out a horror-stricken hand over the drowned man lying at his feet, "there he lay," in low sepulchral tones, "yes, friends, there that sailor man lay, dead, dead —"

"Drunk?"

The question was put by some one near the platform and was unheard by the audience.

"No, sir, he was not drunk!" Mr. Quatty said it with such indignant energy as to bring down the house in peals of laughter.

"I had intended," the speaker continued, rising in his wrath above the uproar, and dropping all oratorical tone and gesture entirely. "I *had* intended to make a good, long, rousing speech to you," he shouted with voice and manner exactly as when calling to his friends along the streets, or when the wharves were crowded on the arrival of a steamer. "If I could only have got a fair start, if I had only got to going, into the rush of the thing, I could have done it," he continued in his most natural manner. "You fellows need it; if ever a set of men need it, you do. I intended telling you about how you are like vermin burrowing in the sand, and like

turkey-buzzards; was going to tell you about the rolling sea, and the rushing sky—I mean wind—but it does not matter now. If ever," the exasperated orator continued, shaking what looked very much like a fist at his audience, "if ever I make, or try to make another speech.—No, sir, I never will again as long as I live, so help me heaven." As he said it, Mr. Quatty turned to take his seat, surprised even in his wrath, at the sudden silence, the slackening, at least, of their laughter, which had fallen on the people. It was explained when he saw that Mr. Venable had stepped upon the platform and was standing at one side waiting for him to get through. By a mutual movement the two men shook cordial hands as if in ratification of the pledge just given, and the audience gave way to hearty and good-humored applause as well as laughter at the sight.

"Friends," Mr. Venable said, laughing, and holding up a hand for silence, "our esteemed fellow-citizen is greatly obliged to you for your attendance here to-night. We all know Mr. Quatty, and we all like him. Why, only this very day I heard of a generous act of his to a poor widow with a large and needy family," and Mr. Quatty's pastor proceeded to tell of it. And that suggested another deed of kindness on the part of the ex-speaker to some one else, even more liberal, and that another still. By virtue of the simple narration of the facts, the audience were laughing and in tears alternately.

"Now, we all know," Mr. Venable said at last, "that for one real, sterling, honest man who *does* what is generous and noble, there are a thousand who can make speeches glibly enough. It is the *man* we respect, not the flippant talker. You all know what Burns says"—and Mr. Venable, who had the lines at his tongue's end, repeated the whole poem, "A man's a man for a' that," with all his energy and pathos. As he sat down, Mr. Fanthorp sprang upon the platform and proposed three cheers for Mr. Quatty. They were given with a will, the audience rising, to do so more effectively, and then, to the music of the Star Spangled Banner performed by the band in attendance with unusual power, the large congregation slowly dispersed, quite a number lingering behind to shake Mr. Quatty cordially by the hand.

Although that gentleman never again tried to speak in public, as an orator at least, somehow he felt that he had made a grand success of it in his last attempt to do so. If

I were to tell you the name of the town in which it took place, and you were to go there and ask of the first old resident you met, "I say, sir, did you ever know a Mr. Phip Quatty living here?" as sure as you did so the other would reply: "Yes, *sir*; of course I did. You have heard of his great speech, haven't you?" and if you feign at once an ignorance of, and an interest in, the matter, ten to one you will be told the whole story and far better than it has been done here. It is said that from this incident originated the sarcastic advice, now passed into a proverb, which is administered to such as talk too much, that they should "hire a hall"; but for this the writer will not vouch.

One thing must be added. For months after this effort, Mr. Quatty sat grimly silent at prayer-meetings. It so happened after awhile, however, that a steamship plying to that port foundered at sea, and, upon it, were several of the most wicked men of those over whom the soul of the orator had so yearned. It was on his way to service one Wednesday night that Mr. Quatty first

heard of it, no one at meeting knowing as yet, beside himself, of the disaster. Mr. Quatty occupied, as he always did, a back seat, and, to the indignation, at first, of all present, but to the astonishment of no one there quite as much as of Mr. Quatty himself, the warm-hearted man suddenly arose and said:

"Let us pray!"

But a very different person Mr. Quatty was when his audience was his Maker instead. There was no attempt at oratory now. His prayer was for the abandoned associates, still surviving, of the drowned men. So simple, sincerely importunate, and thoroughly sensible were his supplications, that every heart was melted. For years people had agreed that there was not quite so consistent and useful a Christian in the town as Mr. Quatty, and from that moment not even Commodore Grandheur objected to his leading in prayer. His prayers were not without acceptance, too, with the object of all prayer, if we may judge by the marked results. As to oratory, however, Mr. Quatty's great speech was also his last.

MAIDENHOOD.

WHAT happy star shone on her birth?
What grassy corner of the earth
Grew daisies for her baby feet
To dance between, since they repeat,
On all the flowerless ways they pass,
That breezy motion of the grass?

What brook bewitched her to its brink,
And drew her fresh lips down to drink
Its music, while it slipped unseen
Its happy cadences between?—
So sweet and glad the voice that slips
From ambush of her maiden-lips.

What winds upon the hills gave room
To her, and buffeted to bloom
Her rounded cheeks, and made her hair
A flying sunshine in the air?—
For still, like sun-gleams on a rose,
Her wayward color comes and goes.

What graybeard tree upon the down
Caught, as she sped, her floating gown,
And whispered through his ancient girth
The long dumb sorrow of the earth?—
For the sweet pity in her eyes
Almost their gladness overlies.

OUR DIPLOMATES AND CONSULS.*

THE grotesque side of American diplomacy has always been its dress. In the early days there was not as much simplicity in this respect as many are inclined to believe. For some time after Jefferson's administration, the Department of State, in its circular to our foreign ministers, informed them that with "certain books, papers and documents necessary or useful in the discharge of the duties of their mission," they would receive an engraved design of the uniform worn by United States ministers at foreign courts on occasions when full dress was required, and that the expense of "presents to the menial attendants at court and of the public functionaries," at their presentation and other established occasions, usually Christmas and New Year's Day, would be allowed as contingencies. Some of the plates, showing the pattern of dress, embroidery, and buttons, are still in the possession of the Department, or were not long ago.

The representative who appeared to most advantage, of all those the country ever sent abroad, was probably Franklin, in his simple garb of an American citizen—round hat, brown cloth coat, and straight, unpowdered hair. In the midst of the gold lace and powdered heads of the most brilliant court in Europe, the philosopher furnishes a historical picture, which will always be pleasing and profitable for the republican mind to dwell upon.

When Gallatin was Commissioner to Ghent this subject occupied him, and he wrote to the Department in favor of simple black as a proper apparel, but his suggestion was unheeded. The full feather of diplomatic plumage was reached under the administration of Monroe—blue coat lined with silk and covered with gold embroidery and buttons, white cassimere knee-breeches, gold knee-buckles, white silk stockings, sword of elaborate ornament, and the *chapeau de bras* surmounted with a white ostrich feather—something not far from the *panache* of General Boum. This spangling accouterment was toned down under the administration of Jackson to something that was neither flesh, fowl, nor fish, being unlike anything at home or abroad. Then came the Marcy circular, recommending the simple costume of a United States citizen, which was one of the most sensible papers ever issued from official sources on this sub-

ject. It was, however, almost a dead letter. The Secretary had no authority, by law or custom, to give positive instructions, and his views, like those of his predecessors, were conveyed in the form of a recommendation. Thus the document carried with it no compulsory obligation, and, singular as it may appear, our representatives generally preferred to wear a uniform from puerile vanity, or a fear of looking different from their neighbors.

In a few instances efforts were made to follow the recommendation; notably on the part of an *ad interim* Chargé d'Affaires at Paris, who made official application to be received in plain black, which was promptly accorded, and, for the first time since the days of Franklin, the United States representative was seen at the Court of France in his true colors. The work of the Chargé d'Affaires, however, was undone by his superior, the Minister, who, as soon as he arrived at his post, notwithstanding the polite permission which had been granted, determined to adhere to the gold lace and sword of the past. The effect of the circular was to disturb the little uniformity which remained, and our representatives henceforth gave themselves over to fantastic costumes. During the time of Mr. Seward they were requested in general instructions to conform to the usages of the country where they resided, and this, at present, is their only authority for adopting the court costume.

A vague resolution was passed in Congress during President Johnson's administration, recommending simplicity of attire, which was generally disregarded, or rather evaded, by donning a military uniform, and our representatives may now be divided into two general classes—the court-uniformed and the military-uniformed. On the reception of this resolution by our Minister at the Court of St. James, who had been wearing the court uniform, and was unauthorized to put on the attire of Mars, not being a militia colonel or general, he wrote to the Department that, inasmuch as Congress frowned on the garb of courts, and a uniform of some kind was necessary, it would, perhaps, be well for the Government to select its diplomats and consuls from among those only who were entitled to wear a military uniform, and thus put the question at rest. This was the only bit of irony fur-

nished by this accomplished statesman during a long official correspondence.

When the same Minister arrived at his post, he consulted with his predecessor in reference to this vexatious question, who told him that if he had it to do over again, he would adopt the court costume to avoid eccentricity; that he and his two secretaries had been wearing the old black Continental costume—cocked hat, sword, knee-breeches, and steel shoe-buckles—which made them the most conspicuous persons in the court assembly. Besides this, according to the predecessor, they incurred some ridicule, as, when they made their entry, the young diplomats nudged each other, and whispered: "Here come the three black crows," the song of "The Three Black Crows" being in vogue at the time.

When one of our political agents was on his way to the Continent, he was presented to Her Majesty at London, and reproduced the black crow costume, owing, probably, to the presence of an American newspaper correspondent in his suite, who might have made his donning of the court garb the theme of another United States agent fallen from republican grace. The Minister who presented him was in the regulation attire of the palace, and the two, thus diversely habited, furnished to royalty an appearance typical of the elasticity of our institutions.

In this insignificant but vexatious question of breeches, the Government has been capricious from the beginning, and the result has been a continuous masquerade. It has suggested and recommended, without reaching the point of laying down the law, and thus putting a stop to the general travesty, and the world has been furnished with a spectacle of colonels, generals, and gold-laced courtiers of every description.

To proceed from the outside to the inside: Up to the time of President Jackson, those employed in the consular and diplomatic service, although of indifferent competency, were, if for no other reason, generally honest from not having an incentive to be otherwise, being assured of permanent employment as long as they conducted themselves properly and did their duty. Some of them, from long practice, were beginning to discharge their functions in a satisfactory manner, and all of them would, doubtless, in time have acquired a fair degree of proficiency with a more complete organization. The rotation in office, inaugurated by Jackson, cut short any further effort at improvement in this direction.

It is a pet theory with some—and they make out something of a case—that if ever our republican form of government fails, it will be through the corruption of its officials, made so from rotation of office; and, if this be true, Jackson drove the first nail into the coffin of the republic. In any event, it will doubtless be generally discovered, as we progress in political experience, that this President did much mischief. There is scarcely an event in American history so pregnant with evil. The immense losses of the late war bear, in return, some indirect benefits, in having united and nationalized the States, and in having established a guarantee of internal peace for at least half a century, while the possible disasters which may arise from Jackson's ill-considered and partisan act none can estimate.

When General Grant was elected President, he manifested a desire to apply a remedy to the disease introduced into the political system by Jackson. He hoped that no changes would be made where public officers did their duty. When the question came to be tested, there was no co-operation from Congress, and, as the case of President Johnson had amply demonstrated that it is impossible to perform executive functions in the United States without the concurrence of that body morally as well as officially, President Grant gave up his idea of restoring the country to its old status in the matter of civil service. Each individual member of like political faith demanded change in favor of some political henchman, and the breach once made, the new wall which was to protect the promise of better things soon fell.

The standard of official honesty and capacity in foreign service has been declining with each succeeding Administration since the time of General Jackson, and every reflecting citizen knows why it is so. The bad element in politics, bred of rotation, prevails, the companions and friends of the demagogues who manipulate the elections to secure majorities receiving a large share of the foreign appointments.

When Mr. Marcy was Secretary of State, he induced Congress to pass a bill drawn for the purpose of establishing a new consular system, which embodied preparation, examination, and permanency as its principal features, but which was shortly afterward repealed. The proposal was not sufficiently considered to elicit any general debate, and nothing was done in this direction while Mr. Marcy remained at the head

of the Department, nor by any other Secretary, until Mr. Seward took charge of this branch of the service. Through his perseverance and personal influence in both Houses, Mr. Seward at length secured the passage of what is known as the Consular Clerk Act, which was regarded at the time as the most important legislation ever effected in the interests of the foreign civil service reform. This entering wedge of a new system brought out a general discussion in the Senate, before its final passage. The original bill asked for twenty-five consular and diplomatic pupils, or clerks, which was reduced to thirteen, as seen in the Act which follows:

"That the President be, and is hereby authorized, whenever he shall think the public good will be promoted thereby, to appoint consular clerks, not exceeding thirteen in number at any one time, who shall be citizens of the United States, and over eighteen years of age at the time of their appointment, and shall be entitled to compensation for their services respectively at a rate not exceeding one thousand dollars per annum, to be determined by the President, and to assign such clerks, from time to time, to such consulates, and with such duties as he shall direct; and before the appointment of any such clerk shall be made, it shall be satisfactorily shown to the Secretary of State, after due examination and report by an examining board, that the applicant is qualified and fit for the duties to which he shall be assigned; and such report shall be laid before the President. *And no clerk so appointed shall be removed from office except for cause stated in writing, which shall be submitted to Congress at the session first following such removal.*"

Approved June 20th, 1864.

The Act, as will be observed, was somewhat vague in its last sentence, but the general object was clear. To remedy any deficiency in this respect, the text of the law was accompanied by explanatory information and instruction, as printed in the "Consular Manual," where the Department stated that the permanency of the office thus created, was undoubted, and that those appointed to it, for good conduct and efficiency in consular and diplomatic business, would be properly promoted (as may be seen by referring to the "Consular Manual," page 172, section 342). According to the same authority, "this would give opportunity for the improvement of the consular service, by the appointment, without regard to partisan considerations, of young men of education and character, holding their places by a tenure independent of administrative changes * * which would allow the Government to enjoy the advantages of their special training."

In brief, promotion and permanency were the incentives held out to young men to enter the profession. It was justly deemed by the Department that without this feature of promotion, the services of valuable men could not be obtained; for permanency, at \$1,000 per annum, with exile at perhaps some remote and unhealthy post in a subordinate position, would scarcely have led any man of parts to embrace the calling. To put the most liberal construction on the Act, was in accordance with the duty and traditions of the Department, which thus endeavored to render a service to itself and the nation.

The examination of the candidate took place at the State Department before a board of five examiners, one of whom was Assistant Secretary; or Chief Clerk, the other four being selected by the head of the Department. If the candidate was abroad, the examination was made by a United States Minister, and two competent persons named by him, from a programme drawn up by the Department, to which the written answers were transmitted.

After careful consideration of the systems of Great Britain and France, especially the latter, from an elaborate report thereon by an accomplished American diplomat, a standard of qualifications was adopted. In a report of a select Parliamentary committee, composed among others of Seymour Fitzgerald, Monckton Milnes, and Lord Palmerston, it was declared, after much investigation, that the French training was superior to that of any other country, and the idea with us was to adopt the French system, as far as practicable, for a foundation.

Candidates were required to write a good hand, and possess a thorough acquaintance with arithmetic, geography, English grammar, and book-keeping. A good knowledge of history was necessary, especially that of the United States. They were required to pass an examination in the "Consular Manual," Kent's "Commentaries," Story on "The Constitution of the United States," the text of Wheaton's "Elements of International Law," Curtis's "Rights and Duties of Merchant Seamen," Parsons's "Maritime Law," written and spoken French or some other modern language besides English. An acquaintance with Sprague's "Decisions," or Ware's "Reports of Admiralty and Marine Cases," was to be favorably considered. There were other less important requirements, as put forth in the "Consular Manual," which brought the standard up to

something above the English, although below the French.

Thirteen young men, having made their studies and passed their examination, were duly appointed, and attached to the principal consulates. In a short time, two of them were promoted to consulships for efficiency, one of whom resigned, leaving but one consul, who had been promoted from a consular clerk when General Grant was inaugurated as President. In the general sweep of ministers and consuls, made by the new President through political pressure, this consul was included. Believing his removal to have been made through inadvertence, he informed the Department of the fact of his being appointed under the Consular Clerk Act, and, therefore, not subject to removal. The reply of the new Secretary of State was that the letter of the law would be adhered to; which was, that "no *Consular Clerk* so appointed shall be removed," etc., and that he, in becoming a consul, had ceased to come within the Act. The evasion was ingenious, however much it lacked in justice. The removed officer endeavored to show that the scope and spirit of the Act was the idea of permanency, by referring to the debate in the Senate on the subject, where the permanency feature was recognized throughout. The Secretary of State, probably feeling the political and especially the Congressional pressure for vacancies as much as the President, declined to discuss the question.

The vitality of the Act was centered at this point, and this is where it was killed. The new Secretary, had he consulted his own views, would probably have liked to complete the structure whose foundation had been laid with so much trouble by Mr. Seward; but the political current was too strong to be successfully resisted, for it would be an injustice toward him to suppose that he did not possess the administrative capacity to understand the importance of such a measure. This was a test case, and, if the Administration had carried it, the wedge would have been driven nearly home, and the consular and diplomatic system, under the Act of June 20th, in course of time would probably have become as firmly established as the military organization at West Point.

When the Act fell, as it did virtually, after this decision of the Secretary of State, the Senators who had advocated its passage with zeal at the time it was recommended by President Lincoln, made no effort in its behalf, either from an impression that such

a course would be futile, or from fear of losing the patronage of the Administration.

This is a brief history of a movement at consular and diplomatic reform beginning twenty years back, which engaged the attention and support of each succeeding Secretary of State, until it culminated in an Act under President Lincoln, and broke down under President Grant. The contemplation of such a history is not apt to inspire much confidence in any similar movement of the future.

Something of the kind, however, was attempted again. A clause in the appropriation bill of March 3d, 1871, authorized the President to prescribe such rules and regulations for the admission of persons into the civil service as would best promote its efficiency, by ascertaining the fitness of each candidate in respect to age, health, character, knowledge, and ability for the service in which he sought to enter. The President appointed a commission to draw up a plan, which received his sanction, and under which that body tried to reform the civil service—the foreign being included. Their efforts, as we all know, were barren of results. Congress did not and does not want a measure of this kind. Some Congressmen will vote for such a reform for the purpose of being "put right on record," when they are conscious of defects which will make a dead letter of it. Others, as has been seen, boldly take the bull by the horns, and declare their opposition. At bottom, the majority dislike such a measure, for it cuts off patronage, and each one of them is the center of a group of friends whom political interests have bound together for years, and any act, promoted by one, tending to withdraw a political benefit from another, is regarded as something akin to crime. The code of honor is, never to turn their backs on one another in the disposal of patronage. As a rule, when the Congressman is approached on the subject of civil service reform, he exhibits a willingness to support it, which is deceptive. This is the surface; the under-current runs swift the other way.

Should such a bill become a well-defined law, it is not certain that it would inaugurate the system contemplated, should Government administration pass into the hands of an opposing party. In this case, a repeal of the statute would probably follow, on one pretext or another. A few years back, when Congress wished to vacate the offices of three judges, it abolished their court and re-created it under another name, which is

a striking instance of what has been done in this way. A future opposition Congress might be capable of abolishing a consular and diplomatic system to get rid of life-incumbents, and of remodeling it to put in friends; in any event, whatever would be done would of course bear the stamp of virtue and the public weal. It is certain that the opposition party, believing that such a statute robs it of its dues sanctioned by custom since the time of Jackson, once in power, would put forth all its strength to break down the life-incumbency, and the probabilities are that it would succeed. The principle, that "to the victors belong the spoils," has become so deeply rooted in the American politician, it is matter of doubt if it will ever be eradicated.

In any event, the reform project would encounter opposition in Congress until its members were made to see their interest in supporting it, and this could only be done with any certainty of success by educating the people up to the idea. If constituencies were sufficiently aroused on the subject to exact pledges in its favor from Congressional candidates, something might be done; voters would perhaps do this if it were made plain to them that such a course would pay in reduced taxation, to say nothing of the peril to republican institutions under the present system, or rather want of system.

Leaving aside the prospective difficulties of making law for the organization of a body of trained, permanent officers for the foreign service, there is no serious obstacle in the way of certain modifications under the present arrangement. Several of these should suggest themselves to the Secretary of State and those in charge of his business in Congress. As a general rule, there should be expansion in the consular, and contraction in the diplomatic service. Most of the third-class missions such as Brussels, The Hague, Berne, Lisbon, and those of the South American States generally, should be merged into consulates-general, to which might be attached the title of *Chargé d'Affaires* to facilitate business with court authorities. These missions never have been of any substantial benefit to the country, and, owing to the cable and quick steam communication, are less so now than ever. Objectionable in themselves, they are also objectionable in their title of Minister Resident, which is a meaningless term copied from old-timed diplomacy. There is a growing opinion in the country that these missions have served their day, and the time will

probably come when they will be abolished. If the Government required the negotiation of a treaty with these small powers, deemed beyond the capacity of the consular-general, it might send a special agent for the purpose, as in the early days of the republic.

In the present arrangement, there is no unity of work or aim, between consul and minister. The latter, taking his cue from old-world colleagues, considers commercial questions of subordinate importance, which he leaves to the consul, occupying himself in his notes with the "*haute diplomatie*," which generally consists of his salutatory on his arrival, when he assures the sovereign of the President's distinguished consideration, and a valedictory of the same character when his four years have expired, the interregnum garnished with court news of no interest to the United States. Thus, the minister considers the subject of commerce as not exactly within his province, according to the traditions of the Metternichs, and each American consul in the dominion prepares isolated commercial reports, which lack unity of purpose. Occasionally a consul-general endeavors to combine their action, but, in the absence of system and authority, without much effect. There is an impression with some that a consul-general and *Chargé d'Affaires* would not be received at court. This is an error. Every court in Europe is open to an agent of the United States Government, who bears in his hands his credential letter from the President.

The expensive practice of printing all the dispatches at Washington might be dispensed with. Many of these are written for the personal gratification of being reflected in printed volumes, which are only read by admiring friends. In lieu of the whole, the department might present a synopsis of the important correspondence to Congress.

Some of the foreign powers build or buy permanent legations and sometimes consulates in the most important places, and some think the United States would do well to follow their example. To do this, would doubtless be an assumption of authority not warranted by the Constitution. Besides, from our way of legislating, it would be difficult to impose a check on the abuses which might grow out of such a practice.

Raw consuls sent out at the beginning of an administration, for a year or two, are a source of annoyance to the Department. During the first year, not one in ten is capable of making a statement of his accounts free from error. Their bungling brings

trouble. One man strikes his flag, utters defiance, and calls on the United States to back him up. Another summons an American man-of-war to pour a broadside into some community which has insulted the United States in him, its representative. Another vindicates the immortal home-principles, which are hostile to the institutions of the country to which he is sent. Another insists on thrusting American civilization into countries averse to it,—and so on to the end of the chapter. It would afford relief to the Department, if they remained quiet and did nothing but draw their salary. In vain! With the zeal of neophytes, they palpitate with a desire to distinguish themselves in their new calling, and may not be restrained.

In the Treasury Department, certificates and oaths of a rigid character are required with consular accounts before they are passed, and the fact of their being deemed necessary is a sad commentary on consuls as a class. The form exacted is generally equivalent to, "I hereby certify that I am not stealing." This will make an honest man blush, but will not deter a rogue from peculating.

Consuls are unequally remunerated. Sea-port consuls, compared to the inland, are inadequately paid. The duties of the inland consuls are principally of a clerical character, while those of the sea-ports, to be faithfully performed, involve a knowledge of maritime law, to master which, requires superior training and intelligence. There are instances where the inland consul receives four or five thousand dollars for doing little else than signing his name to triplicate invoices, and where a sea-port consul gets but two thousand for doing the work of a Court of Admiralty.

There is injustice in the amount allowed for transit from home to the post of duty, as consuls are paid according to the rate of their salary for the time occupied in making the transit. Thus, one consul gets three or four times as much as another, and their traveling expenses may be the same. Hence, the low-salaried officer is always out of pocket in making his transit. To be equitable, the Government should pay the actual traveling expenses of all its agents.

The numerous inequalities of salary require careful revision. As a starting-point, no consul should receive less than \$2,000 a year, for a man of character and capacity cannot be had for less, and none but those of well-proved American citizenship should be eligible to an appointment. The small-

salaried consulates, or those where the fees are light, should be suppressed, as they are generally held by foreigners, who, instead of rendering service to the Government, annoy it with their blunders, and occasionally entangle it in difficulty. They should be allowed to act only, if at all, as commercial agents under the direction of a consul, and not permitted to communicate directly with the Department. Consuls should not be allowed to receive fees of any kind. In many cases they have been so inadequately paid that they have felt themselves justified in charging excessive fees for rendering what they call notarial services. A good salary without fees would be the best check on this kind of abuse. Nearly one-fourth of the consulates are useless or almost so, and might be suppressed and their salaries attached to those advantageous to commerce and calculated to extend it. The returns of each consulate should be made the test of usefulness. It is bad enough to keep up expensive, ornamental diplomatic missions, without extending the abuse to consulates. As it is, the consular service is self-supporting from fees, while the diplomatic is a clear outlay.

Naturalized Americans should content themselves with office at home, and not seek a foreign post, on account of its representative character; for the reason, also, that they obtain, if they can, by preference, a place in the locality of their birth, which they were, perhaps, obliged to quit in earlier life for political causes, and where their presence in an official capacity must be an annoyance. If this would be straining a point too much, considering the liberality of our institutions, it should be required at least, that citizens of this class, who speak English with an accent, should not be commissioned to go abroad. Those speaking the nation's language imperfectly, ought, themselves, to recognize the propriety of such a rule. Foreign nations attach an importance to real, representative nationality, which America does not, and, as the maintenance of friendly intercourse is one of the first duties of a Government, some regard should be paid to their wishes in this respect.

If ever foreign civil service reform comes to be seriously considered by the Government, these matters ought to be discussed, and, if remedial measures are adopted, they should be drawn with more care than the Consular Clerk Act of June 20th, which contained, as has been shown, a loop-hole, where the present Administration went through with a facility that should serve as a warning.

The late action of Congress in cutting down the diplomatic service was well as far as it went, but it did not go far enough. What it did in closing up consulates was probably injudicious, for it may be doubted whether the saving of \$35,500 will prove a compensation for the injury done to our commerce, since it may be accepted as a rule that the consulate in competent hands fosters and encourages trade. The sum which Congress saved in the suppression of the twenty-three consulates might have been secured several times over in doing as much with several legations and no public interests would have been affected thereby. Indeed, it might have suppressed the diplomatic concern entirely, and the nation would not have felt it except as a relief from the burden of \$400,000 taxation. But this would have been too radical. We must move slowly. Time only will remove the diplomatic incubus.

The removal of twenty-three consuls was easier than that of one minister. The probabilities are that the "backing" of the recalled consuls was not strong enough to save them, while that of the diplomats was; that the reforming House, face to face with a non-concurring Senate, had to content itself with the smaller game.

Still, it must be recognized that Congress did make a beginning in cutting off the corners of some legations conspicuous for their uselessness, and reducing them to the grade of posts of *Chargés d'Affaires*. Such were the legations in Denmark, Greece, Switzerland, Portugal, Paraguay and Uruguay, whose Ministers at \$7,500 are now *Chargés d'Affaires* at \$5,000. Congress having done this, the question naturally presents itself why it stopped here; and if it was right to reduce the Portugal legation, why it was not right to reduce the Netherlands legation and others which are of no more importance than those named.

As to the consular changes, it may be observed that Congress did well in closing up establishments that have none other than a sentimental or historical importance, like those of Venice and Cyprus. On the other hand, it may be asked why a consulate at an important commercial town like Southampton should be closed, while that of Beirut in Syria, where there is no trade, should be kept open with a consul, interpreter, Kavass, and a clerk at twelve hundred dollars a year in addition. If the answer to this is that we have missionaries to protect there, it is based on a misapprehension of the proper functions of the Department of Foreign

Affairs in its consular branch, one of which is to extend reasonable protection to the American citizen, but only in his civil capacity. In a word, if the principle of following up missionaries with consuls were adopted, the consular system would become an onerous charge, financially.

Fifty years hence, probably all the diplomatic missions from this country will be done away with, when the people shall have learned how useless and expensive they are. They are now burdened with them because they are saddled with the traditions of the Old World. They were necessary at one time between sovereigns who could not communicate with each other under weeks, and sometimes months; and there may be other reasons for their maintenance, at present, in a monarchy, but they should have no weight in a republic. The diplomatic mission with the gold-laced agent is part of the royal trappings by which a sovereign imposes respect in an unenlightened people, and gratifies a sentiment of puerile vanity. Yet the importance of even the king's diplomatic representative is now much diminished. At present, a minister of foreign affairs, with the telegraphic wire under his hand, can treat with the same functionary of another state, almost as if the two sat on each side of a table. Bismarck, in several instances, has done this and ignored the official existence of his own diplomatic agent; and it doubtless facilitated business. It probably appeared useless to him to employ a subordinate to do what he was more capable of doing himself, to say nothing of the loss of time involved in the old roundabout way of communication and of the possible errors and accidents arising from transmission by a third person.

The writer has had some personal experience of the duties of a diplomatic agent. While in charge of the legation at The Hague as *Chargé d'Affaires*, he found difficulty in getting sufficient material to make two dispatches—diplomatically known as notes—a month; and even these were hardly of a character to interest the American government. Indeed, there was nothing to be done at this post but social and official visiting and dining. These are often pleasing duties, but they have little to do with the welfare of a people and the extension of an empire.

Those who nurse themselves in the old traditions naturally magnify the importance of the customs of a court, and fancy that in dining with the grand master of ceremonies and other functionaries, they are keep-

ing up the dignity of the United States and adding to its prestige; that their individual efforts in the sword and gold-lace field redound to the glory of their country. Indeed, some of our diplomatic agents have become so emasculated by intercourse with royalty as to forget that they represent a nation of simple republicans.

There is a degree of humbug in the exercise of diplomatic functions which cannot but excite commiseration in a true republican. In the second and third class missions, at least, the life is that of vegetation, but there is frequent affectation of important work fraught with weal or woe to an empire, —a face of unuttered wisdom, a mysterious allusion to notes, and a show of discreet reserve. And the hours supposed to be devoted to the elaboration of some weighty State document are, ten to one, consecrated to the paring of the nails or some other occupation of a like importance.

Some of our politicians have the frankness to confess that diplomatic missions are simply regarded as rewards for political work and that there is really no other good reason for keeping them up. The principal one given by the friends of the present system is that it is useful in the making of treaties; but this is hardly a good reason considered even from their own point of view. To make a treaty requires special knowledge which the men of general education who occupy diplomatic posts do not have, and a Secretary of State who has an enlightened sense of duty sends a specialist to the power with which it is proposed to treat, the American diplomate acting as a go-between. For example, when the last postal

treaty was made with France it was found necessary to send the chairman of the Postal Committee of the Senate to Paris; it was discovered that even his technical knowledge of the subject was not sufficient, and at length a specialist of the Post-Office Department had to go in order to complete the treaty. This of course was an important treaty, but the negotiation of such an one may not occur once in ten years, and in some places may never occur.

It is not necessary for this country to hang out a sign in the way of costly legations to keep the nations of the world advised of its importance, as the friends of the present diplomatic system maintain. We have got beyond that. The nations of the world know what we are and what we are capable of, as well as we do, and the diplomatic display will not help them to a better understanding. Power, wealth, and civilization, inspire respect everywhere, and we have them. It is useless to beat the Chinese gong to defeat our enemies, for we are strong enough to do it at close quarters, and the gong-beating of a legation in this age of international knowledge will not deter our enemies from attacking us. The policy of this government in its relations with foreign nations should be characterized by strict simplicity. No fanfaronade is needed, for they will know that however plain we may be in our forms, there is a power behind them that will compel respect. Diplomatic assumption and ostentation go down quickly before determination and iron. Let us be strong and simple but not too naïf, and we shall not only promote our own interests, but furnish a useful lesson to others.

SINGLE-CELLED PLANTS.*

AMONG water plants are included the smallest and simplest forms of life known to the naturalist. Sea-weed, and most of the fresh water plants, compose in great measure the class called by the botanists *algæ*. Many of these plants are nothing more than

a single vegetable cell, which lives a complete and individual life, performing, on its own behalf, all the vital functions, and dying without ever having been associated with its fellows.

This simplest form of life is the lowest term of more than one ascending series; the highest terms of which are reached in several different ways. While one series represents this development by a gradation of forms, each one of which shows a more perfect differentiation of cells than the form which preceded it; another series shows it

* Many of the most beautiful of the microscopic preparations from which the illustrations of the present series are drawn were made by Dr. G. D. Beatty, of Baltimore. To his kindness as well as to his great skill is due this expression of indebtedness, which I am glad to have the opportunity of here making.

by the more and more complicated mode in which the cells are combined; and again another by the increasing delicacy and beauty of their external structure. In most cases, however, it is by a combination of these conditions that the transition is effected.

The lowest forms of life among the algæ are scarcely anything more than a cell wall, containing a mass of colored protoplasm, in which a vacuole is always to be seen. Higher forms of single-celled plants show the protoplasm to be further differentiated into colorless and colored portions, which contain granular materials, chiefly starch. A nucleus not present in the lowest forms now makes its appearance. The chlorophyll, or green coloring matter of the cell, occasionally takes the shape of spiral bands, rings, or stars. [See Fig. 1.]

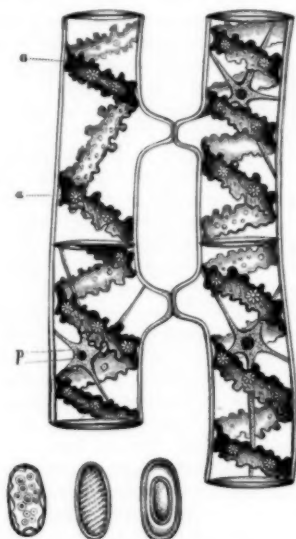


FIG. 1. SPYROGYRA LONGATA.

Same as Fig. 2, in article on "The Beginnings of Life," SCRIBNER for November. [After Sachs.]

The ridges, dots, spines and other surface ornamentations caused by the unequal thickening of the cell wall, which is so striking in pollen, elaters, and spores, is not very noticeable in the unicellular plants. These cell walls show a tendency to turn into mucilage, which very materially aids in the reproduction processes.

Before proceeding further, it will be necessary to describe briefly the phenomenon called Alternation of Generations,—a phe-

nomenon rare and remarkable in animal life, but almost universal in vegetable. After a plant has grown a certain time and its cells have come—by the process of differentiation described in our former article—to assume different forms and varied functions by means of cell division, a time comes when single cells become detached from the parent organism and cease to form a part of it. These cells begin either at once, or after certain other preparations have been made, to lead an independent life—in other words, to form another independent plant. The single cell thus formed may be like or unlike the parent plant.

Cells which are thus separated from the organism producing them, even if they do not leave the place where they were formed, are reproductive cells: those plants which spring from similar reproductive cells, and whose cells resemble the original one, form a generation. But this process of like producing like is the exception, not the rule, in plant life. It is characteristic only of the lower fungi and algæ, so far as our present knowledge goes. In all forms higher than these there is a succession of generations which are dissimilar. The alternations are different for different organisms. In some of the algæ and fungi a repetition of similar generations may be followed by a dissimilar one, which in its turn produces the first form, and that after another repetition, again produces the second. The most common case in the algæ and the one exclusively met with in the higher plants from the mosses upward, is for only two kinds to alternate; the first form producing the second, and the second form the first again.

These reproductive cells, which constitute the most striking feature in alternate generation, are of two kinds; they either continue their development independently of foreign aid, in which case they are called asexual reproductive cells, and the generation from which they are directly derived is termed an asexual generation; or else, they are so constituted that no further development can take place until a union with another reproductive cell is effected, when they are called sexual, and the generation to which they owe their original is called a sexual generation. If the two cells which join are alike, the process is called conjugation; if unlike, fertilization. The asexual cells are called spores, and they are generally scattered; the sexual cell—the ovule—remains associated with the parent, is there nourished, fertilized, and begins a new vegetative process—the develop-

ment of the embryo. Though the generations which alternate may sometimes be all asexual, and again all sexual, the commonest form is a regular alternation of the two.

The simplest way of arriving at a clear

tion of cells goes on so rapidly that, although each cell is probably not more than $\frac{1}{10000}$ of an inch in diameter, large areas are quickly covered with a coating of the palmoglaea. This process is merely one of growth similar to that by which higher organisms increase in size; except that here the cells are all alike, while in the higher plants the cells become to a greater or less degree differentiated, and thus the organs are produced which are fitted to fulfill special functions in the economy of the plant.

Alternation of generations has been detected even in this lowly life; we have already considered the asexual generation by division; the sexual form is here so simple, that a study of it is well fitted to be the initiatory step in the investigation of that curious phenomenon in vegetable life. Two of the cells which are completely developed become fused together. The extreme delicacy of the cell wall may be inferred from the fact that in this process the cellulose envelope, no less than its protoplasmic contents, enters into the fusion. The result of this conjugation is a spore, and

from it springs a new colony by the process of subdivision. It is curious to observe the analogies which run through nature; showing how essentially the purpose which underlies it all is at one with itself. During the conjugation of the palmoglaea cells, oil is produced within the spore in minute particles which coalesce and form drops,—on the other hand, when the spore begins to vegetate, producing new cells by subdivision, the oil disappears and the green granular matter takes its place. Just the same thing takes place in the higher plants; oil is stored up in the growing seed, and is consumed in its germination.

Let us now take a single drop of the greenish surface-water from some stagnant, way-side pool, and place it under the microscope. The green scum resolves itself, at once, into two single-celled forms [see Fig. 2, A, 1 and 2], the one oblong and motile, the other round and still. There are other forms to this little unicellular water-plant—the *Protococcus phlvialis*;—forms differing from each other so widely that they have been referred not only to different species,

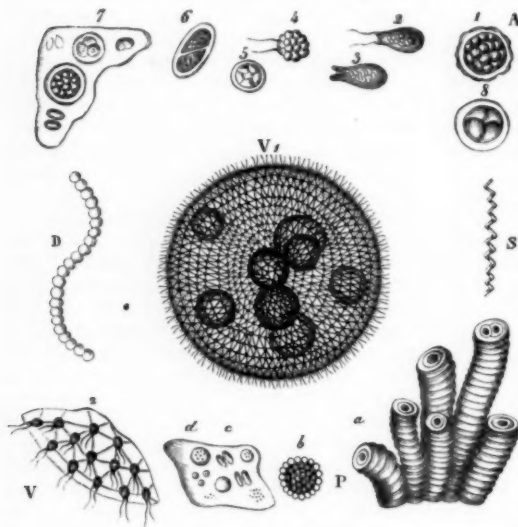


FIG. 2. A *PROTOCOCCUS FLUVIALIS*.

1, Still form; 2, motile form; 3-8, different stages; P, *Palmoglaea macrococca*; b, c, ordinary conditions; a, urococcus; V, *Folva globator*; V, portion still more magnified to show structure. [After Carpenter and Henfrey.]

conception of the processes which go on in these minute organisms is to select some characteristic form and follow it through its life-history. The *Palmoglaea macrococca*, in spite of its high-sounding name, proves to be, on closer acquaintance, only the common green slime which spreads itself over moist stones and walls, in secluded spots. This slime, under the microscope, shows itself to be a multitude of green cells surrounded by a sort of jelly. The cell wall, which is not very pronounced, is filled with greenish granules, among which may sometimes be detected a nucleus. [See Fig. 2, P, b, c.] Some among the cells in the microscopic field are seen to be elongated and constricted into an hour-glass shape in the middle; they are, in fact, undergoing the curious process of multiplication by division; a process not precisely mathematical but which, nevertheless, finds great favor in the vegetable world. Not only is it the cell which elongates, is constricted and finally divides into two, but the nucleus, which is very easily seen after the cell has been treated with iodine, also divides. The multiplica-

but even to different genera; and under these protean disguises have received no less than a dozen alarmingly long, and to the untrained tongue, unpronounceable names.

It is only of late years that the tiny dwellers in the earth, and air, and water, have been studied in their life-history; and this method of patiently following through each phase of its development these lowly forms of life, is the only one which can ever yield any knowledge worthy of the name. Such study, given to the protococcus, has shown that the dozen different forms, which, in the old classification had received as many names, were but the changing shapes assumed by one tiny vegetable cell; it has also conclusively proved that it is vegetable, and not, as had been previously believed, animal, in its nature. The distinction generally made by naturalists between the humblest representatives of the two kingdoms depends upon their powers of assimilation. Studying the protococcus closely, it was found to possess the power of transmuting inorganic into organic material,—the sole prerogative of vegetable life. The multiplication of the round, still cells takes place, as it does in palmogloea, the cell contents and nucleus dividing into halves, and each of these undergoing a further division into halves and quarters. In this way, two, four, eight, sixteen, or more cells are formed, which are sometimes set free by the dissolution of the original cell wall, but are generally held together by its transformation into a gelatinous mass, in which they remain imbedded. [Fig. 2, A, 7.]

Usually, when the still cells have divided into sixteen, but sometimes earlier, the new cells thus produced assume the motile form. [A, 2, 4.] A cellulose wall of some consistency forms about the new cells, tiny threads of protoplasm, called cilia (eyelashes), extend themselves through the envelope, and confer upon the organism the power of voluntary motion. They dart about over the field of vision, whipping the water with their tiny lashes so rapidly that the motion can only be detected by the currents they create. When they are about to come to rest, however, the motion slackens, and then the vibratile cilia may be seen with distinctness. A slow evaporation of the water in which the protococcus develops causes them to dry up, and they may remain for years in a state of dormant vitality. In this state they are wafted about in atmospheric currents, and are often brought down into cisterns and tanks by the rain-drops.

There, finding favorable conditions, they vegetate and form a green superficial scum upon the water. The red snow of the Arctic regions owes its color to the presence of a red protococcus, or palmogloea,—it is not quite certain which,—that multiplies with such rapidity that acres of ground are frequently covered in a single night. The urococcus [Fig. 2, P, a] is another form of the palmellaceæ, where some approach to higher life is made by the mode of union of the cells. Each new cell, which is of a delicate rose color, is found resting in its cast-off investments, which finally form a pile of saucer-like gelatinous membranes, resting one within the other. Multiplication by subdivision gives rise to the several peduncles.

The transition is very easy from the motile protococcus living its hermit life, to the *Volvox globator* [Fig. 2, V], where precisely similar organisms are seen combined into a society. The volvox is simply a well-regulated society of individual protococci, where each member knows his place, and keeps it. The spherical body of the young volvox, as seen within the larger sphere, is at first composed of an aggregation of angular masses of protoplasm separated by the interposition of a transparent substance. The young volvox increases both by the growth of the protoplasmic masses and by that of the intervening hyaline substance. The masses of protoplasm send out processes which connect the different individuals into a compound body. V₂, in Fig. 2, shows the mode in which the individual cells are united, as well as the appearance of the cells themselves. In the meantime the central mass of protoplasm shows one cell which is larger than any of the others; this is destined to become one of the interior spheres which develop along with the inclosing mass. As soon as the primary sphere has attained maturity it bursts, and the secondary spheres are freed to follow the same course of development; volvox not only develops by division and growth as just described, but also by a conjugation, or fertilization.

The *Volvox globator* is an inhabitant of fresh-water pools, and sometimes reaches a diameter of one thirtieth of an inch. Its size is sufficient to enable one to see it with the naked eye when the drop of water containing it is held up to the light. It usually moves by a kind of rolling motion; sometimes, however, it glides smoothly onward, and again it spins about its own axis like a top, without progressing at all. The mo-

tion is given to it by the rhythmic lashings of its thousand little cilia. It is seen under low powers to be a hollow sphere composed

of other members of this class, a colored mass of protoplasm. The cells live isolated and are symmetrically bisected by a deep con-

striction. [Fig. 3, E 1.] In each half cell, Sachs tells us, there are two grains of starch and eight disks of chlorophyl. Where the desmid is about to reproduce itself by cell division, the neck which unites the two half cells [E 1, α] elongates, a double partition wall is run up through the middle of the connecting neck, the two portions become rounded [E 2], and finally each of the new-formed daughter-cells becomes exactly like the mother-cell from which it has developed, and we have two perfect desmids like E 1, joined end to end. While the neck is undergoing this increase, the two starch grains and eight chlorophyl disks elongate, become constricted, divide, and half of each passes over into the developing daughter-cell, where they arrange them-

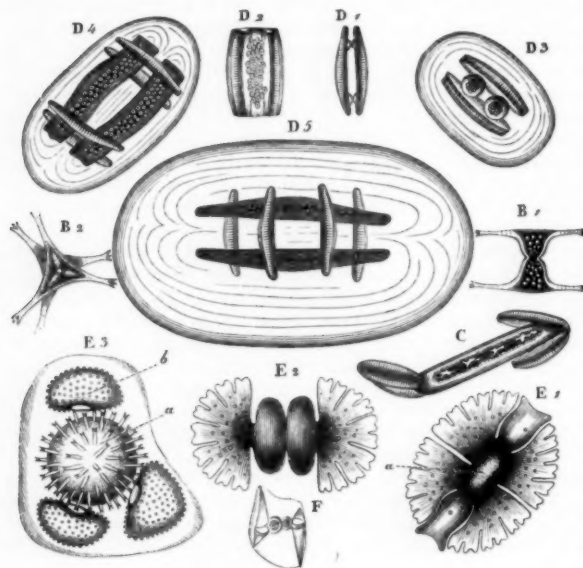


FIG. 3. DESMIDS AND DIATOMS.

Desmids, B, 1, 2; E, 1, 2, 3; F, 1. Diatoms, D, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Different stages of conjugation, and formation of zygospore. [After Henfrey.]

of a transparent substance, studded at regular intervals with tiny green spots, which are generally connected together by green threads. Within the sphere are the young volvox spheres of a still deeper green.

Among these simple organisms,—the confervoid algae,—there are two forms of peculiar interest to the microscopist; they are interesting, not only for their intrinsic beauty, but also for the curious phenomenon which they present. These are the desmids [Fig. 3, B, 1, and 2; E, 1, 2, and 3; F] and the diatoms [Figs. 4, 5, 6, and 7]. The desmids, ranking lower than the diatoms, come earlier in our ascending series; there is, however, much which is very similar in their mode of development and life-history.

The Desmidiaceæ are a family of confervoid algae inhabiting fresh water; their outer coat is flexible and is ornamented with minute markings which are always elevations. In a few of the higher forms, such as *Closterium* [Fig. 3, F], there seems to be a tendency, though not very marked, to secrete a siliceous shell like that of the diatoms, though far less beautiful. The contents of the desmid envelope is like that of the

selves symmetrically, as in the parent-cell. The two individual desmids finally break apart and lead independent lives. This is the asexual reproduction.

Conjugation shows some remarkable phenomena. Two cells lying in pairs in a crossed position emit a thin jelly, in which they lie imbedded; this investing jelly seems to be surrounded by a delicate gelatinous wall, and in this jelly is developed a new generation. The zygospore, as it is called, or new organism resulting from conjugation, takes a rounded form, or in some varieties divides itself into two as in F 1. In *Cosmarium* [E 3], it becomes invested by three layers of cell wall, an outer and inner transparent coat, and a middle layer firmer in texture, and brown. The outer cellulose layer develops upon its surface a number of spiny protuberances—at first hollow, afterward solid—which terminate in a toothed end. Alternate generation could scarcely be more strikingly exemplified than we here find it. The zygospore, sexual generation [Fig. 3, E 3, α], has no sort of resemblance to the asexual [E 3, β].

The germination or development of the

zygospore into the desmid begins by the formation of a wide split in the outer spiny wall; through this the colorless inner layer, with its contents, protrudes, and finally escapes. The thin walled sphere considerably exceeds the zygospore, from which it has just escaped, in size. In the protoplasm of the sphere may be seen two masses of chlorophyl. After a time, the contents of the sphere contract; it clothes itself in a new cell wall, it becomes constricted in the middle, and finally divided into two half balls, each containing one of the two chlorophyl masses present before the division. The two half balls are inclosed in a spherical cellulose envelope, which after a time becomes absorbed, and the cells freed. All these processes of germination are completed within two days. The new cells, whose outer wall is smooth, begin to reproduce by division; the new daughter-cells, thus formed, are rougher and larger. The four daughter-cells produced from the zygospore are thus of two forms; the two halves of the smooth-walled cells being unlike, while the two halves of the rough-walled cells are alike.

The diatoms, which have occupied so largely the attention of microscopic naturalists of late years, justify, by their exquisite beauty and enormous variety, the interest manifested in them. They resemble the desmids somewhat in the configuration of their cells, and in the manner of their division and conjugation, as well as in the tendency which they manifest to secrete a thin jelly, in which they live socially. What especially characterizes them is the beauty and variety of the siliceous shell which they secrete. Being of an indestructible material, this delicate glassy coat has accumulated in geologic times to an enormous extent, and now forms vast layers in the strata of the earth's crust. The city of Richmond, in Virginia, is built upon such a stratum, the extent and depth of which are not accurately known.

A particle of this earth, dispersed over a microscopic slide so that it has a dusty appearance, reveals innumerable forms whose

delicacy and beauty no drawing nor engraving can represent. The silica through which the ray of light passes in order to reach the eye disperses it, and the extreme beauty of the markings upon the shells is heightened by the delicate opalescent play of color which they show.

The process of multiplication by subdivision may be seen [Fig. 5, C, d] in the *Biddulphia pulchella*; that by conjugation in [Fig. 3, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5] its successive stages of development, in the *Ennotia turgida*. These processes are so like those described in desmids that it is not worth while to describe them in full.

The two siliceous cell walls of diatoms resemble the bottom and top of a pill-box, the older half being pushed down over the younger. When the cell is about to multiply by division, the middle band widens [see Fig. 5, C, b], two daughter-cells form within the extended band; when they are complete the band in *biddulphia* seems to break and each half to remain for a time attached to the cell. In all diatom slides these bands are present, having apparently fallen away from the organism after they had performed the function for which they were designed.



FIG. 4. COMMON FORMS OF DIATOMS AND POLYCYSTINA.
250 Drms. [From nature.]

The manner in which the upper valve fits down over the lower is questioned by some naturalists, but Sachs—one of the highest

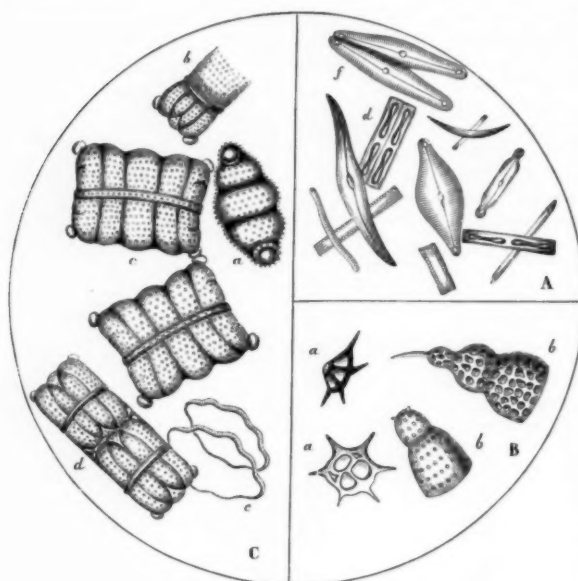


FIG. 5. DIATOMS AND POLYCYSTINA.

A, Various forms of Diatoms; B, Polycystina; C, *Riddulphia pulchella* (a diatom); a, top view of *R. pulchella*; b, half showing middle band widening in preparation for multiplication by division; c, two links in chain of diatoms; d, two completed individuals, still held together by middle band; e, middle bands broken away from *R. pulchella*. [From nature.]

authorities on all botanical questions—states it as an ascertained fact, in the last edition of his “Text-book of Botany Morphological and Physiological” translated by Bennett and Dyer.

It is easy to see that if each newly formed cell occupies the position of bottom to the box, each must become a shade smaller than the cell from which it was produced. In this way, when diatoms develop by division, they constantly deteriorate in size; according to Pfitzer, as quoted by Sachs, when the minimum size is attained, conjugation takes place; and the auxospore, or result of conjugation, is much larger than the diatoms from which it was produced; in this way a new series is begun with a diatom of the maximum size, which by division produces a series which, as regards mere dimensions, is a descending one.

Besides the ordinary rotation of protoplasm, in their interior, both diatoms and desmids show a power of voluntary motion. They seem to be able to creep about, over hard surfaces, and to push small granules before them. This, in the diatoms, occurs only in a line which extends along the length of the cell wall, and Schultze supposes “crevices, or holes, through which the protoplasm

protrudes.” Though such openings have never been actually seen, it is highly probable that they exist.

There is something approaching to social life among some species belonging to this family. *Biddulphia* and other varieties are found coherent by their alternate angles, and in this way form a sort of zigzag chain. Two links of such a chain may be seen in Fig. 5, C, c. In the choetocæ the valves send out long tubular “awns” which look like ciliæ; these by their interlacing unite the individual cells into a filament. The frustules of *licomorpha* remain adherent after multiplication takes place, their form being wedge-like; a fan-shaped arrangement is the result [Fig. 7, A]. *Meridion circulare* develops in the same way, only to a greater extent, and the result is a radical arrangement which makes sometimes two complete circles spirally arranged. *Bacillaria* forms itself into long lines the sides of which are adherent [Fig. 7, C].

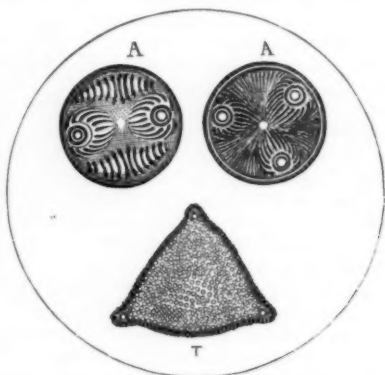


FIG. 6. DIATOMS.

A, A, two forms of *Auliscus*; T, *Triceratium*. [From nature.]

Many of the diatoms grow upon a stipes [stem]. Three varieties *in situ* are to be seen in Fig. 7, A, B, D. These present a distinctly plant-like appearance, and have received the common name of brittle-worts.

Such as are not fixed "by a stipes," Carpenter tells us, "possess some power of spontaneous movement; and this is especially seen in those whose frustules are of a long narrow form. * * * The motion is of a peculiar kind, being usually a series of jerks which carry forward the frustule in the direction of its length, and then carry it back through nearly the same path. Sometimes, however, the motion is smooth and



FIG. 7. DIATOMS GROWING ON STIPES.

A. *Licomorpha*; B. *Achnanthes*; C. *Bacillaria*; D. *Pododiscus*.
[From nature and after Henfrey and Carpenter.]

equable; and this is especially the case with the curious *Bacillaria paradoxa* [Fig. 7, c], whose frustules slide over each other in one direction till they are all but detached, and then slide as far in the opposite direction, repeating this alternate movement at very regular intervals. In either case, the motion is obviously quite of a different nature from that of beings possessed of a power of self-direction. 'An obstacle in the path,' says Professor W. Smith, 'is not avoided but pushed aside; or, if it be sufficient to avert the onward course of the frustule, the latter is detained for a time equal to that which it would have occupied in its forward projection, and then retires from the impediment as if it had accomplished its full course.'

The observations recorded by Focke make it very probable that, when the family of diatoms shall have been studied more thoroughly and exhaustively, many forms which are now considered different varieties, or even different species, will be found to be merely the various stages in the development of a single variety. A writer in the "Annals and Magazine of Natural History" states that he has found two or more dis-

tinct species upon the same stipes, which makes the probability even greater.

There are others among the confervoid algae which are, in one sense, unicellular plants, and which yet assume forms that are distinctly plant-like. Though each cell lives only for itself, yet they always live in union. The *Spirogyra longata* [Fig. 1] is one of these organisms. Though it belongs to the conjugatae, yet in its mode of sexual multiplication the reproductive process of higher organisms is shadowed forth; and it seems to furnish the connecting link—the transitional form—between the conjugating and the fertilizing mode of reproduction.

Every filament consists of a row of cylindrical cells, each containing a protoplasm sac, which incloses a large proportion of cell sap. A nucleus [Fig. 1] hangs suspended in a small mass of protoplasm which sustains itself by attaching threads extended to the cell wall. The chlorophyll is arranged within the sac of protoplasm in the form of a spiral band, studded with flower-like aggregations of starch grains. The figure represents the filaments preparing to conjugate. A protrusion is sent out from the two adjacent cell walls of parallel filaments; these grow until they meet. The protoplasm sac of each of the two cells first contracts, it then detaches itself completely from the surrounding cellulose envelope, rounds itself to an ovoid form [Fig. 1], and contracts still further by the expulsion of cell sap. After this process is completed in both cells, the wall between the two protrusions opens, and one of the ovoid bodies forces itself through the passage thus formed; the moment the two masses of protoplasm meet, they coalesce. When the union is complete, the two masses are formed into one, hardly larger than either of the coalescing bodies, and of the same ovoid form.

The union gives the impression to the eye of the union of two drops of liquid; but that it is utterly different is clearly proved by the fact that the two spiral bands of chlorophyll place themselves end to end, making one continuous band coiled more closely than before. The conjugated body clothes itself with a cell wall, and becomes what is called a zygospore; after some months of rest, this germinates, producing a new filament of cells.

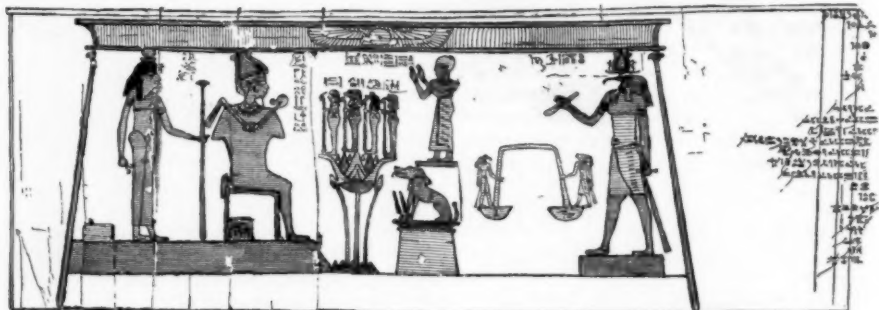
The step toward a higher mode of reproduction taken by the *spirogyra* may be seen by comparing its mode of conjugation with that of the strictly unicellular plants. *Protococcus*, *palmoglea*, *desmids*, and

diatoms, either fuse, and both cells form a new one; or else they expel their cell contents and the reproductive cell is formed outside both the original cells; but here in the conjugation of the filaments of spirgyra, though no chemical or physical difference can be detected in the conjugating cells, one filament sends all its protoplasmic masses over into the other, and remains itself, emptied of its cell contents,—the other filament giving rise, in each of its conjugating cells, to zygospores. There must be some difference between the two filaments, though it is so subtle as to elude the most delicate chemical and microscopical tests which have been so far applied to the solution of the question.

In the close study of life, in its narrowest and lowest, as well as in its broadest and highest manifestation, we are always brought to a point where the mystery is as impenetrable as though the Divine fiat had gone forth, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." There is no scientific answer to the question that presents itself. Science has penetrated into the mysteries so long baffling the world, how this wonderful work is accomplished, what are its modes and processes; but science

is no less dumb than is ignorance when the question comes, What is this mysterious life-power, this wonderful, underlying, vital force? There *is* a solution offered,—the only solution which does not refute itself,—a solution too simple, perhaps, for those who are bent upon looking back through millions of ages to the fiery gas out of which, they say, not only our worlds and systems of worlds have been developed; but out of which every gigantic intellect and every loving heart have been envolved. St. John gives a hint of this answer when he says, "In Him [the Divine logos] was *life*, and the life was the *light* of men." It would seem from this that the mysterious power which constitutes life, whatever that may be, was the breath of God breathed into every living creature; while to man this Divine presence means more than merely physical vitality and that limited power of loving and thinking which belong to the brute creation. It means, to man, the power to "look before and after," to recognize the subtle relation between the material and spiritual. It is to him that gift of spiritual vision, which enables him to respond to the thoughts, the commands, the infinite love of God.

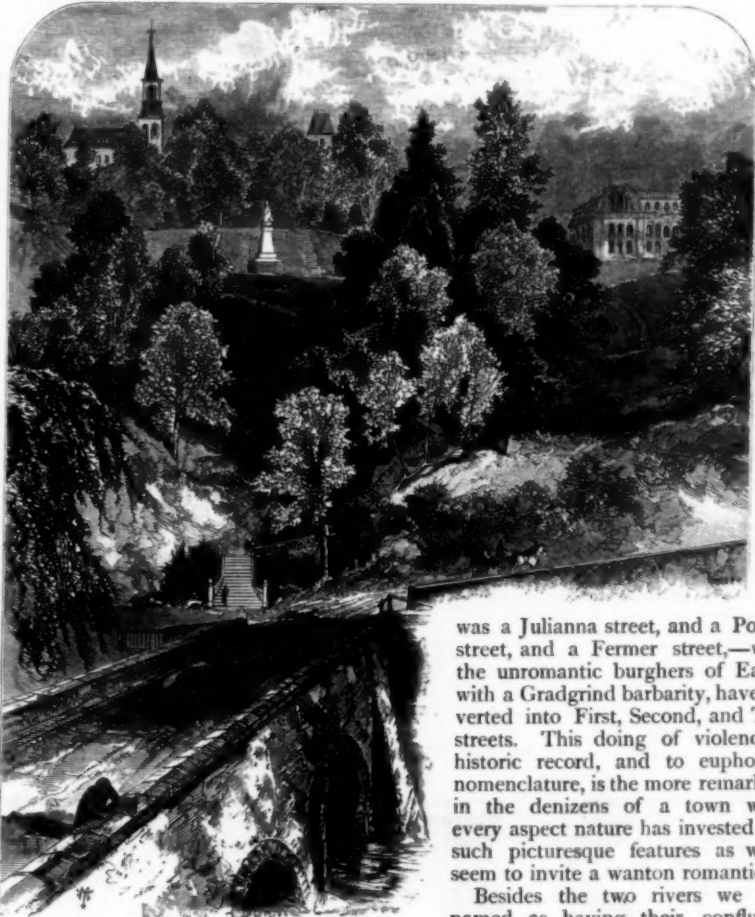
LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.



PORTION OF PAPYRUS SCROLL IN POSSESSION OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

SOME seventy miles toward the West from New York,—just beyond the border line of Pennsylvania,—lies the charming borough of Easton. The Delaware River separates it from New Jersey; and the Lehigh, flowing down from the north and west, pours its waters into the former stream upon the southern skirt of the town. This embranch-

ment of the rivers gave the old title of the "Forks of the Delaware" to this locality; and as early as 1751, Thomas Penn, who was a son of William Penn, and proprietary of the region hereabout, in a letter from England to Governor Hamilton, said: "Some time since, I wrote to Dr. Graeme and Mr. Peters to lay out some ground in



ENTRANCE TO GROUNDS OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

the forks of the Delaware for a town, which I suppose they have done, or begun to do. I desire it may be called Easton, from my Lord Pomfret's house, and whenever there is a new county, that shall be called Northampton."

There was a pretty reason for this suggestion of names, which is worth recording, and which gives us a charming glimpse of the sentiment that graced the great Quaker proprietary. He had but recently married a daughter of Lord Pomfret, whose name was Julianna Fermer. Hence it came about that, in memory of Thomas Penn's bridal days, the town was called Easton; that the county (when established) was called Northampton; and in the earlier times, that there

was a Julianna street, and a Pomfret street, and a Fermer street,—which the unromantic burghers of Easton, with a Gradgrind barbarity, have converted into First, Second, and Third streets. This doing of violence to historic record, and to euphonious nomenclature, is the more remarkable in the denizens of a town whose every aspect nature has invested with such picturesque features as would seem to invite a wanton romanticism.

Besides the two rivers we have named as having their confluence before the town, a third stream,

Bushkill Creek,—large enough to be a river in England,—comes meandering down from the northward through wooded hills, and bright meadows, and sloping farm-fields; and after driving a half score of mills, discharges its waters into the Delaware. This meeting of streams makes in every flood-time an angry swirl, which, in ages past,—as geologists tell us,—has abraded the Jersey shore, and deposited, by its reflowing eddies, an alluvial delta upon the Pennsylvania side. This delta had caught the eye of the observant Thomas Penn, and dwelt in his memory amid the regalements of Pomfret House as the proper site for a town.

But Easton has outgrown the original

alluvial plateau, and has pushed its outlying houses up the sides of all the surrounding hills. The old thrift of the place grew out of an easy water-way to Philadelphia down the Delaware,—out of the outlying grain lands, the mill-sites along the Bushkill, and the lumber of the upper valleys of the Lehigh and the Delaware. But coal and iron have wrought changes of which good Thomas Penn, dallying amidst the beauties of Easton, Neston, never dreamed. Canals have leashed the little borough at the river Forks, with New York, with Philadelphia, and with what, in his day, were the mountain solitudes beyond Mauch Chunk. In addition to these lines of traffic, three railways stretch from Easton to the waters of New York Bay; a fourth goes to the mouth of the Delaware; a fifth opens the way to Harrisburg and the West; while two more—rival lines—are shelved upon either bank of the Lehigh, and, after traversing the heart of the best coal regions of America, connect thereabout with divergent lines over the wondrous Catawissa chasms, and Wilkesbarre Valley, and the whole upper region of the Susquehanna.

Easton is a place to be visited,—were it only because it is the gate-way to the wonderful scenery of the Lehigh Valley. Most American travelers who have beguiled themselves with the winning scenes of Europe and of our own White Mountains and Alleghanies, think of this valley as a region murky with coal-dust, and begrimed with the reek of mining-huts. Yet there is a beauty along the Lehigh River which will match—in a different way—the beauty of the Elbe through Saxon Switzerland. For some distance above Easton, there are



DR. GEORGE JUNKIN, THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF LAFAYETTE.

league-long stretches of fertile meadows, and broad bights of river which at night are all a gleam with the blaze of furnaces; and there is the charming town of Bethlehem, planted in 1740 by the Moravian "United Brethren," whose roofs, as you hurtle past, seem to be swimming in a sea of foliage; but it is only when he has passed through the gap in the Blue Mountains that the peculiar scenery of the Lehigh will delight the traveler. The river is as tortuous as the trail of a serpent. The wooded hills, growing bolder and bolder, crowd it closely on either side. The twin roads hang upon the edges of the hills, making sharp lines of demarcation between the densely wooded shores and the murky waters. Time and time again, it would seem to you that the valley had closed in utterly; but as often, road and river together, by swift whirl around some beetling height, glide away into other and deeper wildernesses of the valley. Towns are absent, since there is no possible site for them; houses, too, are lacking, save some tiny group at a lumber-boom, or the homestead of a lock-tender on the canal. These whisk by you, and the wooded solitudes come again; yet always the river is roaring below you, and at quick intervals come the whistle and rush of the interminable coal-trains.

Finally, from out the windings of the wooded valley, whose high banks scarce let the sun shine upon the river-surface, save at noon-day, you are shunted upon a siding right athwart the great hostelry of Mauch Chunk.

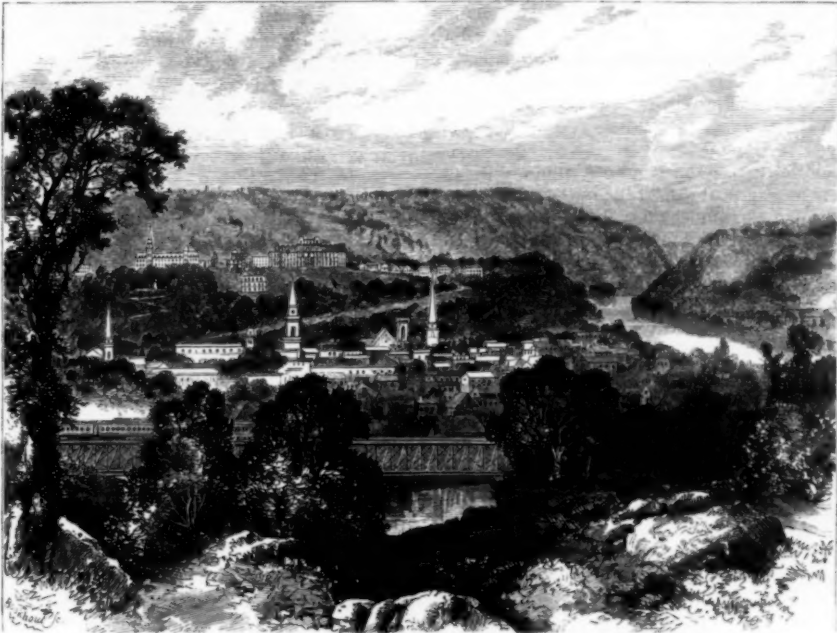


EASTON, PA.—RESIDENCE OF GEORGE TAYLOR, A SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

No outlying settlements have prepared you for a town; and yet there it is, with its festive "Mansion House," shelved in some wondrous manner upon a step of the hills; and from the door,—whichever side you may look,—a wooded garniture of hills, not a rifle-shot away, shuts in the view. There is not, within a day's journey of the metropolis, a more picturesque rendezvous for an idle week of summer.

But we have not taken our readers to-day for an excursion up the Lehigh Valley. It

angles in the center of the borough. At this point was the site of the old Court-house, with a square about it,—in the manner of German towns,—formed by cutting off a rectangular area of ground from each of the four corners made by the intersecting streets. The Court-house, or Town-house, is now gone; but in its place is a dainty little Bowling-green, dressed with trees, and made gay by a central fountain. Around the iron paling which hems in this green, the meat-venders, fruiterers, and vegetable-deal-



VIEW OF EASTON, PA.—LAFAYETTE COLLEGE IN BACKGROUND.

is our purpose rather to detain them upon one of the most charming of the heights which look down upon the confluence of the Easton River forks, where Lafayette College has its seat; and we purpose to inform them, so far as we may, of the history and appointments of an institution which, from its old quiescent state of ten years gone, has, in these latter times, made a dash into the front rank of our colleges—and this, whether we reckon rank by the number of students, by the range of equipment, by the efficiency of its instructing corps, or by the breadth and order of its curriculum of study.

Two broad and comely streets traverse Easton, and intersect each other at right

ers, on market-days, ply their trade and display their stock.

Of shops, there are many in side quarters, with Dutch stoops, and a great motley of wares, with names of undisguised German over the lintels; nor are there wanting others with plate-glass fronts and all the lofty bedizenry that marks a sea-board city. Of dwellings, there are those with the white shutters, and white marble steps, which show Philadelphia affinities; and sandwiched with them, you will find a brown freestone front of New York kinship; or, more likely, a sturdy, substantial, somewhat dingy, comfortable homestead of true Pennsylvania-Dutch extraction. As a type of this style,

we may instance the house of George Taylor, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. We give a view of this building.



OLD VIEW OF COLLEGE—FROM MAP, 1850.

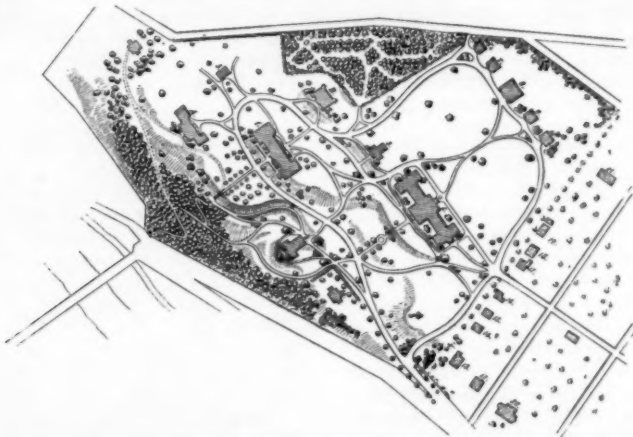
Going north from the fountain-green, by one of the broad avenues we have mentioned,—under feathery plumes of silver-maple, and stiffer plumes of English elms,—the visitor, after five minutes' walk, will come to the bridge which crosses Bushkill Creek, and, at the northern end of the bridge, will be confronted by a hill, which is almost a cliff, that rises swift and steep to the plateau where is seated Lafayette College. The hill shows raw escarpments of limestone rock and a tangled growth of wild wood. Ten years ago, the only method of reaching the summit, save by a long detour, was by clambering up a steep flight of plank steps springing, on the stilts of a rude carpentry, from ledge to ledge, and trembling with the weight of the adventurous climber.

The dizzy scaffolding of stairs which in that day led on and up to the college reminded the traveler of those crazy and slippery timber ladders of the Leuken Bad in Switzerland which lead up to the mountain town of Albinen.

The foot-passenger can now, however, reach the heights of the Lafayette plateau by stone steps, massive and broad, and by as broad a graveled path, supported by masonry, and zigzagging along the practicable ledges of the picturesque hill-side. Wending up, under shade of cedars, of nettle-trees, of wild roses, and festoons of the Virginia creeper, the visitor will reach, two hundred feet above the river, a little bastion, supported by rusticated stone-work, on which stands a monumental granite soldier, commemorative of "The Dead in the War."

Fifteen feet higher, by another flight of steps, the general level of the Lafayette plateau is reached; and from here, an embowered straight walk leads directly to the central entrance of the original college building. This is now "spick and span" with late repairs; not to our eye as engaging thus as when the spangles of sun and shadow played upon the old rusty exterior; but still most comely, and stretching away on either hand into the great flanking structures of chapel and museum which now join upon it and make up with it a most imposing frontage.

But before passing up the walk to the colleges, the Eastonian will of a surety call your attention to the view southward, over the town, from the crown of the hill. You stand



GROUND PLAN OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

1, South College; 2, Pades Hall; 3, Astronomical Observatory; 4, Jenks Hall—Natural Philosophy; 5, Philological Hall; 6, Blair Hall; 7, Newkirk Hall; 8, McKenn Hall; 9, Marten Hall; 10, Powell Hall; 11, East College; 12—21, Professors' Houses; A, Proposed Site of Library and of new Halls for the Literary Societies; B, Proposed Site of Gymnasium.



READING-ROOM, LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

there, at the head of the last flight of steps we named, in the axis of the main street of Easton. Immediately before you, and below you, the granite sentinel is holding his steady guard. Thence, the hill you have climbed plunges down under its wilderness of leaves to the bridge of the Bushkill, of which stream you have glimpses and hear the thrumming of its mills. From the banks of the Bushkill the broad street far below you sweeps straight southward, hemmed by houses, and trees, and spires; it swings round the leafy circlet of the fountain-green, and stretches away, amid other and lower houses, along gentle descent till it strikes the Lehigh; beyond this rise the tall hills of South Easton. To the right (which is westerly), the town creeps up a gentle ascent, upon which break bolder and bolder heights, —some peopled, some tilled, some unkempt and wild. To the left are other and more closely packed roofs, trending down to the Delaware, of which you see a broad, shining bight and have view of its bridges crossing to the higher shores of Jersey, where smoke the furnaces of Philipsburg. Altogether, it is a scene of busy activity, of quiet, far-away hill-sides, of near tangled wildness, of river-

spaces, of deep valley-clefts, of trailing barges, of railways over railways, and never-ending skurry of trains, that can hardly be matched.

It is no wonder the townspeople are proud of the view; it is no wonder that younglings of either sex come hither in pairs in the summer twilights to linger and look off.

The matter-of-fact Eastonian will from this point call your attention to a little gleaming rooflet somewhere on the hills of South Easton, where Lafayette College had its beginning. This was not more than fifty years ago, for the college boasts of no extraordinary antiquity. It was in 1826 that a charter was granted, naming, among other trustees, General Robert Patterson, Colonel John Hare Powel, Honorable James M. Porter (subsequently Secretary of War), and Colonel Thomas McKeen, who was among the most active of Eastonians in promoting the enterprise.

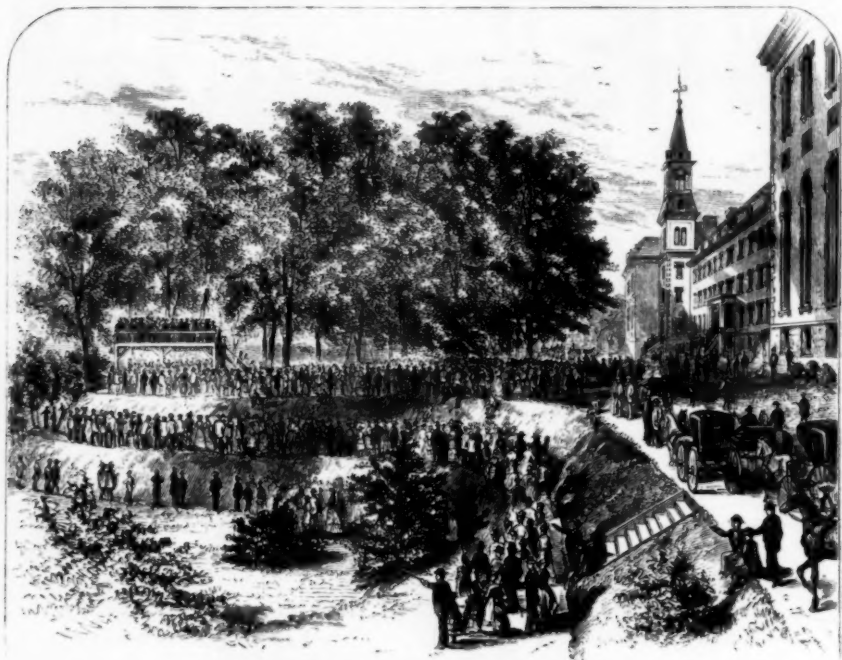
It is worthy of remark, that in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, when the charter was under discussion, a member waxed very wroth at the proposition to charter any institution for the study of the dead languages. "It adds no more to scientific knowledge," said he, "than the croaking of frogs." The

honorable member has his successors in our time; yet colleges bud and grow, and youngsters keep time to the Horatian measures.

In the year 1832, Dr. George Junkin was called from an industrial school at Germantown to preside over the college. He was a positive, conscientious, resolute man, and consented to come on condition of the abandonment of all instruction in military tactics, which had been made a provision in the charter. The charter was in consequence amended, and Dr. Junkin became acting-president, though not formally inaugurated until the completion of the first building on the present site in May, 1834.

Dr. J. W. Yeomans, from 1840 to 1844; Dr. Junkin (a second time), from 1844 to 1848; Dr. C. W. Nassau, from 1849 to 1850; Dr. D. V. McLean, from 1851 to 1858; Dr. G. Wilson McPhail, from 1858 to 1863,—at which date was inaugurated the present most worthy incumbent, Dr. William C. Cattell.

In 1849, the college was formally taken under "the care and patronage" of the Synod of Philadelphia,—a measure which has resulted practically in this only,—that the approving seal of the Synod be set to whatever appointments are made by the Board of Trustees. These last are understood to be sturdily, though not aggressively,



CLASS DAY EXERCISES IN FRONT OF SOUTH COLLEGE.

Oddly enough, Dr. Junkin, who had not great faith in military tactics, held in 1861 the presidency of Washington College, Virginia; and in the early days of April,—before yet Sumter was bombarded,—he made a flurry in that institution by boldly tearing down and burning a secession flag which the hot-headed young Virginians had set afloat. Still more oddly, the daughter of Dr. Junkin became the wife of that most military of sons-in-law, Stonewall Jackson.

The successors of Dr. Junkin have been:

Presbyterian in faith. Other shades of Christian belief, however, are represented in the governing Faculty of the college, and a wise liberalism pervades its councils. The students attend such churches as they may "elect."

The early days of Lafayette, as will readily be believed, were not resplendent with success. At the first regular Commencement in 1836, only four students received the degree of A. B., and for many years thereafter a class of twelve was large, and one of



INTERIOR OF ASSAY-ROOM—PADER HALL.

a score quite extraordinary. Up to the period of the war, there was but one or two dingy buildings (our artist gives on page 188 a glimpse of the most considerable one); the grounds, some nine acres, were in a neglected state, and direct access from the borough for foot-passengers was only had by the crazy timber stair-way already mentioned. The students were mostly from the near region of Pennsylvania, and the site of Lafayette College was almost as little known through the Northern and Eastern States as General Lafayette's homestead of La Grange in Burgundy.

During the war, the college rolls were awkwardly depleted by the military muster, and a larger percentage of its students found place in the ranks than is recorded of any other Eastern college. Indeed, in 1863, so serious was the falling off, that it was strongly urged upon the Board of Trustees to close the college doors. At that date, the total available income was reported at not more than \$4,000, and the whole "plant"—

to use a contractor's word—would have hardly footed up a sum of \$90,000. Had this course been pursued, it is more than probable that the doors of Lafayette would never have been re-opened, and the loss been charged over to the wreck of the war.

But there was a sturdy resistance to the proposal. The Synod declared, by unanimous vote, that the college must and should be sustained. Dr. William C. Cattell, who had been Professor of Latin and Greek in the college from 1855 to 1859, was called to the presidency; the doubting trustees took new heart, and the result has been a growth and development in the twelve years last past utterly unexampled in any old college of the coun-



PADER HALL.



PRESIDENT W. C. CATTELL.

try. In contrast with the former limited attendance, the catalogue of the current year shows a roll of 70 Seniors, 80 Juniors, 89 Sophomores, and 90 Freshmen.* The roll of active instructors, counting now 28 (exclusive of the Law School), has, in the same period, more than quadrupled.



MR. ARIO PARDEE.

Of course, it has been necessary that the equipments should multiply in corresponding

* Distribution by States is thus noted:

New York.....	18	Indiana.....	5
New Jersey.....	37	Iowa.....	5
Pennsylvania.....	220	Louisiana.....	1
Delaware.....	2	Missouri.....	1
Maryland.....	14	Michigan.....	1
District of Columbia.....	3	Minnesota.....	1
Virginia.....	1	Brazil.....	1
Ohio.....	13	Japan.....	1
West Virginia.....	2	India.....	1
South Carolina.....	2		

proportion; and this multiplication has been made good. The old college building has been braced with stately additions; a chemical laboratory, an observatory, a range of dormitories, a great scientific hall—have sprung up on the plateau; grounds have been extended, graded, and put in orderly array, and every aspect of the locality betokens that thrift and that large capacity for doing educational work which warrants and



PROF. F. A. MARCH.

calls for this pictorial story of its present condition.

By what magic has this change been wrought? It is plain to the practical outsider that there must have been an expendi-



PROF. J. H. COFFIN.

ture of moneys which the earlier fiscal history of the college did not forebode. Had any mine been developed upon the College Hill? Not this; but the new president, Dr. Cattell, had wondrous winning ways; and the good people of Pennsylvania—to say nothing of certain large donors *extra muros*—had shown themselves richly generous. It is delightful to be able to record, in this last decade of years, which has been so conspicuous for its corruptionists and its defalcations, a larger array of great gifts to public institutions, and to beneficent charities, than has belonged to any other period of equal length in the history of the country.

Lafayette College has not been without its ample harvests in this outpouring of liberal endowments. Among other tokens we may particularize, first—the establishment of a fully appointed observatory, at the hands of one of the most honored officers of the institution—Dr. Traill Green. There followed next the erection of four convenient dormitories upon the northern flank of the college plateau, bearing the names of their respective founders—Blair Hall, Newkirk Hall, Martien Hall, and Powel Hall. Then, upon a shelf of the hill, a chemical laboratory was erected (now devoted to the department of Physics and Applied Mathematics); in honor of a large donor to its building fund, it is now known as Jenks Hall. But scarcely had the sodded terraces around this picturesque structure hardened into a cloak of firmly knitted green-sward, when ground was broken for a stately addition to the original college building. Funds were flowing in the old wondrous way, and the structure rose until it overtopped and dwarfed its venerable neighbor: ample and airy halls were secured on its upper floors for lectures and officers' quarters, and below was fashioned that charming reading-room which is the pride of the college men and of all Eastonians.

The casual visitor is, however, not so much engrossed by the proportions of the room, which are stately; or by the interior gallery, which is imposing in effect; or by the array of encyclopedias, dictionaries and other books of reference, and the best of European and American periodicals; or by the stock of old engravings and portraits (notable among the latter a capital copy by Healey, of the Scheffer portrait of Lafayette); or even by the celebrated papyrus scroll (containing, according to Seyffarth, the finest hieratic inscription extant)—not by all this, we say, and much other appe-

tizing matter, is the casual visitor so much engrossed as by the enchanting view which confronts him as he looks from the southern windows. In the foreground are trim graveled roads, flecked by the shadows of overhanging maples—the emerald slopes of the terraces which cover the foundations of Jenks Hall; thence, the glance, plunging down over a wilderness of tree-tops, takes in the roofs and spires of the town, and the confluence of the rivers, and six converging trails of railway, and bridges hanging like spiders' webs across the valley, and heights beyond the Lehigh, and a thousand acres of rolling grain-land upon the Jersey shores. With a June haze over it, and the birds singing in the near trees, one would think Cicero *De Officiis*, and the papyrus scroll, and the London "Academy" might be equally forgotten.

When this eastern annex was completed, the friends of Lafayette were not slow to accept the tasteful and entirely correct observation of Dr. Cattell,—that the old college building was badly balanced, and that a new annex upon the western end of the same was needed to keep the equilibrium. This new construction followed immediately after, and within its walls an exceedingly effective and simple chapel is established, with all the latest *desiderata* of seats, and desk of solid walnut, and stained windows. This chapel has a seating capacity of about five hundred, while above it are the rooms and lecture-hall of Dr. Porter, the professor of botany and zoölogy. The herbarium is remarkable for its extent; more particularly for its flora of Pennsylvania, in which respect it is without a rival. At about the date of the building of the chapel, the family of Mr. James McKeen—who was for thirty years a trustee of the college—contributed funds for the erection of McKeen Hall, a new dormitory, which worthily completed the line of structures upon the north border of the plateau.

Among the most generous of patrons, in promoting the improvements noted, was Mr. Ario Pardee, a wealthy manufacturer and mine owner of Hazleton. This gentleman had come into the state not a great many years before in a subordinate position, in connection with some survey amid the wilds of Pennsylvania; but by industry, wise foresight, and shrewd investment, he had become possessed of one of those princely fortunes which have grown up like Aladdin palaces, in the last thirty years, out of the development of the mineral resources of

Pennsylvania. We can hardly do better than to give Dr. Cattell's own account of his first interview with Mr. Pardee, at the home of the latter in Hazleton. We quote from a speech of the Doctor's, at a banquet given the President of Lafayette College by the citizens of Philadelphia, in 1869; it is eminently characteristic, and reveals the persistency, the always young zeal, and the buoyant hopefulness, with which Dr. Cattell has, from the beginning, labored for the well-being of Lafayette:

"In the fall of 1864, I became acquainted with Mr. A. Pardee, at his own home in Hazleton, Pa. It was at a period when the clouds of our civil war hung low and dark in the horizon, shrouding the whole country in gloom. It was a dark period, too, for Lafayette College. I had labored for nearly a year with all the energy God had given me, and so insignificant were the results that it seemed scarcely possible the college could much longer exist. I may say also that so thoroughly had I woven my own life with that of the college, that it seemed to me as if we were both dying out together. You can therefore judge somewhat of my personal, as well as official gratitude, to Mr. Pardee, when I tell you that at this first interview, although he had never set foot within the college grounds, and had never met with any of the faculty except the president, at whose youth and diminutive appearance he was no doubt at first grieved in heart, this noble man placed in my hands his obligation for \$20,000—the largest sum at that time ever given by one person to any educational institution in Pennsylvania! I read the paper over and over, and the more I read it the less I comprehended 'the situation.' I was, sir, as one that dreamed, and if Mr. Pardee had melted away before my eyes through the carboniferous rocks on which we stood and re-appeared as a preadamite magalatherium, I could not have marveled more than I did when I looked at those little slips of paper. I do not think the sensation would have been so delicious, but it would not have been more stunning. And indeed, sir, how I got home that day I can scarcely remember. I presume the cars did not run off the track; but really I do not think I would have taken much notice of an ordinary smash-up. I do remember, however, that when I reached home and showed the letter to the one whose gentle sympathies had cheered me in so many hours of discouragement, and who was the first to know and share my new joy,—I well remember that we two knelt down together, and from my full heart there went up the prayer that God would bless and reward the generous donor, and that prayer I have not, since that time, ceased daily to offer. But I must not dwell upon this. The old wave of feeling flows back upon me as I think of that day, and almost deprives me of utterance. I will only say that I never regarded the result of that interview as due to my arguments or persuasions, but to that God in whose hand the hearts of men are turned as the rivers of water, and who was that day answering in so remarkable a manner the prayers which for so many years had gone up from the 'thousands of Israel' in behalf of our college."

Mr. Pardee had meantime extended his gifts: in 1869 they counted an aggregate

of \$200,000, and upon this basis was first established a new curriculum of scientific and technical studies. For the development of this sum a new and special building was needed. For this purpose, a year or two subsequently, Mr. Pardee made the further gift of \$250,000. To this sum he afterward added \$50,000 for its scientific equipment. Such princely munificence ranged so far beyond the calculations of the trustees, that no appropriate site for a building of such cost seemed available, except some three of the professors' homes should be swept from the college plateau. This was no sooner suggested than—with the promptitude and energy with which Pennsylvanians push to quick issue their largest schemes—other ground immediately contiguous was purchased for the professors' homes,—their former houses were trundled away, and the excavations were commenced for Pardee Hall, the largest and most complete Scientific College building in the United States. In less than eighteen months from the day when the site was determined upon, the building was complete—its flanking terraces laid down, and its halls dedicated to science by a celebration in which representatives from half the States of the Union participated. The borough of Easton—its shops shut, and manufactories silent for the day—joined in the festal tribute with such processional array, and show of banners, and banqueting, as good Thomas Penn never forecast when he laid out "some ground for a town, at the Forks of the Delaware."

We give a detailed description of the building from an authentic source:

"It consists of one center building, five stories in height, fifty-three feet front, and eighty-three feet deep, and two lateral wings, one on each side of the center building, measuring sixty-one feet in length, and thirty-one in width; four stories in height, including a Mansard roof, the whole terminating in two cross wings, forty-two feet front, and eighty-four feet deep, and four stories in height. The entire length of the front, in a straight line, is two hundred and fifty-six feet. The material is the Trenton brown stone, with trimming of light Ohio sandstone. It is heated throughout by steam, and lighted by gas. The first floor is mainly devoted to the study of mining and metallurgy; the second contains the geological and mineralogical cabinets, a spacious auditorium, and smaller lecture-rooms, reading-rooms, and professors' studies. The third floor is devoted to the engineers. The right wing is occupied by the mining engineers.

A large drawing-room occupies the lateral wing, while the cross wing embraces rooms for models and various professional purposes. The left wing is occupied by the civil engineers. The lateral wing comprises a drawing-room, and the cross wing is divided into rooms for lectures, working models, collections, and the like. On the fourth floor, the same ample provision has been made for the chemists. The center building contains professors' and assistants' rooms, technical collections, stock-room, etc. The lateral wings are intended for qualitative and quantitative analysis. The cross wings at the extremity of the building are occupied by additional laboratories, lecture-rooms, and professors' studies. The fifth floor of the center building is occupied by laboratories for original researches. In determining what rooms were needed, and the best arrangement of them, similar buildings in Europe as well as in this country were carefully studied, and liberal provision has been made in all the departments of instruction for every aid which has been devised for the most thorough and attractive teaching, and also for the prosecution of original researches.*

It is worthy of notice, that while these large architectural improvements have been progressing, the grounds have been unremittingly worked in accordance with them; walks and road-ways of the most permanent character have been laid down; trees and ornamental shrubbery have been planted, and under the judicious superintendence of Mr. Fisler (now treasurer of the college), the whole area of the plateau shows a neatness and order, and a nicety of keeping, which equals that of well-kept private grounds. The careful treatment of lawn surfaces, and the planting of ornamental shrubbery, was regarded as a somewhat hazardous experiment; and it was feared that students used to the old slipshod order would show little respect for shaven turf or blooming shrubs; but the event has proved the wisdom of educating and stimulating a taste in this direction.

Having thus sketched the history of this institution, and made record of its material appliances, the more important question suggests itself: What education does Lafayette furnish? Are the methods of study and instruction such as keep well abreast with those sanctioned by the most advanced edu-

cators of the day, and such as will qualify an earnest young man to put a firm grip upon the work best worth doing in our time?

We find, first, in Lafayette College the old conventional four-year class system, called the classical course. It does not differ materially from that in vogue in most of the Eastern colleges. One who is familiar with the annual college catalogues of these institutions can readily compute its elements. It has traditional sanctity, and the intercalations which have grown upon it in the last score of years have been made generally with exceeding coyness, and with a manifest clinging to the old *régime*. Lafayette was among the first, if not the very first, to break in upon traditional method by introducing a thorough philological study of our mother tongue. This has been done under the direction and personal guidance of an honored professor of the institution, Mr. F. A. March, the well-known author of a "Comparative Grammar." Originally intended for students having a certain familiarity with Latin, Greek and French, it compared the Anglo-Saxon with Greek, Latin, Gothic, Old Saxon, and Old High German. "General principles of phonology are first laid down; and then parallel paradigms of the inflection forms in these languages are given, and the Anglo-Saxon explained under their guidance. A comparative syntax is also given. The author in this way introduces the student to the methods of the modern science of language in connection with the study of Anglo-Saxon, so that our mother tongue may share the powers of this new science. This 'Grammar' was followed by a 'Reader,' prepared with notes, adapted to lead to and aid in, the study of the 'Grammar.' These books have been studied at Lafayette in the manner here suggested. A class goes slowly on with the 'Reader' and 'Grammar' together, studying word by word, letter by letter, the relations of the forms to those of other languages, and the laws of change which govern their history. Besides this grammatical study, however, the substance of the selections is carefully studied, including choice extracts from the 'Anglo-Saxon Chronicle' and 'Beda,' giving the noticeable events of history, Anglo-Saxon laws, and extracts from the great poets. Thus, in method and substance, as thorough and scientific study is given to a portion of the Anglo-Saxon as can be given to Greek or Latin, with the ordinary college text-books. It affords a solid foundation for the study of the later English classics,—Chaucer,

* Clever water-color drawings of the large and numerous laboratories were exhibited at the Centennial in Pennsylvania Educational Hall. One of these—the Assay Laboratory—has been engraved for this article.

Spenser, Shakspere, Bacon, Milton, Bunyan, whose masterpieces are studied in successive terms with the same care which a good Greek professor gives to Homer or Plato."

This is a scheme of study thus far unknown to the English universities, and though to some extent adopted in some American colleges, we think the credit of the initiative in this branch fairly belongs to Lafayette. How far it may result in limiting the direct study of the classics remains to be seen; but it is a modification of the traditional academic course which is in the line of progress, and in agreement with the highest aims of the "new education." Another modification of the traditional tactics at Lafayette has been the introduction to a certain extent of Christian classics in place of the heathen writers. This has been due to the special endowment of a professorship to that end by Mr. Benjamin Douglas, under which endowment a series of Christian classics is in progress of issue under the careful editorship of Professor March, comprising Latin Hymns, and Tertullian, with Eusebius and Athenagoras in the Greek. The purists will naturally hesitate at seeing any such change as this; but we do not understand that this side study is enforced, or that veneration is abated for the old heathen authors as masters of terse and elegant expression.

Besides the ordinary academic course, Lafayette offers a four-years' scientific course, differing from the former in giving larger scope to mathematical study, and in the substitution of the modern languages for Latin and Greek. Connected with this, however, the "Comparative Grammar" and Anglo-Saxon are pursued under the same system as noted above.

In addition to these two courses which represent the college training proper, there are the technical courses in metallurgy, mining, engineering, and chemistry, which are made possible by the munificent endowment of Mr. Pardee, and which, by their completeness, rank the institution with the foremost of the schools of technology.

More especially in the line of mining and engineering is Lafayette supposed to offer exceptional advantages, inasmuch as it is located in immediate proximity to a region conspicuous for its great engineering triumphs, and for its vast enterprises in mining. It is like studying medicine under the wing of a great hospital, or reading law in the atmosphere of the highest courts. For instance: Does the professor talk of bridge construction,—his illustrations (as perfect as are to be

found in America) are within eye-shot. Does he talk of grades and curves,—every fashion and expedient of them are within an afternoon's walk. Does he talk of shafts and lodes,—the near valley offers every variety of example. Is it a question of ores, and puddling and slag,—the furnace fires are blazing on the eastern and western horizon every night.

There remain to be noted further in connection with the announced curriculum of studies at Lafayette, the usual post-graduate courses for prosecution of special inquiry in philology, physics, etc.; and, more important, and what gives a thoroughly practical and work-a-day stamp to its educational facilities, has been the establishment of what are termed in the catalogue "Working Sections." These are organized in the interest of those graduated from other scientific schools, or of those who, from any cause, are unable to take a full scientific course, yet wish to perfect themselves—so far as may be—in such pursuits as mining or road engineering, by entering for a certain determinate period upon the actual practice of such pursuits, under the advantages afforded by the locality, the "plant" of the school, and the regimen and supervision of the professors in charge. Under such opportunity, it not unfrequently happens, we are assured, that an intelligent and ambitious foreman in neighboring mines, or in engineering, or "furnace" employ, will seize an occasion of slack work, to mend or qualify his methods of practice by the latest data of the schools, and will bring to the drawing-board, or the laboratory of the college, that hardy and zealous determination to find out the best way of winning a success in his chosen pursuit, which must react most favorably upon the indolent interest of younger students, and make patent to the most indifferent the *realness* of all good study.

Nor are the men of Lafayette slow to welcome such aspiring outsiders, who bring brawn and pluck and capacity for hard work, to be sublimated under the retorts of science, into higher skill. Indeed, in almost every aspect it is a thoroughly democratic college: caste—save only that of cleverness—is not recognized: scholars are largely of more advanced age than is usual in Eastern colleges, and are very much in earnest. Pretty or mythical traditions of past college years do not belong to so recent an establishment. Frolics—such as they have—are *ex tempore*, and do not bourgeois annually out of the trunk of old records. Class-day is celebrated in front of

South College, and is an occasion of especial interest.

The cost of an education at Lafayette is not large. No near cities of great magnitude compel extravagance. The tuition charges in the academic or scientific courses are noted in the catalogue at \$45 per annum; and in the technical courses, \$75 per annum. Board and other incidental expenses are rated at a sum which brings up the total, exclusive of clothing and traveling expenses, to some \$250 per year.

Incentives to extravagance, in whatever direction, do not exist. In the serene retirement of their heights, the men of Lafayette look down upon the vanities of the world. Wise liberality—an outsider might say—should add somewhat to the very moderate limit of the professors' salaries; but these, more than would ampler endowments, confirm the impression that is made by every aspect of the institution,—that good work is done here for love of it, and not for lucre.

We have already alluded to several distinguished members of the faculty; nor must we forget the imposing figure of the Rev. Dr. Coleman, the patriarch of the corps—conspicuous alike by his learning and by his venerable presence; and who, from time to time in past years, has been remarked at the gatherings of the Alumni of Yale. More than half a century ago, he was a teacher in that sister college, and laid down the law to such fast young fellows as Dr. William Adams, and Horace Bushnell, and N. P. Willis, and Horace Binney, and Dr. Leonard Bacon.

Professor Coffin—not long since deceased—was another of Lafayette's distinguished teachers; best known perhaps to the public at large by his indefatigable meteorologic labors in connection with the "Smithsonian" observations, and his self-registering wind-gauge; but known better to those who enjoyed intimate relations with him, by his

conscientious allegiance to truth, his unwearying zeal, and the purity and simplicity of his character.

Of distinguished graduates the young Lafayette makes no large roll as yet. She counts on it with great assurance and no ill-founded hopes in the years that are coming. She can already reckon among them the eminent Professor Green, of Princeton Theological Seminary, who had the honor of being elected to the Presidency of Princeton College, an honor he felt compelled to decline.

A noticeable thing about the men who control Lafayette is their Christian faith—strong and outspoken. Yet there are no Calvinistic acerbities that make thrust at you; nothing in atmosphere or *personnel* to remind of Habakkuk Mucklewrath, or the starched faces of the Covenanters. On the contrary, they would seem to march with the rejoicing songs of Luther in their hearts. The Greek testament is enrolled among their classics. There is no doubting of the Bible, or any giving to it a courteous and reverent forgetting. Always a sturdy Christian belief has its firmest affirmation; always too, and proudly—Presbyterian; with no shrinkage or veiling of that honored name under the pliant, fashionable gauzes of evangelism, or orthodoxy, or other euphuisms. They believe, it would seem, that the truth to be apprehended by Christian faith is as large and as real as any that science unfolds, or will unfold in the days to come. In short—a well-appointed, progressive, delightfully placed, attractive Christian college.

If no Art School flanks the other courses of study, the whole natural surrounding—with its valleys, and wilderness of wood, and gleams of water—is itself an Art educator. If the young men of Lafayette paint no pictures, and write no sonnets, they will carry out with them into the world a living memory of visions of landscape beauty that will quicken their eye to every aspect of Art.

A PECULIAR CASE.

CYRUS came well recommended to us (by his own family), and, as the name he bore has still an interesting sound in Oriental history, we decided to employ him in our cool cottage "Down East." Our summer hut in those days overlooked the sea, and was one of the simplest resting-places outside that quiet haven which, for mortal reasons, we

are all destined, sooner or later, to occupy. The grounds belonging to our rudimentary domicile required only the smallest amount of work to keep them in order, so we cast about for a young and inexpensive lad in the neighborhood who would come every morning early and attend to whatever was necessary for our comfort and convenience

on the premises. There was water to be pumped; there were shoes to be cleaned; the horse was to be brought up from the village stable when wanted for a drive; a few flowers were to be weeded and sprinkled; and various other small offices of a kindred nature required the daily ministration of some competent person who understood matters appertaining to a household epitome like ours. And so it came to pass that Cyrus, accompanied by a weak-minded little dog, presented himself the next morning after our arrival, and, standing in the breezy entry, with a nondescript fur cap on, pulled tightly down over his eyes, demanded information as to what he should "ketch hold on fust." Had he ever brushed a pair of shoes? No; but if I would bring him a pair, he would try his hand at it. In about an hour he brought in the shoes, and dryly observed he had "spread the whole box over 'em." He had put the contents, not only on the outside of the shoes, but had pasted them thoroughly on the inside as well! This was the first exhibition of his skill, and amply illustrated the fact that he was no respecter of places, whatever he might be of persons.

Oh, but he was a conspicuous trial in our lot—a source of manifold woe to us all. His ability to do anything was an esoteric quality, and he held his few faculties in a kind of sacred privacy.

Before a week had elapsed, every soul in the family regretted that we had made the boy's intolerable acquaintance, for he baffled all our former experience.

"Cyrus is a peculiar case," said his father (a squab little man, devoid of hair); "but don't be hash with him, and he'll soon learn yer ways,"—which he never did.

His multifarious maneuverings to avoid learning our ways astounded the household. He was forever "jest a-goin'" to do everything, but he accomplished nothing. Shirking was a fine art with the rogue; it was akin to meat and drink with him; a kind of constant nutriment conducive to special gratification. And so he always postponed employment to a more convenient season, which season he trusted might never come.

Honest W. C., discoursing of the Washington embezzlements, let fall this explanation of "irregularities" at the Capitol: "Work's an old-fashioned way of gittin' a livin'; it tires folks, and they don't like it!"

Cyrus exemplified the forceful truth of a statement like this. Punctuality to duty in any form met with his sternest exprobration. He was what is called in the country "a

growin' boy," and he grew to be a thorn in our side, a pest in our path, a cloud in our landscape. In brief, he proved the only serious trial in our cottage life by the sea, our only real skeleton, indoors or out.

Words are colorless to depict the inadequacy of Cyrus to the situation we had called him to fill. A dark lantern with mittens on would have served us quite as well, for the boy shed no light anywhere, and handled nothing fitly. He was a creature of misinformation on every topic he ought to have been conversant with. He was constantly getting himself poisoned with ivy, the leaf of which he mistook for something else, and the consequent obfuscation of his countenance added nothing to his personal attractions. He had a natural aversion to self-agency, so far as he was concerned. He did not know things by halves, or quarters even. He had languid hands, and languider legs. His figure was long and fuzzy, and when he walked, swung itself to and fro like a broken bulrush. All the possibilities of sloth were apparent in his feet. He limped and crept rather than walked. His whole being seemed parboiled, and his joints unsettled. He was an emblem of incompleteness, a memento of hopeless dearth, both moral and physical; celerity was extinct in him. He had a gone-out appearance, as of one dug up from the ashes of some Yankee Herculaneum; and, as a family, we felt a kind of mortification at belonging to the same race with such a remnant, such a bundle of half intuitions. Coleridge describes him when he speaks of "a monument of imbecility and blank endeavor," for the boy heard nothing, and saw nothing, from sheer and stubborn unuse of his faculties. He was unobservant as a "blind alley," whatever that ophthalmic curiosity may be; and he never picked up anything, for he was not cognizant of matter like the majority of the human race.

Of positive truth, he was born insolvent. He was strong in partial falsehoods, and preferred the serpentine to a direct course on every occasion; but he had no falterings in deception. He preferred to sidle up to a lie rather than present it squarely; but there was no imperfection in the article itself when he had reached it. Sometimes, but not often, his fabrications were too crude to escape detection. Of this nature was his frequent apology for absences on account of the necessity of "attending his grandmother's funeral." At the end of the season, I made out from my records that Cyrus

had been called to mourn the loss of nine extinct grandmothers in three months; but as his moral tegument was impervious to protestation, I never charged upon him, face to face, his pretended unnatural supply of female relations. (Ovid alludes to Bacchus as "twice born,"—*bis geniti*,—but all such natal exaggerations are abhorrent to credulity.)

There are those whose minds are always on the wrong side of any subject presented to them. Of such was the boy Cyrus in an eminent degree, for his mind was ever in that wandering state which precludes the possibility of lodging an idea within an acre or two of its blundering precincts. He dwelt in an atmosphere beclouded with carelessness, and so he comprehended everything in an opposite light from the true one. He paused when he should have gone on, and moved rapidly (for him) when he should have ceased motion.

His manners were preposterous in their illimitable absurdity. When I begged him one day to step forward quickly and hold a friend's horse that was restive at the door, he leisurely observed "he was not a-goin' to spring for anybody!" (Cyrus on a spring would have been a sight worth seeing.)

Being in the habit of bursting into my private room to ask irrelevant questions, at all hours, without the formality of knocking, I hinted mildly to him that it was the custom to knock before entering another's apartment. He stared at my suggested act of propriety for a moment, and then blurted out the remark that for his part he didn't "see wot good that would do, but he would give a thump next time." Accordingly when he had occasion to come again to my door, he pounded vigorously on it with the heel of his heavy boot.

"Who's there?" I inquired.

"Cyrus J. Muchmore!" he shouted in a voice that set all the crockery dancing on the adjacent shelves, and "woke the neighboring cliffs around."

Laziness was his foible. He had that unpleasant quality in its supreme condition. The throne of indolence was vacant on our coast until Cyrus lolled forward and fell into it.

He was own brother to the snail, and no relation whatever to the ant. Even his cautious father, discoursing of him one day, acknowledged that "the boy was rather chicken-hearted about work." Unaided locomotion was distasteful to him. If sent on an errand to the next cottage, he waited patiently for

an opportunity to transfer himself bodily into the tail-end of somebody's passing wagon, considering it better to be thus assisted along than to assume the responsibility of moving forward on his own legs. He spared himself all the fatigue possible to mortality, and overcame labor by constantly lying in wait for "a' lift," as he called it. He was the only sea-side stripling I ever met who eschewed fishing. Most boys are devotees of the rod and line, but Cyrus was an exception. The necessary anterior search for bait was too much for his inertia. Clam and worm might lie forever undisturbed, so far as he was concerned.

His dilatory habit rose sometimes to the audacity of genius. He could consume more hours in going a mile to the village post-office and returning with the mail than one would credit, unless his gait came under personal observation. We took a kind of exasperated delight as we used to watch him trailing along the ground, and we felt a fresh wonder every day at his power of slow procedure. It seemed a gift, an endowment, now for the first time vouchsafed to mortal inertness. The caterpillar would have been too rapid for him: he would lose in a race with that dull groundling. He seemed to be counting myriads of something in the road. When he cautiously and laboriously lifted up one foot, it seemed an eternity before the other followed it. He would frequently drop asleep in getting over a stone wall, and his recumbent figure was imprinted under all the trees by the road-side. He hated action, except at meals. There he astonished the cook, who complained after his advent into our kitchen that "one pair of hands couldn't provide enough for such a commorunk," and advised us to have him "examined!" She accused him of "always a-georging of hisself." She averred that when he was helping her shell peas he ate up all but the pods during the operation; and she declared that if she took her eyes off him as he moved through the pantry, he devoured as he went, to use her own words, "like an army of locusses."

He never knew what o'clock it was, but constantly asked everybody he met for "the time o' day." When informed, and the hour announced did not approximate dinner-time, he became discouraged and low-spirited, but revived at the sight of a chance apple or cucumber lying on the ground near by. I have seen him blossom into slow activity when unexpected food has

been offered to him "between meals." His stomach rose to any occasion, and coped with all emergencies. We used to try him with a heavy slice of beef and mustard at nine o'clock in the morning, and he settled upon it at once with stolid avidity, cobra-fashion. He yearned for family picnics where there was no walking to be done, where the viands were ample, and nobody had occasion to bear along the baskets. He was constitutionally susceptible of double-meals. His favorite localities could always be recognized by the débris of comestibles strewn around. Rinds of water-melon, eggshells, and apple-cores betrayed his whereabouts. When off duty at the kitchen-table he was ever devouring something from out a huge pocket which adorned his trowsers on the right side, bulging it out like a wen. The protuberance became so enormous that one day I felt constrained to ask him if he had a cannon-ball in his thigh. No, it was only a couple of turnips he was "a-goin' to eat bum-by." Every edible thing that grew was tributary to him. His taste was catholic. He fed largely and promiscuously. He was matchless in his depredations on cooked or uncooked. He was, in short, the lineal descendant of Pliny's "Annihilator," the great food destroyer of antiquity!

Born in the country, he was ignorant as a sign-post of what came out of the soil. When set to work in the garden he pulled up everything but the weeds. He would mistake wormwood for parsley, and mustard for mint. Interrogatories disquieted him. When asked a question about what should have concerned him most, his unblushing reply was, "Don't know!"

He had adroitness in delegating jobs about the place to unsuspecting lads of his acquaintance that was both amusing and exasperating. He would saunter along to the cottage in the morning, bringing with him two or three shabby-looking varlets of his own age, or a little younger, perhaps, and hide them away behind the rocks until their services might be required. At the proper time he would carry out the new hoe, or the new-fangled rake, to show them. Then he would gradually *toll* the boys up to some gap in the avenue that needed filling, or allure them to a lot of hay that must be gathered for the barn. He, meanwhile, would lie on the ground in a state of flat contentment, making the most of himself, and regarding the boys with supine satisfaction as they accomplished the task he

ought himself to be engaged in. Coming upon him unexpectedly once while thus disporting his lazy length, I asked for an explanation of his conduct. He replied that he "was obleeged to lay daown on accaount of a jumpin' tewth-ache that hed jess sot in." His subterfuges were endless and invincible. They revolved about him in a perpetual cycle, ready for use at any moment, and so he was never caught dis-furnished with an excuse. Evasion was his armature, quiddity his defense. To upbraid him was a loss of time and patience. It would be a shrewd master indeed who could circumvent him! Choate was not more wary, or Webster more profound, than Cyrus when he was brought to bay.

He was full of illogical intrepidities. He eluded reproof with a conversational dexterity beyond the ordinary bent and level of his brain. He changed the current of discourse at will. When remonstrating with him one day on his short-comings and long-goings, he interrupted the strain of remark by inquiring if I had "heered that 'Siah Jones's hoss got cast t'other night, and took four men to drag him aout by the tail." On another occasion he cut short my admonition, just as the homily was culminating, by asking me if I "knowed that Abel Baker wore false teeth in his maouth, and sometimes put 'em in upside-daown, cos he didn't understand 'em." In the middle of a colloquy with him one morning on his unpunctual appearance at the cottage, he threw me completely off the track by casually "wondering" if I had "ever run acrost the sea-sarpunt in my travels!" Haranguing him at the close of a day when he had neglected every duty, he broke the force of my censure by demanding if I was "for or agin capital punishment." He habitually glided away from a subject that happened to set against him, just as Tennyson's snake "slipped under a spray!"

Poor Cyrus! I have not even veiled his insignificant and unmusical name, for he is no longer extant in a world he did nothing to benefit or adorn. Oblivion called for him years ago. He was carried off in the season of green apples, being unable to restrain his reckless passion for unripe fruit. As I strew this handful of poppies over his unconscious eyelids, I remember with a smile of gratitude the daily fun his drowsy presence afforded to at least one member of that little household by the sea; and pondering how small an interest he ever took in the industries of life, I confidently apply to his

"peculiar case" the well-known assertion in a celebrated monody—"Little *he'll* reckon if they let him *sleep* on!" Vex not his ghost! Light lie the turf on his inactive elbows, for they would be troubled, even now, if under pressure of any kind. It cannot be seriously said of him that he "rests from his labors," poor lad, for his frequent slumber was always more natural than his infrequent toil, and he knew how to take much ease during his brief sojourn in this work-a-day world. No "hoary-headed swain" Down

East can ever make this passing observation touching the habits of our defunct acquaintance:

"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

But many of us still remember how often

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by."

WE LOVE BUT FEW.

Oh yes, we mean all kind words that we say,
To old friends and to new;
Yet doth this truth grow clearer day by day:
We *love* but few.

We love! we love! What easy words to say,
And sweet to hear,
When sunrise splendor brightens all the way,
And, far and near,

Are breath of flowers and caroling of birds,
And bells that chime;
Our hearts are light; we do not weigh our words
At morning time!

But when the matin-music all is hushed,
And life's great load
Doth weigh us down, and thick with dust,
Doth grow the road,

Then do we say less often that we love,
The words have grown!
With pleading eyes we look to Christ above,
And clasp our own.

Their lives are bound to ours by mighty bands.
No mortal strait,
Nor Death himself, with his prevailing hands,
Can separate.

The world is wide and many names are dear,
And friendships true;
Yet do these words read plainer, year by year,—
We love but few.

PANE PICTURES.

A WONDER-WORKER all night long
Has wrought his task for me;
Now, by the cold and distant dawn,
His miracles I see;
His gravings on the window-pane,
Of magic tracery.

Here lifts an Alpine summit, steep
As is the heavenly stair,
A way-side cross below the path,
But not a pilgrim there;
No sad face of humanity,
No agony of prayer.

And here, before a lonely lake,
A fringe of reeds and fern;
Across the water's crystal chill
No dying sunsets burn.
You hear not on that rushy shore
The call of drake or tern.

Here lies a crowd of broken boughs.
A windfall in the woods
Some wild and wandering hurricane
Hath wrecked these solitudes:
But on that tangled dreariness
No living step intrudes.

And here is Arctic waste and woe;
A glacier's mighty face,
Majestic in its awful march,
Slow seaward from its place.
Beneath that frown of solemn death
There lives no human trace.

But slowly from the joyful East
Ascends the dawning sun:
Before his look of light and life
The magic is undone:
The graceful pictures on the pane
All vanish, one by one.

Alas! must all the songs I sing,
The trceries of my brain,—
The little stories sad and glad,—
Be uttered all in vain?
And vanish when the Master comes,
Like pictures on the pane?

Or will they, in some kindly heart
Remembered, sing and shine.
For wrought from man's humanity
Not fleeting frost, are mine;
I love not to be quite forgot:
To die and leave no sign.

TOAD LANE, ROCHDALE.

Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society
LIMITED.

NOTICE.

MEMBERS WISHING TO RECEIVE THEIR

INTEREST AND DIVIDENDS

Are requested to fetch the same and their Rule Books from the Offices, New Central
Stores, Toad-Lane, Rochdale, in the following order:—

From 1 to 3,000	{ THURSDAY, July 6th, FRIDAY, 7th, and SATURDAY, 8th.
3,001 to 6,000	{ MONDAY, July 10th, TUESDAY, 11th, and WEDNESDAY, 12th.
6,001 to 10,000	{ THURSDAY, July 13th, FRIDAY, 14th, and SATURDAY, 15th.

For the convenience of Members who cannot attend on the above days, Interest and Dividends will also be paid on Monday, July 17th, and Tuesday, July 18th.

Dividends not drawn on the above days will be posted to Members' Share Capital.

July 1st, 1876.

BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE.

THE FEDERAL IDEA.

In the midst of a busy manufacturing city on the banks of the Tyne stands an old Norman keep, once the new castle on the Tyne. Shorn of much of its proportions, its walls cut in twain by the railway, left desolate and in ruins in the center of the modern town, it still keeps enough of its ancient dignity to tempt the visitor to enter its narrow doors, and to climb the steep, dark stairs, worn smooth by the feet of the centuries. The Newcastle Historical Society have possession of the old keep, and have made it a museum of antiquities, a storage place for arms, furniture, and other relics. Among these relics is an old wooden trunk, known as the "Corporation Trunk"—a mere wooden box, about a hundred centimeters long, and fifty wide and deep, very thick and heavy, and bound with rude and massive bands of iron,—a stout old treasure-box, made three times safe by two big locks and a heavy padlock. This was the safe, or strong box of the town. The two locks and the padlock had each a key. Perhaps the mayor held one; but they could not, or would not, trust him; and two other men had each a key. They must all be present with their keys, or the treasure-box could not be opened. Empty, worm-eaten, and useless, it now only serves to illustrate the Norman character.

The modern Englishman seems to be only a trifle less suspicious of his brother. Many a co-operative, friendly, or industrial society, building association, or other company, has

precisely the same thing to-day,—three keys to its safe. It must be said that this is not peculiar to such societies or associations, nor is it wholly an English idea, for many an American bank wisely does the same thing. It is here simply cited in explanation of one of the most striking features of distributive co-operation as seen in England. One would suppose that small societies doing a safe business would be the most popular. While the membership is limited, the accounts small and readily understood, it ought to be easy to manage the affairs. It is easy, and, practically, it would seem to be better to have a dozen small stores than one large society with many branches. The co-operators of Yorkshire and Lancashire evidently think differently. If any one society makes a success, all are eager to join it, and the smaller societies in its neighborhood are quickly merged in it, or become extinct. There seems to be a certain lack of confidence in one another; they want three keys to the safe, and perhaps not without reason. Distributive co-operation has had a hard struggle to reach its present assured and remarkable success. Its failures have been very many, and almost invariably from a want of good management; and it is not a matter of surprise that the federal idea has become widely popular. This mutual distrust, born of repeated failures, this desire for triple security, must account for the existence of such co-operative societies as the Leeds Industrial, the Leicester Co-oper-

ative, the Rochdale Equitable, and many another federated union of shops in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and for the still greater "unions" that we shall see in Manchester, Newcastle, and Glasgow.

THE LEEDS INDUSTRIAL.

THE concentration of population in the manufacturing districts of England is past belief till one has seen some such a center as Leeds. Here the British workman may be seen at his best and at his worst. His liberal patronage of the gin-shop, and his love for the gentle bull-pup, have been a fertile theme for official pens. It is more agreeable to report what he has done to help himself, to organize his idle shillings into a federal union of dividends, and to teach himself and children sobriety and thrift.

Here is a tangible expression of Yorkshire common sense,—a handsome four-story block of stores, splendid in plate-glass, carved stonework, and architectural display,—the stores of the "Leeds Industrial Co-operative Society, Limited," Albion street, Leeds. It may be Saturday afternoon,—a half-holiday in the mills,—and the streets swarm with work-people of every age and condition. Albion street is none too wide for the traffic that pours along its sidewalks and road-way, and gathers about the open doors of the "Leeds Industrial," actually struggling in and out, and pressing thickly up to the counters. One door leads to a grocery store, the next to a drapery store, another door leads upstairs to the house-furnishing warerooms, the outfitting department, and the boot and shoe store. There is no display in the windows (after the co-operative manner), and we may follow the multitude inside to watch the active trade. Plain, hard-working people, perhaps grimy from their toil, they press up to the counters, cash in hand, ready to buy. The salesmen have evidently prepared for a good demand, and the staple goods, already put up in convenient packages, are piled in enormous heaps on the counters. They deal out the bundles with wonderful speed, take the money, make a note in a sales-book, tear off the voucher (or half-leaf), and give it with the change to the customer. Each one takes his or her goods, and moves away as quickly as possible to make room for others. Near the door, in a tiny office, such as is sometimes used for the cashier in American stores, sits a young girl. Each one presents the fly-leaf to her, and receives a tin or brass token representing the amount of the purchase.

This is the evidence of trade at the society's stores, and will be a guide in estimating the allocation of profits next dividend day. For every bag of flour the member may buy he will receive back a bonus or dividend of two shillings and sixpence. On all other goods, the bonus will be two shillings and twopence in every pound these tokens represent. This is the key to this active trade; this explains this eagerness to buy; this is the "excuse for being" that the society can show.

The shops seem to be equal to the best of their class in London or New York. The stock is very large, of apparently the best quality, and is admirably put up, ready for immediate sale. Going upstairs, we find the building blockaded with people intent on trade. A woman coming down-stairs, her three boys making much clatter with their new wooden shoes, brushes past a man with a wicker baby-carriage under one arm and a mop broom under the other. There is plenty of roughness, broad Yorkshire dialect, toil-stained clothing, and good English push and scramble; every man for himself; but, with all, there is a feeling for order and honest good-nature. Above-stairs, there are halls and corridors packed from floor to ceiling with boots and shoes, brushes, kitchen-ware, household goods, and ready-made clothing. The people swarm into every nook and corner, besiege the salesmen, and drive a lively trade. These busy shoppers and anxious buyers are the members of the Leeds Industrial,—a few of the sixteen thousand share-holders, the legal owners of this building, the thirty branch stores, the shoe manufactory, and the great flour-mill at Marshall street in the Holbeck district. Every man and woman of this company has five or more shares in the society, or has paid down good shillings to let them earn the shares. Each one of these people participated in that handsome dividend of £16,506 17s. 8d. that was paid last quarter day. That is more than two pounds a year apiece, or two shillings and a trifle over in every two hundred and forty pennies they spent at the stores, besides the interest at five per cent. a year on their united share capital of £122,332 17s. 11½d.

WORKING DIRECTORS.

THIS evening, should we mount the stairs one floor higher, we would find a large and handsome room, substantially furnished, lighted and warmed for the meeting of the Committee. In general aspect, the place resembles the directors' room of a bank,

except that there is less fresco and gilding, and a more business-like atmosphere. These men meet round a large table, in ample wooden chairs, just as other directors do, save that they meet to manage a business much more complicated than that of a clearing-house. Personally, they are plain, practical men of various trades and ages, and all with the regular Yorkshire features. Big-headed, heavy-fisted men, close thinkers, accustomed to consider ha'pennies, and familiar with toil. Let us accept a copy of the last semi-annual report and balance-sheet, and retire to study it. The balance-sheets, if printed in detail, would fill six pages of this magazine, and they must be condensed. The report for the half year ending January 26, 1876, and laid before the fifty-seventh half-yearly meeting, held at the People's Hall, Marshall street, is as follows:

TO THE MEMBERS: We have pleasure in submitting the report and balance-sheet for the past six months, and are glad to say that the society continues to progress most satisfactorily. From the comparison below, it will be seen that the sales and profits have materially increased, and that the influx of members and capital still proceeds. After paying £3,068 13s. 1d. interest on capital, and allowing ample depreciations, the net profits in the departments are: Flour, £4,576 15s. 1½d.; grocery, £9,674 19s. 7d.; coals, £956 12s. 3d.; drapery, £712 11s. 9½d.; outfitting, £231 1s. 8d.; boots and shoes, £354 17s. 3d.; and we recommend a bonus of 2s. 6d. per bag on flour, and 2s. 2d. per pound on other purchases. The enlargement of the mill is not yet completed, but we hope shortly to commence the use of it, when we shall be better able to cope with the great demand now made for our flour. By a flood in the river, last October, one of our coal-boats suffered damage to the extent of £94 12s. 7d.; which has been paid out of the half-yearly profits of the coal department. We are not satisfied with the results of the drapery, outfitting, and boot departments; but the drapery committee have the matter under their serious consideration, and are about to make such alterations as they think will give more satisfactory results in the future. The furnishing branch is not supported by the members to the extent it deserves, and we shall be glad if every member will pay a visit to the store, feeling sure an increased trade will follow. During the half year, we have opened two new stores, viz.: Beeston and Horsforth; the latter was formerly an independent society, but finding that they did not progress satisfactorily, the members made application, and were taken over by us. Both stores are now working well. Several of our shops are still too small for the number of members who desire to purchase there, but we are using our best endeavors to secure better accommodations in those districts. We have purchased land at Woodhouse, and at Woodhouse Carr, at both of which places the foundation-stones of new stores are already laid. We have also obtained land at Hyde Park Road, where a new store will shortly be erected. A branch drapery and boot store has been opened at Rothwell. We have accepted an agency from the Co-operative

Insurance Company, and shall be glad to receive proposals from any person desirous of insuring their houses or other property. The building committee have disposed of the two grants made to them under the building clauses of the rules, and report that they have bought or built fifty-one houses on land selected by members at a cost of £12,503 os. 3d. They have received on account thereof £4,796 7s. 5d., and have still owing (including interest chargeable) £8,404 9s. 10½d. Two members have completed payment for their houses, while four other houses have been sold and conveyed to the purchasers. A committee has been appointed for cottage building, who are already erecting thirteen houses in Long Close Lane, and have secured land at Beeston Hill for twenty-one, and at Burley Road for twenty-two more, which will shortly be commenced. The following comparison of last half-year's results with those of the previous half-year will be found interesting:

Half-year ending June 30, 1875.

Number of members.....	15,009
Capital.....	£113,905 8s. 5d.
Turn-over.....	182,241 4 3
Net profits.....	14,296 2 10

Half-year ending December 31, 1875.

Number of members.....	15,986
Capital.....	£122,332 17s. 11½d.
Turn-over.....	208,404 2 0½
Net profits.....	16,506 17 8

(Signed) for the directors,

SAMUEL GOODALL, President.

This report readily explains itself, and, as a financial exhibit, is worthy careful consideration. It shows the strong and the weak points of distributive co-operation, and places the society among the most complicated, and most successful business ventures to be found in Great Britain. It shows how small societies become absorbed in larger ones; it shows the difficulty that at times occurs in keeping so large a body of purchasers together when they are attracted by the goods or prices in the regular stores; and, finally, it points out the most important fact of all,—that such societies steadily and rapidly increase in capital and membership. The balance-sheet is a most elaborate and exhaustive statement of the business in every department and branch store. Summed up in a line, it may be said that the society's liabilities are almost wholly held by the members in the form of shares, and that its assets include mills, stores, shops, cottages, canal-boats, horses and teams, and stock in trade, and more than sufficient to redeem its every shilling with interest. This report and balance-sheet is presented to each of the members, and is made the subject of careful study. They figure up the sales at the branch stores where they trade, and compare the business with that of other branches. They study the attendance of the directors at the meetings (the attendance is reported in full), and

make up their minds whom they will vote for at the next election. In such a society as this, where the management is excellent, the dividends regular, and the business increasing, the election is a quiet affair, and the committee is rarely changed. Should the dividends in such a society fall a halfpenny in the pound, there would be at once a stormy meeting, and perhaps every officer, from president down, would be changed in a night. If, under a new administration, affairs still went to the bad, it also would be swept away, with perhaps every shilling of the salaries withheld. There is no mercy for incapacity or neglect, no compromise with "irregularities," no putting up with neglected attendance at the directors' meetings. The society is supreme, the directors are servants only.

The members have one vote and no more. Shares count as nothing. Only men (and women) rule, and even at that, no man can own more than one or two hundred shares, as fixed by law. There may be favoritism, and influence, and all that, but when the electors are scattered over a wide reach of town and country, it is not easy to gain even a partial control of the votes. The Yorkshireman is too pugnacious, too intensely individual, to be led about by mere favoritism, and if at the elections there is an attempt to "get up a slate," he is sure to smash it with sledge-hammer vigor.

BRANCH STORES.

THE most distinctive features of such societies as the Leeds Industrial is the system of branches, the federation of a number of shops into one society. The society is practically a unit, yet each branch is governed by its own local committee and manager. It receives its authority and supplies from the central office; it is responsible to the whole society, and, at the same time, it controls its own local affairs. In addition to the large stores in Albion street, the Leeds society has thirty branch stores, fifteen in the city, and fifteen in various villages in the neighboring country. One of these city stores, built by the society (see cut on page 209), may serve to show the substantial and business-like character of the society's buildings. Each of the stores erected by the Leeds Industrial is provided with ample store-rooms for flour and the more bulky goods, and each has a directors' room over the store, where the local committee may meet, and where the officers from the central office may meet the members to hear and make reports concern-

ing the business. In many cases, there are also provisions for a reading and conversation room, free to all members in the neighborhood.

The largest single piece of property held by the society is a five-story flour-mill, shoe shop, and wholesale ware-rooms in Marshall street, Holbeck. Here steam-power is provided, and a large flour-mill is maintained in full activity, producing during the last reported half-year, flour to the value of £60,000. The shoe shop in the same building is deficient in machinery (after the English manner), but has a large force of hands, and produces goods to the value of £6,400 each half-year. The rest of the building is used as a distributing store, where the staple goods bought at wholesale are stored till transferred to the branch stores. The Marshall street plant also includes stables for the society's horses, two retail stores, the secretary's and treasurer's offices, and the counting-rooms, where the accounts of the business are adjusted. Each branch store pays rent to the society, and draws its supplies of groceries, ready-made clothing, flour, boots and shoes, and drapery, from these Holbeck stores. The society's coal-yard is located on the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, and is fitted with the proper appliances for unloading the coal from the society's barges to its teams. Orders for coal may be left at the yard, or at any branch store, and the coal will be put down at the member's door without charge for cartage, and without delay. This society is called the Leeds Industrial, for it is both distributive and productive. It makes its own flour, shoes, and clothing; both manufactures and sells. In general features, it resembles a large number of English co-operative societies, such as may be seen at Oldham, Manchester, Halifax, Leicester, and many other places.

As a striking illustration of the wealth and prosperity of such societies, an engraving is given on page 209 of the main building and nine of the stores belonging to the society at Leicester. This society has twenty-three branch stores, six butcher-shops, four coal-offices, a drapery and carpet store, dress and mantle department, tailoring shop, boot and shoe store, sewing-machine department, carpenters and joiners', and whitesmiths' departments. It maintains a free reading-room and a penny bank for the members' children. It had in 1875 a membership of 5,942, did a business of £138,000 on a capital of £27,000, and made a profit of £14,499.

THE DALE OF THE ROCH.

JUST south of the Yorkshire hills, there once stood an ancient parish church surrounded by a rural village perched on a hill and overlooking the pretty Roch and its charming dale. To-day, the once sweet and quiet country is marred by railway embankments, factories, rows of hideous brick tenements and unlovely chimneys, and dimmed with smoke. The pretty Roch has become an inky sink, the drain of the modern city that has swallowed the little village. Hardly more than the name remains, so completely has the town spread itself over the Roch and its dale. Rochdale is essentially a workingman's city. If there are rich people, mill-owners and others, they cannot be seen in the streets; neither is there a West End where they live apart from the world of men who work. The streets are narrow and winding, the houses low and small, and everywhere the place swarms with men, women, and children, weavers, spinners, and the like,—a people familiar with toil, clad in the sad-hued garments befitting their smoky sky and grimy town. Dull, perhaps, when compared with the French or Americans, but an earnest people, to whom the world seems a trifle hard; honest folk, studious of shillings and mindful of half-pence.

Toad Lane is one of the least of these small, ungracious streets. Low-browed brick houses and petty shops crowd close upon the steep and narrow road, and the visitor wonders what can have made the Lane so famous. Half-way up the hill is a building of quite a different character, and in marked contrast with its neighbors,—a handsome four-story stone structure, fronting on the Lane and St. Mary's Gate, a street that meets Toad Lane at right angles. In general aspect, it resembles the Leicester Building (see the illustration), except that the clock is surmounted by a figure of a bee-hive cut in stone. On the first floor are a number of fine stores. Above, the building seems like some public institution, library, or school-house. Over the stores is a sign: "Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society, Limited." It is this that has made the reputation of Toad Lane.

On the door-post of one of the stores is the large poster or placard printed at the head of this article: "Interest and Dividends," in large type that can be seen half a block away. Such a poster on the Bowery or Greenwich street would demand the services of the police to regulate the crowd besieging

the paying teller's door. Here the notice is scarcely heeded. A woman may glance at it in passing, and mentally note the fact that her roll-book is numbered seven thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, and that therefore she must call on the 13th, 14th, or 15th of the month if she wishes to "lift her dividends." A man may pause to read it, but, remembering that if he does not fetch away his interest and dividends, they will be posted to his account, he passes on, content to let his dividends turn themselves into shares. The multitude, crowding in and out of the stores and blockading the narrow walk, seem quite indifferent to the notice, and give it no heed. Lo! these many years has the like been posted in Toad Lane, and even the story of a dividend may become monotonous.

The stores in the Pioneers' building are precisely like the other co-operative stores we have seen, and any one of them would stand for the picture of the branch store we give on page 209. There is the same huge stock crowded into every corner; the same neatness and order, the same active trade and ready cash, and the same suggestive tin tokens. We may pass them by, enter a glass-covered passage at the end of the building and find the broad stair-way that leads to the offices on the upper floors. There are many people both going and coming on the stairs, some with books in their hands, and all evidently familiar with the place. These are the Equitable Pioneers, part owners of the two hundred and sixty-six thousand shares, happy lifters of dividends, and participants in that famous "two and a half per cent. for education."

At the head of the stairs, the stream of people divides, part entering the first door leading to the society's reading-room and library. Some are in search of dividends; some of books. We may first enter the counting-room,—a large, well-lighted room, fitted up after the manner of a bank. There are a score of clerks, silent and busy over their big books, several attendants at the business counters, and a line of men and women waiting their turn to be served.

"TWO AND A HALF PER CENT. FOR
EDUCATION."

On the walls are sundry notices and placards. Among these is the dividend poster; some "Rule to be observed in connection with the Central and all Branch News-Rooms," and a most original "Almanack." Herein is set forth the object of the society:

—"The social and intellectual improvement of its members," and immediately under this, it remarks in very large type:—"Shares payable at once, or in instalments of three and threepence per quarter," with the interesting fact that the profits are divided as follows:—

"1st. Interest at five per cent. per annum, on paid-up shares; interest to commence on the 9th of each month. 2d. Depreciation of fixed stock: fixtures, 10 per cent. per annum; shops and workshops, $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and cottages 2 per cent. 3d. Two and a half per cent. (besides providing room, light, fuel) off net profits for educational purposes, and the remainder amongst the members in proportion to their expenditure with the society."

In addition to all this information, the "Almanack" also gives sundry facts about the Equitable and neighboring societies, mentions the day Copernicus was born, and Madame Tussaud died, and other notable historical data, curiously mingled with the days for stock-taking, quarterly meeting, sale of papers, the last day for receiving contributions, the Queen's birthday, the opening of the Blue Pits Branch, and the phases of the moon. Then follows a list of the stores where groceries, meat, tobacco, clogs, boots and coals may be bought. Next is a list of fourteen news-rooms and reference libraries, and the announcement of science, art, and French classes. Another placard gives the meetings of the building committee that will put up a house for any member who can pay the reasonable charges.

This is certainly a peculiar institution. In the same breath it is declared that the capital is raised in one pound shares, and that "all members, sons and daughters of members, who are wishful to improve their intellectual faculties should avail themselves of these (science) classes."

Leaving the counting-room we may visit the other parts of the building and see how the two and a half per cent. is spent. Under the guidance of the society's librarian, we are shown a large and handsome reading-room, well lighted and supplied with ample tables and comfortable chairs. The place is filled with a quiet, orderly and apparently earnest set of readers, precisely such a company as one may see in any American free town-library. The printed list of papers shows over one hundred of the best British newspapers, quarterlies and magazines, and they are well patronized.

After use in the reading-room the books and papers are sold by auction to such of the members as choose to buy. And yet this is only one of the society's reading-rooms. It has thirteen more at the branch stores scattered through the town and country. Adjoining the reading-room is the central library, admirably fitted up, and evidently in good working order, and containing 10,169 standard volumes. Besides this library, there are twelve branch libraries of reference books at the branch stores. There is also a collection of scientific instruments for hire. The members may not be able to buy such apparatus, and the society lends them for a nominal rent. A good telescope can be hired for fourpence a day, or a shilling a week; a first-rate microscope for twopence a day, and stereoscopes, marine and field glasses for a penny each a day.

The class-rooms are deserted for the season, but the librarian offers the prospectus of the next session of the art and science classes. Herein are given the names of the paid Government instructors in chemistry, physiology, physics, free-hand and model drawing and designing, and the times and places of instruction. The prospectus closes with this notice:

"The whole of the subjects taught in these classes are of real practical value to every working man, and are aided by Government solely for the purpose of increasing the skill of the artisan, by the diffusion of instruction in science and art. The teachers are competent, and are paid by Government on the results of the teaching as tested by the examination in May. The students of these classes who succeed in passing the examination at the close of the session, are entitled to receive Queen's prizes—consisting of gold, silver, and bronze medals, books, instruments, &c., and certificates of merit. The students may also compete for Queen's scholarships, the Whitworth scholarships, and other educational advantages.

Entrance fee for the classes is—For members of the Equitable Pioneers' Society and sons of members, 5s.; for non-members, 7s. 6d., for the entire session, from the first of October, 1875, to the end of May, 1876.

Besides these classes there are others in the French language, while reading, writing and arithmetic are taught in a night school. Above the library, and occupying the entire upper floor of the building, is the assembly-room. Here the business reports of the society are read, elections are carried on, and the general affairs of the society are managed. The room, large as it is, will not seat more than a tenth part of the members, and all important meetings held here are repeated at the branch stores in the following week.

"We have seen some pretty stormy meetings in this room," remarks our guide. "It is not all peace and harmony." The mem-

THE BUSINESS ASPECT.

FROM the windows of the assembly-room, we can look far out over the town and the



CENTRAL STORES AND OFFICE OF THE LEICESTER CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.

bers sometimes handle the reports and the committee without mercy; but this rarely happens. While the society can present such financial statements as that issued

dale of the Roch. The old parish church and the modern town-hall are the most noticeable buildings to be seen. Next to them in importance are the mills, among

which are the Rochdale District Co-operative Corn-mill and the Rochdale Co-operative Manufacturing Society. In each of these large establishments the Equitable owns shares. This building and these mills were put up by working-men, and the resulting profits are divided among the dwellers in the lowly houses that line the plain streets. Here is the one hundred and twenty-fifth quarterly report and balance-sheet. It does not read like an experiment in finance:



BRANCH STORES OF THE "LEEDS INDUSTRIAL."

March 30, 1876, there is little complaint, and the officers are re-elected without exception.

TO THE MEMBERS: We herewith have the pleasure of presenting you with the quarterly financial statement. The sales this quarter amount to £77,957, being an increase of £1,218 over the corresponding

quarter of last year, and the share capital of the members has increased £12,000 since our last report. In addition to a butcher's shop opened this quarter in connection with our Norden branch, we have this week commenced there a clogging department. Our subscription to the Devonshire Hospital at Buxton now entitles us to give recommendation papers to deserving cases. The balance disposable will give a dividend to members of 2s. 8d. in the pound on members' purchases when the usual deductions have been made.

(Signed.)

THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

Toad Lane, Rochdale, March 30, 1876.

From the cash account, it appears that the society received from all its departments, stores, and shops, a total of £77,957 3s. 7½d. in cash. In addition to this, it received for rents £400 13s. 10d.; dividends and interest on railway and manufacturing stock, £1,839 4s. 10d.; contributions to share capital, £17,770 9s. 2d.; building department, £2,187 0s. 10d.; children's savings bank, £240 18s. 5d.; loans received, £1,865 8s.; agency for Wholesale Co-operative Society, £44,387 18s. 10½d.; withdrawn from bank, £59,301 0s. 7d., and making, with a few minor sums, a grand total of £206,013 5s. 6½d. for the quarter.

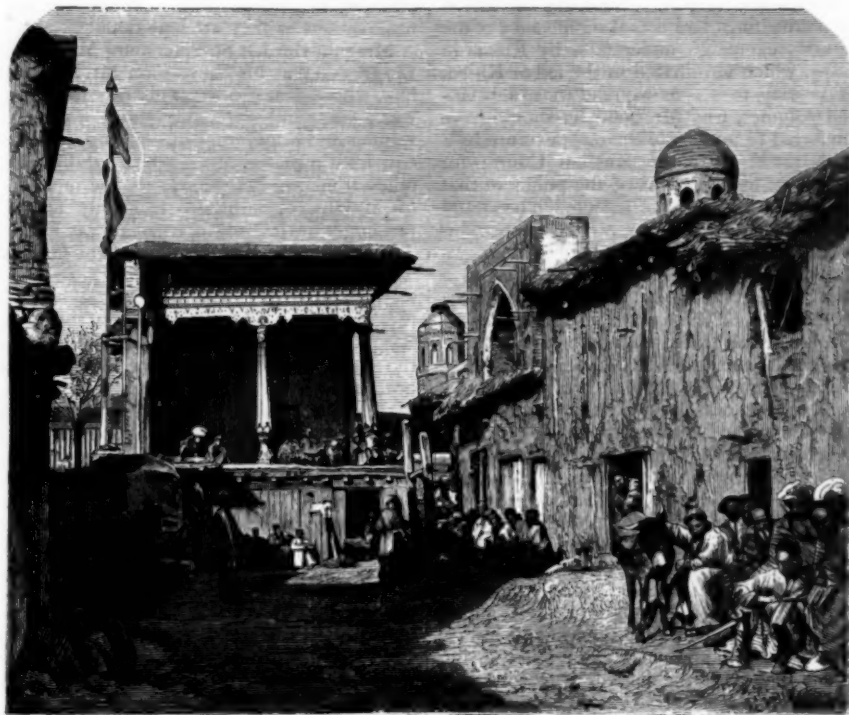
The payments made in purchasing goods, in carriage, wages, rates, etc., amounted to £60,835 18s. 7½d. Besides this, £2,652 was permanently invested; £320 17s. 4d. was repaid on loans; £19,000 9s. 6d. was paid on the share capital in withdrawals, interest, and dividends; £273 2s. 7d. was paid to the educational department; £43 5s. 9d. went to non-members as a bonus on purchases, at the rate of 1s. 3d. in the pound. The Wholesale Society's account was balanced, a few minor sums paid in the building and saving departments, repairs and hospital investments, and the balance, £77,883 14s. 0½d., deposited in the bank.

The society's liabilities are almost wholly in the form of shares and loans held by the members, and the disposable balance of £12,911 8s. 7d. The assets held in the form of shares and loans in various railways, manufactures, and co-operative societies, amount to £142,745 9s. 11d.; land, cottages, buildings, and fixtures, £42,560 18s. 2d.; advances on buildings unpaid, £16,751 16s. 11d.; stock in trade, £25,398 1s. 7d.; debts owing to the society, £831 1s. 11d.; cash, £37,882 6s. 5½d., making a total of £266,168 14s. 11½d.

In this and a previous article, four typical distributive co-operative societies have been described,—the Kinning Park Society, and the United Baking Society at Glasgow, the Leeds Industrial, and the Rochdale Equitable. The first illustrates the humble single society; the Baking Society shows the co-operation of a number of independent societies; the Leeds Society is an example of the federal idea,—the union of a great number of people in a central society having many branches. The Pioneers are, indeed, pioneers, and show the advanced position one wing of the co-operative movement has taken in regard to education. These four societies give as good an idea of the general plan of such associations as could be obtained if we examined every one of the thousand or more such societies in Great Britain. In all, the system is the same,—members contributing to the capital, and having one vote only in the election of officers; a government responsible to the members, and its accounts subject to frequent and critical examination. All profits are returned to the members, and there is "limited liability," only.

Undoubtedly, the growth of such a business movement has been harmful in some respects. It has taken trade away from many wholesale and retail stores. In some places, it has extinguished the local trade, and reduced the baker and the butcher to bankruptcy. In some towns, the co-operative society owns all the stores, or the only store in the place, and the public must buy at its counters or go without. It must be said for such cases that the public does not appear ill-disposed to do so, for the society pays its tin tokens to members and non-members alike, and, in the allocation of profits, gives the non-members a little something, just by way of inducement to join the society. On the other hand, the business men of this country and Great Britain have found the co-operator a first-class customer. He wants the best, and he has the ready cash. He wants Manchester prints, Chicago bacon, and Utica cheese in large quantities, and he never haggles about "time." He may have ruined some petty dealers in teas and sugars, but he has fed and clothed the poor man's children, and put a lump of healthy heaven into the treasure of the world's trade. He may be a dreamer, but his dreams end in "interest and dividends."

AN AMERICAN IN TURKISTAN.*



STREET AND MOSQUE IN TASHKENT.

It is a rare privilege to visit such a strange country as Turkistan in company with so trustworthy a traveler, so cool-headed and accurate an observer, and so skillful a writer as Mr. Eugene Schuyler. Although young in years, Mr. Schuyler is already a veteran in the diplomatic service. Graduating at Yale College in the class of 1859 with high honors, he practiced law in New York city for several years, contributing largely to the "Nation," and other literary journals, and then went abroad as Consul at Moscow. This post he filled for two or three years, until transferred to Revel. On his way thither he passed through St. Petersburg, and Governor Curtin, who had just arrived there as Minister, prevailed upon him to ac-

cept the place of Secretary of Legation. This difficult post Mr. Schuyler filled with such ability and fidelity, that the Ministers who succeeded each other at that court found it impossible to dispense with his services, until, by his own choice, he was lately appointed Secretary of Legation and also Consul-General at Constantinople, where he has devoted himself to the study of the Eastern question from another point of view with such industry as to increase still further his already wide reputation in England as well as in this country. His clear, accurate, and dispassionate statements regarding the atrocities perpetrated in Bulgaria, it will be remembered, did more than the reports of their own agents to shape the sentiment of the English people, and so to arouse their indignation as to force the British Government to modify seriously its attitude toward the Turks. One who can speak with such weight and authority deserves attention at all times, and especially when he discusses a question with which he is so thoroughly familiar as the

* Turkistan. Notes of a Journey in 1873 in the Russian Province of Turkistan, the Khanates of Khokan and Bokhara, and Provinces of Kuldja. By Eugene Schuyler, Ph. D., formerly Secretary of the American Legation at St. Petersburg, now Consul-General at Constantinople. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

recent attempts by Russia to push her boundaries far down into Central Asia. In these volumes we have an exhaustive discussion of the bearings and actual significance of the famous campaign undertaken by Russia in 1873, which terminated in the fall of Khiva. It is easy to see, as we read these substantial volumes, why Mr. Schuyler should have preferred to anticipate their appearance by a withdrawal from the Russian Court; for otherwise his criticisms of the policy of that government must have been much less frank and unreserved, and, as a consequence, his work would have been robbed of its greatest value to one desirous of arriving at a clear understanding of the designs of Russia in the East. This important question is by far too complicated to make it possible to discuss it here, or even to present a summary of Mr. Schuyler's views. We must, therefore, content ourselves with the consideration of "Turkistan" simply as a book of travel. As such, it is by far the most dignified and important contribution made of late years by any American to this class of literature. Amazing industry in the collection of facts and statistics is supplemented by a keen eye for everything that is novel and picturesque among the semi-civilized tribes which the traveler visited, while a clear style, and a narrative which, although graphic, is always self-contained and never exaggerated, impress one with the perfect trustworthiness and accuracy of every description and statement. In visiting Turkistan, Mr. Schuyler by no means ventured upon untrodden ground. Stoddart, Thomson, Wolff, Abbott, Vamberg, and Shaw, are a few out of nearly forty travelers who have penetrated Central Asia since the beginning of the eighteenth century, and who have left records of their observations and adventures; but high as the compliment may seem, it is literally true that Mr. Schuyler's work surpasses all that has preceded it in thoroughness as well as in the literary skill which narratives of travel so often lack. In gleaningsome of the more striking incidents and descriptions from Mr. Schuyler's pages, we shall, therefore, allow him, as far as possible, to tell his story in his own words, subjecting his narrative to such abridgment, when we draw upon it, as our space compels. To attempt to follow Mr. Schuyler step by step in his extended journey would be impossible within our present limits. More than this, it would involve us in a wilderness of names of localities, only to be found upon the admirable maps which accompany these volumes. We shall, there-

fore, sketch his route in a general way, and then touch only upon the more interesting and curious passages of his experiences and observations as they are here detailed.

Mr. Schuyler left St. Petersburg March 23, 1873, having as his companion Mr. MacGahan, whose desert ride on his way to Khiva was, a few months later, the subject of general wonder and admiration. Stopping at Moscow for a day, the two reached Saratof, 940 miles from St. Petersburg, on the morning of March 26. Almost their only fellow-passenger in the railway carriage was Prince Tchinghiz, a lineal descendant of the famous Tchinghiz Khan,—or, as he is more popularly known, Genghis Khan,—and son of the last Khan of the Bukeief Horde of Kirghiz. After the death of his father, he—the eldest son—was given the Russian title of Prince in memory of his ancient lineage and of the services of his father. He had just returned from Mecca, whither, as a good Mussulman, he had just made a pilgrimage, and was going to spend the summer on his estates in the Government of Samara. During the journey, he was most of the time absorbed in a French novel. Mr. Schuyler sets him down as apparently a cultivated gentleman, and notes it as a curious coincidence that, on the threshold of Asia, he should have met the descendant of its greatest conqueror. From Saratof, the travelers struck across the Volga, and made their way down to Fort Uralsk. Thence going southward, they touched the extreme north-eastern limit of the Aral Sea, and, stopping at Kazala, they made their way next to Fort Perovsky, whence MacGahan started upon that famous desert ride, already mentioned, which he has himself fully described in his narrative, "Campaigning on the Oxus." Although Mr. Schuyler heard from his adventurous companion directly but once during the whole summer, he states that he frequently heard from him indirectly, his ride across the desert being spoken of everywhere in Central Asia as by far the most wonderful thing ever done there, since he went far through a country supposed to be hostile, knowing nothing of the roads or of the language. Even the officer whose scouts had failed to catch the adventurous correspondent, and from whom, long afterward, Mr. Schuyler heard of his companion's safe arrival at Khiva, was delighted at his pluck, and used the significant Russian expression, *molodets*,—a brave young fellow,—the greatest possible praise under such circumstances. From Fort Perovsky, Mr. Schuyler pursued his

journey to the south-east to Tashkent. Making this his starting-point, he visited Hodjent and Khokand, as well as Samarkand, striking from this place into Bokhara. Turning

Orenburg. Thence he went directly to Samara, where he was fortunate enough to catch the last steamer down the Volga to Saratof. There he took the railway to St.

Petersburg, reaching that capital on November 15, after an absence of about eight months. This brief itinerary, which may easily be traced upon any good map, gives a clear idea of the comprehensiveness of Mr. Schuyler's tour through Turkistan, and shows that he traveled through that country more thoroughly than any of those who had preceded him.

We now proceed to glean from the detailed account of his tour some of the more interesting and instructive passages, descriptive of the strange people with whom he was brought in contact, and whose habits and peculiarities he had rare opportunities for studying, through the extraordinary facilities afforded him by means of the numerous letters of introduction which he carried with him to the officials of the different districts, from his influential friends in St. Petersburg.

First of all, we come upon an account of the Cossacks, which is valuable, since it dispels many of the popular erroneous notions regarding that race. Instead of being uncivilized and savage,—a reputation which has clung to them from old legends, strengthened probably by the reputation they

gained during the partisan war of 1812, when they played such an important part as skirmishers and light cavalry for the Russian forces,—Mr. Schuyler assures us that they are mild, amiable and hospitable. They are, in point of fact, the pioneers of Russian civilization. If anything has to be done, and brave and manly fellows are required to do it, the Cossacks are employed. When a country is to be colonized the Cossacks guard it, and themselves take part in the work of settlement. Though given perhaps to occasional raids, when next to some Kirghiz or uncivilized tribe, they are in the main peaceful and orderly citizens, brave, industrious, and enduring. The women are hard workers and good housekeepers; and during his whole journey in Asia, Mr. Schuyler tells us that he was only too delighted when he came to a post-station kept by a married



A KIRGHIZ.

northward again, he bore directly east to Vierny in the province of Semiretch, taking in his way Lake Issyk Kul. Crossing the River Ili, he visited both New Kuldja and Old Kuldja; then turned directly north, and, passing the eastern extremity of Balkash Lake, he came to Semipalatinsk in the province of the same name. Here he entered what is officially known as Siberia, although, geographically speaking, he had been within the limits of that territory since passing Vierny. After much difficulty in recrossing the Irtysh, he slowly traveled along the left bank of that river to Omsk. Here Mr. Schuyler found that he was too late for the steamer for Perm, down the Kama, and that, in addition, the roads through Western Siberia were impassable on account of the mud. He was, therefore, obliged to turn again southward through Petropavlovsk and Troitsk to

Cossack, for there he was sure to find everything clean and neat, with eggs and milk at least, and possibly something more substantial to eat.

The name "Cossack," or "Kazak," as the Russians spell it, is of Tartar origin, meaning originally vagabond, and then a partisan or guerilla; but the people themselves are chiefly a Russian race. The male Cossacks from eighteen to twenty are in the military service within the district; then, after a year of rest, they are liable to service outside the boundaries of their district for nominally fifteen years, though they are always sent home again long before the expiration of that period. Every Cossack is supposed to be in the army, though exceptions are made in favor of a father who has three sons in the service, or in case of one out of four brothers. In time of war all can be called upon. The actual number of the Ural Cossacks in service is estimated at over 10,000, though really not more than 3,000 actually serve at one time. It has long been the practice of the richer Cossacks to hire the poorer to take their places in the ranks, three hundred rubles being paid for two years' service in Turkistan. The abolition of this custom by the new military law was the cause of the disorders in September, 1874.

The Cossacks form an almost ideal community. The land belongs to the whole army collectively, and each member has the right to till the ground, to cut hay, or to pasture his cattle where he pleases, provided, of course, he does not infringe on the rights of others, as settled by custom. Even the fishery in the Ural and in the sea is common property. The days of fishing are regulated; and though all are ready, none dares cast a net or throw a harpoon before the cannon signal has been given by the "Ataman," under penalty of confisca-

tion of all his fishing implements. The "golden bottom" of the Ural was once the main source of wealth to the Cossacks; but owing to the rapid and careless extermination of the forests above Orenburg, the river is drying up, and filling with shoals, and the fish seem to be seeking some other locality. Yet even now the produce of caviare, isinglass, salted sturgeons, and *beluga* is very great. By this commercial system the spread of wealth is much more even and regular than elsewhere, and there are no rich and no poor, or at least only in a comparative sense; for a poor man there is one who has nothing more than what is indispensable, *i. e.*, his house, horse, and cattle. This system, however, in a country so limited in its capacities as the Ural region, will, with all its merits, Mr. Schuyler thinks, be found inadequate to a rapidly growing population.

The Cossacks are almost entirely dissenters, chiefly "old believers," though apparently without the bigotry and religious hatred which characterize Russian dissent in general. In 1862, out of a population of over 70,000, there were only sixty-two who belonged to the orthodox Russian church, and these were chiefly Russian officials in the towns. It is further worthy of



RADA BEK AND JURA BEK.

note that in 1859, the last year for which statistics have been published, thirty-eight out of eighty crimes were committed by

orthodox and only ten by dissenters, the remainder being by Jews, Mohammedans, etc. The whole orthodox population at this time was eighty-nine.

Another of the denizens of this part of Asia—the camel—has his portrait drawn by Mr. Schuyler's pen, and if the reputation of the Cossacks is improved by his account of them, that of the camel suffers proportionately. It is no doubt very fine, he tells us, to speak of these animals as ships of the desert, and to apply other poetical expressions to them; but they are in point of fact most unpleasant and disagreeable. Ungainly, unamiable and disgusting in odor, they are set down as a "sort of cross between a cow and a cassowary. Seen in the distance, they make one think of a big over-grown ostrich, with their claw-feet and their long necks, which they turn about so as always to observe everything which comes by, and stare at you with their big vacant eyes until you have passed fully out of sight. They seem to stand cold very well, although they will take cold and die if allowed to lie down in the snow. Hence, during the winter on the steppe, their bodies are wrapped up in felt, which, when taken off in spring, carries most of the hair with it, and they then look entirely naked. If they get an idea into their heads that the road is long, or the weight too heavy, or that some part of the harness is wrong, they commence to howl. It is not exactly a groan nor a cry, but a very human, shrill and disagreeable sound; and this they never cease—they keep it up from the time they start until they reach their destination, varying their performances by occasionally kneeling down and refusing to advance; or if they do go on, holding back in such a manner as to make progress all the slower. In this case there is nothing to do but to unfasten the animal, turn him loose, and tie his legs together, when he will begin to browse about, poking the snow away with his nose, and his driver will find him when he comes back. Camels are much too stupid to go home, as any other animal would, but they will continue to walk



AN UZBEK.

on in the same direction their faces are turned, without ever thinking of master or stable or anything else. They are very revengeful, and in the spring season the male camels are very often dangerous. Many instances are known where they have bitten persons to death, and they then have to be carefully muzzled. There was one comfort to be got out of them notwithstanding—their walk was so quiet and sauntering, that in the morning, when it was not too cold, we could read with ease in the carriage, as there was not motion enough to jolt the book. In this way we got through 'Middlemarch,' some books on Central Asia, and the whole of the Koran, to say nothing of spelling through Tartar exercises, and trying each other as we went along in pronunciation and phrases."

Regarding the nomads who inhabit the Western Steppe, and who are popularly known as Kirghiz, although they are very different from the true Kirghiz or Buruts, who live about

the Lake Issyk Kul and in the mountain ranges of Khokand, we have some interesting particulars. They number in all about a million and a half. Although of Turkish origin, they are as much of a Mongol as of a Turkish type. One reason of this is said to be that, until recent times, they preferred, whenever possible, to marry Kal-muk women, carrying them off from the confines of China, or the Astrakhan Steppe. Their language is one of the purest dialects of Tartar. In general they are short in stature, with round swarthy faces, insignificant noses and small sharp black eyes with the tightly drawn eyelid which is seen in all Mongol tribes. In winter, they sometimes live in underground huts, entered by crooked passages, where children, calves, and colts all sleep and play together; but usually their habitation, both in winter and summer, is a *kibitka*,—a circular tent made of felt spread over a light wooden frame. This frame is easily taken apart and put together, and is so light as to form a load for a single camel only. The broad pieces of felt are easily stretched over it, so that the whole can be put up in about ten minutes. On one side is a door covered by a flap of felt, and the fire is built in the middle, the smoke escaping through an opening in the roof. The interior of the tent is decorated with pieces of ribbon of various kinds, used to fasten down the felt; and around the sides, the Kirghiz place and hang all their valuable goods, consisting of carpets, silk mattresses, and clothes, and sometimes, in cases of the richer men, of even silver articles, with the trappings of horses and household utensils.

Being Mussulmans, the men all shave their heads and allow their beards to grow, although usually their beards are very insignificant—a straggly tuft of hair scarcely covering the chin. They wear immense baggy leather breeches, and a coarse shirt with wide flapping collars. Their outer garment is a dressing-gown, and they usually wear two or three, according to the weather. The rich and distinguished have magnificent velvet robes, richly embroidered with gold and silver. A red velvet robe is given by the Government as a mark of distinction, and there is nothing the Kirghiz

are more proud of, unless it be a medal or a cross. They wear on their heads embroidered skull-caps, and over those, oddly-shaped



A HINDOO.

hoods of sheepskin, with the wool inside, or conical felt hats cut with two slits for convenience of turning up the brims, and not, as has been said, that it might not be like a Christian hat, of which they know nothing. On grand occasions, the wealthy don tall steeple-crowned hats, with the brim turning up in two immense horns, made of felt, or usually of velvet, embroidered often with gold. But their greatest adornments are their belts, saddles, and bridles, which are often so covered with silver, gold, and precious stones as to be almost solid. The women are dressed the same as the men, but have their heads and necks swathed in loose folds of white cotton cloth, so as to make a sort of bib and turban at the same time.

In religion, the Kirghiz are regarded as Mohammedans, although few of them have any fixed religious principles. They take advantage of the religion they are supposed to possess by putting in practice one of its

principles,—to have as many wives as they please. The women have to do all the work, while the men lead a lazy, shiftless life, devoting themselves almost entirely to the care of their horses. As a mark of respect to their husbands and male relatives, the women are not allowed to mention their real names in the presence of others, but must either call them by some term adopted for the purpose, or use a circumlocution. An incident is related of a Kirghiz woman who wanted to say that a wolf had stolen a sheep and taken it to the reedy shore of the lake. Unfortunately the men of the family bore names corresponding to most of these words, and she was obliged to gasp out—"In the rustling beyond the wet a growler gnaws one of our woolies."

At Tashkent, which he made his headquarters while in Central Asia, Mr. Schuyler had abundant opportunity of becoming acquainted with the various Beks, whom the Russians had deposed as they had pushed southward. Prominent among these were Jura Bek and Baba Bek of Shahrissabs, a little province just south of Samarkand. The fathers of both of them had been prominent there before the country had been finally annexed to Bokhara by the blood-thirsty Nasrullah. When Shahrissabs was taken by the Russians, Jura Bek and Baba Bek escaped to Khokand, but they were treacherously delivered up by Khudayar Khan, who bore a grudge against Jura Bek for laughing at him and calling him an old woman when he was once complaining to the Amir Nasrullah of his troubles and his exile. Brought as prisoners to Tashkent, they lived there for some time under surveillance; but finally obtaining pensions of about 2,000 rubles a year from the Bokharian Government, through the agency of the Russians, they now reside there unmolested, although, owing to the irregularity of the payments, they are sometimes reduced to great straits, as they both have large families. Jura Bek has become thoroughly convinced that the Russians are, and are to be, the masters of Central Asia, and sees that any chance for him in the future must come from them. His allegiance to them, therefore, is unwavering.

Mr. Schuyler describes this prince as "a tall, handsome Uzbek, with a thin dark beard, pleasant gray eyes, and a serious face. His dress is always very simple, but exquisitely neat, and there is something about the sadness of his expression and the suave grace of his gestures which never fails to attract

and to interest. He is, indeed, a perfect gentleman. He is a strict Mussulman; but he has now been sufficiently with the Russians to have lost all fanaticism, and to be willing to conform to many of their usages. He will associate with them, eat with them, and even, if he chooses, drink wine, having sufficient dignity to act as he pleases, never, as many others do, wearing one face to the Russians and another to his fellow-believers."

Baba Bek, his companion in exile, is a man of much weaker stamp, a stout man of thirty-six, though looking twenty years older, so much have his troubles told on him, and is without either the ability or the courage of his companion. He passes his life quietly, and is so amiable that one cannot help pitying him in his downfall.



A BOY OF TASHKENT.

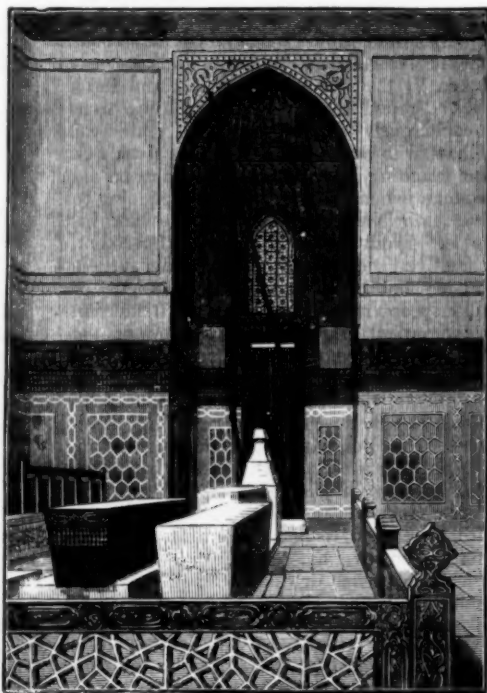
Tashkent, according to Mr. Schuyler's estimate, numbers 120,000 inhabitants, most of whom are Uzbeks, though there are some Tadjiks, and a number of Tartars, Kirghiz, Hindoos, and others. The Uzbeks are the descendants of the Turkish tribes who, at various times, immigrated to this part of Asia, both before and since the time of Tchingiz Khan. Their name means "independent" or "free," from *uz* "self" and *bek* a "bek." They are said to be divided into ninety-two clans, and are readily distinguished from the Tadjiks, as well in appearance as in character. The Tadjik is larger and fuller in person, with an ample black beard, and with an air of shrewdness and cunning. He is fickle, untruthful, lazy, cowardly, and boastful, and in every way morally corrupted. The Uzbek is taller and thinner, with a

scanty beard, and a longer and more strongly marked face. He is simple in his manners and dress, while the Tadjik is devoted to his personal appearance, and fond of adorning himself. The Uzbeks look upon the Tadjiks with contempt, but, at the same time, they are dependent upon them. The Tadjiks treat the Uzbeks as fools and children of nature, and smilingly say that they have them entirely in their power. Intermarriages, however, are not uncommon. The Tadjik has none of the pride of race which the Uzbek possesses, and will rarely call himself by the name Tadjik. To illustrate the difference between the two, Mr. Schuyler quotes the popular story of Shirin and Ferhat:

"There was once a queen, Shirin Hatun, of great beauty, who lived on the farther side of the Syr Darya. She had two wooers, one a Tadjik, and the other an Uzbek named Ferhat. Both were persistent, and, as she was at a loss which to choose, an old woman counseled her to give them some difficult work, and to marry the one who succeeded. She therefore commanded them to dig a canal through the Famished Steppe. Ferhat—a strong, stalwart fellow, with a simple and straightforward nature—took his spade and dug away all day, trying to turn the channel of the river, and thus formed the cataracts at Bigavat. The Tadjik, crafty, and full of expedients, plaited a wicker of reeds and laid it on the ground across the steppe. Early in the morning, the sun's rays, reflected from the shining reeds, made them appear like a stream of water, and Shirin Hatun thereupon called for the Tadjik and married him. When the Uzbek learned of the deception that had been practiced upon him, he was in despair, and threw his spade high up in the air, so that, as it came down, it cut off his head with a single stroke."

From its peculiar position, and its commercial importance, Tashkent is a microcosm of life in Central Asia, and Mr. Schuyler took advantage of his comparatively long stay there to gather all sorts of information regarding the residents and their customs. Among the people to be seen there, as well as in the other towns of Central Asia, are Liuli, who are apparently identical with Gypsies. The women tell fortunes, cure the

sick, and carry on a small traffic. The men trade in horses, and have almost a monopoly of leeches, which they collect from the streams. Then there are the Hindoos, who are also to be found in all the towns of the country, and especially in Tashkent. They come, for the most, from Shikarpur, and, although they are engaged in various branches of commerce, they chiefly devote themselves to money-lending and usury. They do not have the monopoly of this business: Jews, Afghans, and even native Mussulmans, share it with them. With their tight trowsers, their peculiar coats, and the red or black caste-marks on their foreheads, apart from their race characteristics, the Hindoos are easily distinguished from those of other nationalities. Mr. Schuyler gives the following interesting description of the methods in which these Hindoos carry on their financial operations, and, at the same time, manage to evade the precepts of their religion: They usually lend sums for twenty-four weeks, to be paid in weekly installments of one *tenga* to every *tilla*,—that is, one-nineteenth, making a gain, as interest, in the



THE TOMB OF TIMUR.

course of the transaction, of five *tengas*, or about twenty-six per cent., which would be fully fifty-six per cent. per annum. The rate of interest is sometimes much higher, although among Mussulman capitalists four per cent. a month is considered fair. As the money is thus paid back in installments, it is evident that a money-lender with a very small capital can make a large yearly profit. Lending out money at interest is forbidden by Mussulman law, and tradition says that lending money freely to the poor is a more worthy action, and will have a greater reward from God than giving alms. But while the Mussulman is strictly forbidden to make a contract for the payment of interest, it is perfectly allowable for him to receive interest which is voluntarily given by the borrower. Casuists, however, have without much difficulty discovered what are called "paths," that is, methods of evading the strict letter of the law, which, from the places where they were invented, or are most customary, are known as the Bokharian, Samarkand, Tashkent, and other "paths."

For instance, the Tashkent "path" is this: In order to receive the interest of twenty rubles on one hundred, the hundred rubles are lent without interest, and some small article, as a whip, is nominally sold to the borrower for twenty rubles more. This article is called *shari*, i. e., lawful, and must always be the property of the seller. The Bokharian way is similar; but here, instead of a nominal sale, some article, usually a book, is handed to the borrower for safe keeping, and for keeping and using this book he pays the sum constituting the interest on the principal lent to him. Another method is for the lender to buy of the borrower some piece of property, as a house, or a horse, for less than its value, paying him at the same time the amount of the loan. A paper is then drawn up before the *Kazi*, in which the lender promises to re-sell the property to the borrower for a sum that will equal the money lent with the interest added. Mussulmans, however, perfectly well understand that these methods are evasions of the direct religious command, and



THE SIN-EATER.

among the traditions as to future punishment is one that the usurer will be sealed up in a metallic box, which will then be heated in a fire. When the usurer cries out in his torment, asking the reason of such punishment, the Almighty and All-blessed will answer him, "You are punished because you took usury." "But I did not take usury," he will reply, "I sold a thing lawfully." "Well," the All-highest will reply, "I do not burn you: I only heat the box." Where the borrower is a person of property and known for his probity, the lender merely makes a note in his account-book, and gives the debtor a similar note to remind him of the payment. In other cases, however, the receipt of the debtor is taken and witnessed before the *Kazi*, and frequently large security is demanded.

Batchas, or dancing boys, are one of the recognized institutions of Central Asia. They are most in vogue in Bokhara and the neighboring Samarkand. Until 1872, they flourished in Tashkent. Then a severe epidemic of cholera aroused the memory

and consciences of the mullahs to the fact that dancing was contrary to the precepts of the Koran, and the Russian authorities forbade public dances during that summer, on the ground that the crowds which they drew together were likely to cause the spread of the epidemic. The employment of these *batchas* or boys as dancers, we are told, is a concession to that trait of Mohammedan prudery which prohibits the public dancing of women; but Mr. Schuyler thinks that the tone of morals in Central Asia is not improved by the change. In general Mr. Schuyler describes the following as the mode of procedure at a *bazem*, or dance. At the hour appointed, the boys begin to come in twos and threes, accompanied by their guardians; and, after giving their hands to their host, take their places on one edge of the carpet, sitting in the Asiatic respectful way upon the soles of their feet. Bowls of tea and trays of fruits and sweets are set before them. The musicians meanwhile tune their tambourines, or rather increase their resonance, by holding them over a pan of glowing coals. When the boys have devoured enough grapes and melons, the dancing begins. This is very difficult to describe. Clad in flowing robe of bright-colored variegated silk, and loose trousers, with bare feet, and with two long tresses of hair streaming from under his embroidered skull-cap, the *batcha* begins to throw himself into graceful attitudes, merely keeping time with his feet and hands to the beating of the tambourines and the weird monotonous song of the leader. Soon his movements become wilder, and the spectators all clap their hands in measure; he circles madly about, throwing out his arms, and, after turning several somersaults, kneels facing the musicians. After a moment's pause he begins to sing in reply to the leader, playing his arms in graceful movements over his head. Soon he rises, and, with body trembling all over, slowly waltzes about the edge of the carpet, and with still wilder and wilder motions again kneels and bows to the spectators. A thrill and murmur of delight runs through the audience, an extra robe is thrown over him, and a bowl of tea handed to him as he takes his seat. This first dance is called *katta-uin* (the great play), in contradistinction to the special dances. The natives seem most pleased with those dances where the *batcha* is dressed as a girl, with long braids of false hair and tinkling anklets and bracelets. Usually but one or two in a troop can dance the women's

dance, and the female attire once donned is retained for the remainder of the feast, and the *batcha* is much besought to sit here and there among the spectators to receive their caresses. Each dance has its special name—Afghani, Shirazi, Kashgari—according to the characteristics of the country where it is national, or of the story it is supposed to represent; but all are much alike, differing in rapidity, or in the amount of posture and gesture. The younger boys usually perform those dances which have more of a gymnastic character, with many somersaults and hand-springs; while the elder and taller ones devote themselves more to posturing, slow movements, and amatory and lascivious gestures. The dance which pleased Mr. Schuyler most, and which he saw for the first time in Karshi, was the *Kabuli*, a sort of gymnastic game, where two boys, armed each with two wands, strike them constantly in alternate cadence, while performing complicated figures, twists, and somersaults. In general but one boy dances at a time, and rarely more than two together, these being usually independent of each other.

In all the large towns these *batchas* are very numerous; for it is as much the custom for a Bokharian gentleman to keep one, as it was in the middle ages for each knight to have his squire. No establishment of a man of rank or position was considered complete without one, and men of small means frequently club together to keep one between them, as a source of amusement during their hours of ease and recreation. They usually set him up in a tea-shop, and if the boy is pretty, his stall will be full of customers. They practice their profession from a very early age, until it is impossible to conceal their beards,—say until they are twenty or perhaps twenty-five years old. It is rare that they lay up any money, but now and then one succeeds, and from being the keeper of a tea-house becomes a prosperous merchant, though the remembrance of his past life will frequently place the then odious affix *batcha* to his name.

Perhaps the most famous of all the places in Central Asia is Samarkand. "Surrounded by a halo of romance," Mr. Schuyler writes, "visited at rare intervals, and preserving the traditions of its magnificence in a mysterious impenetrability, it long piqued the curiosity of the world." It came into history as Maracanda, the capital of Sogdrane, when it was conquered by Alexander the Great. Then it was a large and flourish-

ing city. There Alexander killed his old friend and comrade Clytus in a fit of drunken passion; and it was his head-quarters during his contests with the mountain tribes, and the expedition against the Scythians



SEID MOHAMMED KHUDAYAR; KHAN OF KHOKAND.

across the Syr Darya. Quintus Curtius says that its walls were seventy *stadia* in circumference, and that the citadel was then as now surrounded by another wall. Its most famous and most interesting monument is the Gur' Amir or tomb of Timur, of which we have this description:

It is situated on a slight hill to the south of the fortress, and is an eight-sided building, surmounted by a melon-shaped dome, and with two ruined minarets. Passing through a broken mosaic portal and a court, we come to the steps leading into the mosque. Over the gates is an inscription in Persian: "The weak slave Mohammed, son of Mahmoud, from Isfahan, built this." The inside of the dome is full of the usual alabaster work, and the walls are covered with hexagonal plates closely set together of fine carved transparent gypsum, which is often supposed to be jasper. On the side turned to Mecca there is a pillar, and a large ancient standard with floating horse-tail. The tombstone of Timur occupies the exact center of the mosque, and is a slab of greenish black stone, six feet long, fifteen inches

wide, and about fourteen inches thick, which is flat on the top and not pyramidal, as has been represented. It has been broken or cut in the middle into two parts, and one of the lower corners has been broken off and subsequently polished down, as is shown by a part of the inscription being missing. Around the edge is a very complicated inscription in antique letters, giving Timur's name and titles, together with those of all his ancestors, and the date of his death, 807 (1405). To the right of this slab is another of gray marble, of nearly the same size, with an inscription showing that it is the tomb of Mirza Ulug Bek, grandson of Timur, who died in 853 (1449). The back and part of the top are covered with plaster. On the other side of Timur's tomb is a gray marble slab in memory of Abdullatif Mirza, son of Ulug Bek, who died in 854 (1450). There are slabs to three other sons of Ulug Bek; and beside these, between the tomb of Timur and the standard, is a gray marble slab dedicated to Mir Seid Belki Sheikh, the teacher of Timur, who died two years after him. The walls of the mosque are covered with various inscriptions, some texts from the Koran, and others religious verses; while in the adjoining room was one which

Mr. Schuyler's mullah translated as meaning, "If I were alive, people would not be glad," without date or name. Passing into this room on the left of the main mosque, the traveler went down a narrow staircase into the vault below, and found the tombs of Timur and his descendants placed exactly under the slabs above. The tombs are beneath the ground, and nothing is visible but slabs of gray marble covered with complicated inscriptions. The vault itself, which is of a very wide span, is of light gray burnt brick, and is still in a perfect state, being a beautiful piece of workmanship. This mosque, and even the tombs, were found in a very dilapidated condition by the Russians on their occupation, and it is owing to them that repairs have been made and everything put in order, and a guardian appointed to the mosque. The beautiful carved stone railing which surrounds the monument in the upper room was found badly shattered, but has now been completely restored. In a small building near by are the tombs of Timur's wives.

Mr. Schuyler visited Khokand in company

with a retired Russian officer, who was making a business trip into that province. They traversed a considerable part of Khokand, in pursuit of the Khan of the province, Seid Mohammed Khudayar. Subordinate officials did all they could to obstruct them in finding him, but did not prevent them from getting much interesting information regarding the habits and customs of the people in the various towns. In Utch-kurgan, for instance, where they spent several days, they found life extremely dull. Amusement there was none; all games being strictly forbidden. Even of praying there was very little. Occasionally at afternoon or at sunset some few over-piously disposed individuals would spread out their rugs, and make a supplication to Allah; but the most of the praying that was done seemed to be by proxy. One old man whom Mr. Schuyler noticed, seemed to be constantly at it, and on inquiry about him, he was told that he was an *iskatchi*—a person who gets his living by taking on himself the sins of the dead, and thenceforth devoting his life to prayer for their souls, performing the same function as the sin-eater of the Welsh border.

When Mr. Schuyler finally succeeded in getting an audience of the Khan of Khokand, it was very brief and unsatisfactory. He describes him as "a stout, pleasant-looking man, of about forty-five, with a brown beard." The passport which he obtained from him was written in Persian, and read as follows: "To all Hakims, all Commandants of Forts, all Beks, all Amlakdars, and all Serdars: By this order be it known that one Russian-American envoy, with his people, travels in our country for amuse-

ment, *tomasha*, and pleasant pastime; therefore to this Russian, in every Vilayet and Kishlack where he may go, let nothing be done against the hospitality which is due to our guest, or against his wish, and let the hospitality be shown which is due to him, looking at him (considering his position) and let masquerades not be made of him, and let improper words not be spoken to him."

While journeying northward on his way back to St. Petersburg, Mr. Schuyler, as we have already stated in the summary of his route, turned from his direct course to visit



A BARBER IN SUIDUN.

Kuldja. In the course of this excursion, he came to the town of Suidun on the Mongolian border. The contrast between this town and the places through which he had been traveling is thus gracefully drawn: Instead of narrow, crooked streets there were broad, straight avenues shaded with trees; instead of windowless houses built of mud, the blank walls of which stared one in the face at every turn, there were fine buildings of brick beautifully carved and molded, roofed with tiles, and with latticed

windows and porticoes. Instead of female forms swathed in long, shapeless dressing-gowns, and faces hidden by black horsehair veils, there were stout, healthy, smiling women chatting over their marketing, the bright orange-colored marigolds in their wonderful coiffures or their coquettish little caps contrasting well with the indigo blue of their gowns. The bazaar too, showed the same contrast. This occupied the greater part of one of the wide avenues crossing the town. Besides the little shops on each side, there were many booths covered to some extent with square umbrellas of matting partly open, and the chief trade seemed to be carried on in the open air. Here were beets, large egg-plants, but still real bread and not cakes. The butchers' shops were different in character and there were even stalls where men sold candy and barley-sugar. It was also interesting to watch the operations of the barbers in the streets outside their shops. The poor man who came to be shaved was made to sit on a narrow wooden stool and then recline almost horizontally on a cane-covered rest, where he closed his eyes and looked as if he were about to undergo some unpleasant surgical operation.

There are numerous incidents of personal adventure which show that Mr. Schuyler did not accomplish his self-imposed mission of investigating this interesting country without some risk. Just as he was leaving Bokhara he narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of a respectably dressed mullah. The watchfulness of one of his attendants saved him from this fate. The address and determination which Mr. Schuyler displayed, in face of the opposition of the officials, in purchasing a slave-boy in Bokhara and taking him to St. Petersburg, thus demonstrating the existence of the slave-trade in the province named, deserve the highest praise. He had the substantial satisfaction, moreover, of knowing that this act was one of the causes, if not the sole cause which brought about the ratification of a treaty with the Amir, forever abolishing the slave trade in Bokhara.

It is hardly fair to dismiss Mr. Schuyler's work without alluding to his views regarding the relations of Russia to Central Asia, and this we can do more satisfactorily by quoting the substance of his "conclusion." After premising that it is unnecessary to assume the theory of a settled plan of conquest on the part of Russia, he proceeds:

"Central Asia has no stores of wealth and no economical resources; neither by its agri-

cultural nor by its mineral wealth, nor by its commerce, nor by the revenue to be derived from it, can it ever repay the Russians for what it has already cost, and for the rapidly increasing expenditure bestowed upon it. Had Russia known fifteen years ago as much about the countries of Central Asia as she does now, there can be hardly a doubt that there would have been no movement in that direction. Even the steps taken in 1864 would not for a moment have been allowed. Despite the drain upon the Imperial exchequer, it is practically impossible for Russia to withdraw from her position in Central Asia. Notwithstanding the many faults which may be found in the administration of the country, the Russian rule is on the whole beneficial to the natives, and it would be manifestly unjust to them to withdraw her protection and leave them to anarchy and to the unbridled rule of fanatical despots. Apart from this moral consideration, that of her *prestige* in Central Asia would be sufficient to keep Russia there even at a still greater loss. On the contrary, as far as one can foresee, Russia will be compelled in the future to advance still further. It seems now to be impossible for her to remain where she is. Kashgar, Bokhara and the Turkoman country must either be annexed or they must be reduced to a position of real, and not nominal, vassalage. This accomplished, Russia will have arrived at a true ethnical and political boundary. She will have under her rule in Central Asia all of the Mohammedan peoples of Turkish race. On the east, her neighbor will be China; and as the Russians are not disposed to get into difficulties with that empire, we may expect few boundary disputes. On the south, the frontier will be the Oxus, separating the Russian domains from Afghanistan, as agreed upon by arrangement with England. Although the rulers are Afghans and of different stock, yet the inhabitants of Balkh and the province south, as far as the Hindu Kush, are of Turkish origin. This range would therefore form the true ethnical frontier of Russia on the south, and it must be remembered that mountains are always better barriers and boundaries than rivers. On the west, the Russian frontier will join that of Persia, which is inhabited by men of a different race, and, although Mussulmans, yet of a sect violently hated by the inhabitants of Central Asia. If any difficulty with England ever arise, it will probably be in Persia—where at present Russian influence is paramount—and not elsewhere."

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



NICHOLAS IS PRESENTED TO MISS LARKIN.

CHAPTER I.

It was a fresh June morning, and Mr. Montgomery Glezen was flying northward, in a railway car, along the eastern shore of the Hudson. During the long winter and the tedious spring he had been penned within the city, with only one brief interval, and that a sad one. Snow and sleet and rain had succeeded each other with tiresome repetition; but, though delayed at every step, the Summer had at last fought its way through them all, and on that morning stood upon every height, crowned and acknowledged the queen of the realm.

The heavy dew still held the dust, and he opened the window to catch the fresh air upon his face, and to gaze without obstruction upon the beautiful river. Every sail was up, and the wings upon the water were as busy as the wings that hovered over the

land. He was flying; the ships were flying; the birds were flying. Flying seemed to be the natural motion on such a morning, for every thing that moved; and when he thought of the noisy, toiling, dusty city he had left behind him, the motion became full of a joyous meaning—exalted and exultant; and he wished that he could fly on thus forever.

He passed the long line of the Palisades that frowned upon him from the western shore; he skirted the broad stretch of Haverstraw Bay, through the middle of which, stripped to its skeleton, a Titanic steamer was dragging its reluctant train of barges; he ran under the loop-holes of Sing Sing prison, catching glimpses of wicked, wistful eyes, as the train slacked its speed on entering the village; he approached the beautiful Highlands, standing green and glorious in their fresh summer dress; he passed long bridges

that crossed the debouchures of tributary streams; he shot through deep rock-cuttings and short tunnels, where the mountains threw their spurs sheer out to the water; and with every curve of the crooked passage, as it clung to the winding shore, he caught new glimpses and fresh forms of a beauty that made him forget all that he had seen upon the Rhine and the Danube.

He was a striking figure himself, and was observed with curious interest by more than one of his fellow-passengers. Thin-visaged, of medium height, with dark hair and eyes, and swarthy complexion, there was that about his mobile and intelligent features which would attract attention anywhere. This morning he was happy. There was a bright light in his eyes, and a smile upon his mouth. He was enjoying the beauty of the changing landscape; enjoying the rush of the train; enjoying his liberty as only a young and sensitive man can enjoy anything. There was a mirthful twinkle, too, in the corners of his eyes, which showed that he only needed opportunity to give himself up to a pleasant companionship as wholly as he had surrendered himself to the inspiring influences of his morning trip.

But he hurried on and on. Once he was conscious of a pause; and the fancy came to him that the train was a huge orchestra, and that the players were tuning the wheels for a new symphony, which soon began with the call of pipes, the ringing of bells, the tremble and shiver of violins, the drone of bassoons, and the rhythmic crash of drums. This passed away to make room for other fancies,—for his mind was all alive with them. He passed West Point, snugly hidden behind its defiant rocks; he left Cornwall in its restful sprawl at the foot of its mountain; he caught a glimpse of Newburg, shining like a city of silver among its terraced streets; and then the train slackened, and the station of "Ottercliff" was called.

Mr. Montgomery Glezen had enjoyed the morning so much that he had dreaded to hear the word pronounced which would summon him from his seat. He started up, however, almost fiercely, and was the first man upon the platform. It was but a moment that the train was delayed, and then it whirled away. He felt like a bewildered sailor, stranded upon a quiet beach. Everything stood strangely still, and it seemed as if the departing train had taken a portion of his life with it. He could now hear the birds sing, and the wind whispering among

the tender green leaves. It was hard to adjust himself to the new conditions.

He stood for a few moments, vacantly looking after the train and listening to its retreating roar, when he became conscious that a negro in livery was standing before him, with his hat in his hand.

"Is you de genlm dat Mr. Minturn spectis dis mornin'?" said the darkey, with a great show of courtesy, and a radiant exhibition of ivory.

"I 'spects I is," replied Glezen, with a laugh.

"De conveyance is on de odder side ob de buildin'," responded Mr. Minturn's man, relieving the visitor of his satchel, and leading the way. "Take a seat in de vehicle, sah."

Glezen was happy once more. This mixture of big words with the old plantation *patois* was charming. He had found something fresh in the way of amusement, and the railway train was at once forgotten, as the carriage started slowly up the long acclivity that led to the gate of one of the largest, oldest and most beautiful ancestral parks which look out upon the Hudson. During the long climb, notwithstanding the new source of interest opened to him very broadly in the face of the Ethiopian driver, a memory held him in possession. Six months before, within a week of Christmas, he had passed over the same road, bound for the same house; and he could not help recalling the sad occasion. Mrs. Minturn, the mother of his college friend, had died, and he had gone up to attend the funeral, and to comfort, as much as he could, the dear fellow she had left entirely alone in the world. And now, even at six months' distance, he could not help recalling what she had been to her son. Left early a widow, with this single child, she had lived to see him educated, and to be to him mother, sister, friend, lover—everything;—going with him, and living near him at school and college, holding him to virtue by a devoted and absorbing affection, and making his happiness and his good the one business and end of her life.

So, as Glezen enters the gate of the old park of three hundred beautiful acres, he wonders, as he has often wondered before, what this young man, who has been left so lonely and so rich, will do with himself. He is rich enough to do anything, or nothing; stay at home, or go anywhere; be nobody, or somebody. What will he do with himself?

The hill surmounted, the horses started off at a livelier pace, and, with the new motion, the sober thoughts were left behind. Glezen looked up, and saw the driver casting a furtive glance over his shoulder. He was evidently aching for conversation.

"What shall I call you, my man?" said Glezen.

"Sah?" inquired the darkey, who did not quite understand that form of expression.

"What is your name?"

"Pont, sah," he replied.

"Pont? Pont? That's a very short name. The names didn't quite go round in your family, did they?"

"Mas'r Minturn says he 'spects it must have been Ponchus Pilot, sah."

"Ponchus Pilot?" exclaimed Glezen, with a loud laugh. "Well, that's a big name, but it's got badly worn up."

"Yes, sah, like an old whip, clean smack up to de handle. But I 'spects dat was de real name when I administered my baptism, sah," said Pont, with a judicial cock of his eye.

This was too much for Glezen. He laughed loudly, and Pont laughed with him. Then the former said:

"Pont, you were not here last winter. How did you get here?"

"Well, sah," responded Pont, "I wanted my civil rights, and I jes done come away, sah."

"Ah? Civil rights? What are civil rights, Pont? I live in New York, and I don't know."

"Ye got me dere, Mas'r," replied Pont, with a grin. "I do' know what dey is. I knows I got 'em. I knows when I don't like one Mas'r, I kin go to anodder."

"You like your new master, then?"

"Yis, sah; Mas'r Minturn is a genlm; but he's sich a chile! 'Pears like he don't know anything."

"Ah? How's that?"

"Well, sah, when I fust come yer," said Pont, contemplatively, "he says, 'What's yer name?' Says I, 'Pont, sah.' And then says 'e, 'It must 'a' be'n Ponchus Pilot.' An' says I, 'I don't know what it was when I administered my baptism; but I 'spect dat was it.' An' den says 'e, 'Would ye like me to call yer Mr. Pilot?' I laughed at de chile, an' says I, 'No, call me Pont;' but I see he was a genlm, an' wanted to s'cure my civil rights. An' then says he, 'Kin ye drive a hoss?' Says I, 'Yis, sah; I was

fotched up with hosses.' An' then says 'e, 'Kin ye row a boat?' An' I says, 'Yis, sah, I was fotched up with boats.' An' then says 'e, 'Kin ye milk cows?' 'Yis, sah,' says I, 'I was fotched up with cows.' 'An' kin ye shine boots?' says 'e. 'Yes, sah,' says I, laughin'; 'I was fotched up with boots.' Then I see 'im laughin' in 'is eyes. An' den says 'e, 'Pont, how many times have ye been fotched up?' 'Well, sah,' says I, thinkin' ob de boots, 'I reckon nigh about a hundred times.' Den 'e laughed powerful, an' says 'e, 'Pont, you'll do;' but he's sich a chile! He can't drive this hoss, I gib ye my word, sah; an' I've knew 'im try to row a boat wrong end fust."

Pont gave a great guffaw at the recollection, and chuckled over his own superiority; but further conversation was shut off by the near approach to the Minturn mansion, and the new subject of interest thus introduced to his much amused passenger.

An old house was something that Montgomery Glezen loved. It was, however, an æsthetic matter with him. He had no family associations with one; but he read such a house as he would read an old poem. To stand upon an ancient threshold; to wander through old rooms, and to imagine the life that had been lived there,—the brides that had entered there, blooming and joyous; the children that had been born there; the feasts, the merry gatherings, the sicknesses, the vigils, the tears that had fallen upon lifeless clay there; the prayers that through long generations had ascended there; the sweetnesses of domestic life, the tragedies of disappointment and sorrow, the loves, hopes, fears, triumphs, despairs, of which the venerable walls and quaint old furniture had been witnesses, always moved him to tears. And to think that the frail materials around him had outlasted many generations of human life that seemed so precious to him,—what pathos! what mockery! A day in an old house was more precious to him than gold,—though of gold he had but little.

It was winter when he was there before, and sorrow for his friend had shut out all other thoughts. As he approached the house, along the road of shining gravel that whimpered under the wheels, he saw that it was old and large, and that it had evidently been added to since it was built, though the additions themselves were old, and everything had assumed the uniform and mellow tone of age. There was little of architectural beauty or grandeur in the heavy pile;

but the well-kept lawns around it, the glowing borders of roses, the graveled walks, and the old trees that drooped in every direction with the weight of their new foliage, were a sufficient preparation for the rich and tasteful interior, of which he had once had a glimpse, and which he had many times longed to see again.

He alighted, but no one welcomed him, or noticed his arrival. There was not even the sound of a human voice within hearing; but the door stood wide to the morning breeze, and he entered quietly and looked about him. In the center of the hall lay the skin of a huge tiger, the head stuffed, and the eyes glaring upon him. Opening out to the right was a billiard-room, ornamented on its walls with bows and arrows, and old muskets, and pairs of branching antlers, and other insignia of sporting tastes and habits which showed that the older Minturns had been fond of the fields and woods. Beyond this picturesque recess, further up the hall, and bracing its right wall, there stood a massive oak settee, black with age, and rich with carving,—a trophy of travel brought by some wandering Minturn from a spoiled Venetian palace, who, with the rare treasure, must also have brought the cabinets and trousseau-chests that announced their kinship from the opposite side of the grand apartment. The grinning statue of an Ethiopian stood at the foot of the old winding staircase, holding in its hands a many-branching candelabrum. There were ponderous vases, illuminated with dragons and other barbarous designs; there were old tapestries, some of them framed, and others suspended by their hems, or thrown carelessly over chairs and lounges, with coarse bric-à-brac piled here and there; but everything strong, artistic, harmonious. Glezen's eyes rejoiced in it all. The lavish cost, the antique tone, the somber splendor, the strange harmony, moved him like music; and he stood still for long minutes, taking in the scene in all its details, until it had fixed itself indelibly upon his memory.

Then, with a light step, he passed on up the hall, leaving a beautiful modernized library opening upon his right, and catching a glimpse upon his left of the generous dining-room, with its old carved buffet. Entering the drawing-room, he found the windows opened to the floor, and saw his friend through one of them, seated on the outmost edge of the broad piazza, evidently in a brown study. Nicholas Minturn had heard nothing. He was entirely alone, and

his thoughts were wandering up and down the world.

With noiseless steps, Glezen approached the open piano, sat down, and began to play. For ten minutes he reveled in an improvisation of which he could only have been capable after such an experience as this lavish June morning had conferred upon him. At first, Nicholas started, wheeled suddenly around, then walked to the window and looked in. He longed to rush in and greet his guest, but he doubted whether it would be courteous to interrupt him, and he wanted to hear the music.

As he folds his arms, and bows his head, leaning against the window-frame, we may look at him. Tall, strongly built, with fine blue eyes and light hair, a generous whisker, and altogether an English look, we find him sufficiently prepossessing. As he still stands there, let us talk a little more about him. When he comes to speak, we shall find him a little English in his manner too,—a little brusque and impulsive, and somewhat hesitating in his talk; for hesitation in speech, which in America is cousin of a gaucherie, is in England the mother of a grace. He is a young man who has, in the parlance of the neighborhood, been "tied to his mother's apron-strings." Well, there are worse things in the world than being tied to a good woman's apron-strings,—being tied to a bad woman's apron-strings, for instance, or not being tied to a woman's apron-strings at all. It has, at least, kept him pure and unsuspecting. A woman may look into his blue eyes without finding there anything more offensive, in the way of question or suggestion, than she would meet in looking into a mountain spring. He is a clean man, simple in his tastes, hearty in his friendships, but utterly lonely, and without definite aims. The society of young men of his own position is distasteful to him. To them, he is slow, if not a simpleton. The one business of ministering to her who had been so devoted to him has been taken out of his hands, and for six weary months the world has seemed empty and meaningless to him. Glezen understands him, and loves him, and has come up to spend the day with him, and bid him good-bye, for he has persuaded him to go to Europe, and thus make a break in his monotonous existence, and a beginning of life.

Glezen brought his fantasia to a closing touch, and then, entirely conscious that his friend was listening to him, exclaimed:

"Well! If this isn't the most inhospitable

old hole I ever found myself in! Not a man, woman or child to greet a fellow! When I come a hundred miles again to see a friend, I'll telegraph in advance to know whether he's out of bed."

Nicholas rushed forward, seized Glezen in his arms, and said:

"My good fellow, you don't mean that? You can't mean that you think me capable of slighting you. I assure you I'm more than glad to see you."

Glezen released himself and stood off with folded arms. Then, with a serious voice and face, he said:

"Nicholas Minturn, this wont do. It's all very well for you to put on airs of contrition and cordiality, when you find that you have provoked your friends; but I tell you it won't do. It's too transparent. This carelessness, this lawlessness, is one of the most serious faults of your character; and now if you'll be kind enough to tell me when the next return train passes, and send me to it, I shall trouble you no further."

"But, Glezen, you can't mean it," expostulated Nicholas.

"Mean it? Of course I mean it. Do you suppose a New York lawyer has to leave his business and quit the city to do his lying?"

"What can I do?" said Nicholas, going forward and taking Glezen's reluctant hand, "to convince you that I love you, and am glad to see you?"

"Nothing, nothing," said Glezen, solemnly shaking his head. "It is too late. You should have come to the station and received me with open arms. You should at least have been waiting for me, and looking for me at the door, and prepared me for that horrible tiger that almost scared my life out of me."

"Yes, that's true, and I'm sorry. But I've been terribly bothered by this horrible journey, and I didn't think. Come now, what can I do for you?"

"My own, my long lost brother! This terrible estrangement shall no longer continue. Give me a cigar, and the past shall all be forgotten," said Glezen, dropping suddenly from tragedy, and putting his arm around Nicholas and leading him out upon the piazza.

Both sat down, and looked into each other's faces and smiled.

"Glezen," said Nicholas, "what's the fun of joking? You never know what a joker is going to do, or when he's going to do it."

"Nicholas," said Glezen, "I wish you were a girl. If I could find a girl half as good as you are, I would marry her in five minutes. What do you say to that?"

"It strikes me it would be rather sudden."

Glezen laughed and responded:

"Perhaps it would, but there's nothing like taking a woman by surprise. And now, speaking of girls, Nicholas, you know you look upon me as a sort of father. At any rate, that is the relation I assume, with all the crushing responsibilities that go with it. There's nothing for you but to get married. Get a wife, you must and shall."

"Why don't you get married yourself?" inquired Nicholas.

"Well, you know I have a piano-forte," replied Glezen, soberly.

"Is it all the same?"

"Not exactly," replied Glezen, "but they are both musical instruments, you know. Some people take to the violin, and some to the cornet. We can't all play on the same thing, without making the music of life too monotonous."

"But your piano never turns round and tries to play on you," said Nicholas.

Glezen laughed.

"Oh, you're afraid, are you?"

"Well, you know how fond I was of my mother, but I never could see the fun of girls. They giggle so; and a fellow never knows what they're going to do."

"What do you want to know what they're going to do for?" inquired Glezen. "Besides," he continued, "they all stop giggling when they get married. A rooster never crows after his head is cut off."

"Is it all the same?" inquired Nicholas again.

"Nicholas Minturn, you are frivolous. If there's anything I despise it's a trifle. Now listen to me. You have nothing in the world to do—after your travel, of course—but to get married. This beautiful home, now so lonely, can be made as bright and full of life and music as any home in the world. You can be the head of a family. You can have children around you to whom you may be as much as your mother has been to you."

Nicholas recognized genuine earnestness in Glezen's closing tone. He was touched by the allusion to his mother; but with perfect simplicity and earnestness he responded:

"Glezen, I never could see the fun of children. If a fellow could find them

all grown up, it would be nice, but you never know what they're going to do. 'Pon my word, I believe a little baby would kill me. I always want to run when I hear one cry, and half a dozen of 'em would make me wild."

"How can you talk so about innocent children?" exclaimed Glezen. "You're a brute."

"It's all very well to talk about innocent children; but they fight like tigers, and get mad and scream like cats. You know they do," responded Nicholas, with heated earnestness.

"Nicholas Minturn," said Glezen gravely, "I little suspected the depth of your depravity. I see before you a terrible future. This house is evidently to become the castle of a giant, who will destroy all the children that approach it. My young friend Nick will become the old Nick to all this neighborhood. And he might be a respectable and useful character!"

Nicholas heard the last word, but he had not followed his companion's banter. He was wondering what it was that made him so different from all his friends. They were easy, facile, readily adapted to changes of society, circumstance and condition; slid from jest to earnest without a shock; were fond of frolics and games, and quick to enjoy all that came to them of change. Here was Glezen, with a ready tongue, bothering him with badinage and pushing him with honest brotherly counsel in the same breath. He loved him, but the trouble was that he "never knew what he was going to do."

"Speaking of character," said Nicholas, with a vague idea that he was continuing the conversation in a logical way, "did it ever occur to you that I haven't any character? Any flavor, so to speak? The fact is I'm just a pudding without any sauce—nutritious enough, perhaps, but confoundedly insipid. A woman would never get tired of you. You have as many flavors as a drug-shop."

"Probably," said Glezen, "and mostly unpleasant ones; and now let me tell you a thing to lay up in your memory for your everlasting comfort. Nothing wears like bread and butter, and sensible women know it. These highly flavored and variously flavored men are just those who play the devil with women's lives. They are usually selfish, volatile, unreliable; but so far as you need flavor you'll get it. Travel will help you to it. Age and a voyage across the

sea improve the flavor of wine, they say, and I don't see why they shouldn't be good for men."

"Well," said Nicholas, "I don't see the fun of travel. You never know what you're going to do."

"But you have your plans, my boy? what are you talking about?"

"Yes, I have two or three plans," said Nicholas, a broad smile overspreading his handsome face. "If I don't like it, I shall come back. That's one plan; and then you see I've had no end of old ladies who have been to see me with their daughters. It seems as if all the boobies and bores had been to Europe. One of 'em says: 'Oh, Mr. Minturn, you must think of me when you are at the Devil's Bridge;' and another says: 'you must think of me when you are in the Catacombs;' and another says: 'you must think of me when you are at the Tomb of Napoleon'; and one gushing creature says I really must think of her when I'm on the Rhigi. So I'll just go to those places and think of those women, though what good it does a woman to have a fellow think of her in the Catacombs, is more than I know."

"Well, that's an original plan of travel, anyway," exclaimed Glezen, with a hearty laugh. "Talk about your not having any flavor? Why, that's delicious. And are you to have no company?"

"No."

"And you sail to-morrow?"

"Yes, I believe that's the arrangement."

"And these are your plans?"

"Yes," responded Nicholas. "I'm just going to improve my flavor by visiting the Catacombs, and meditating on females."

Glezen put his head in his hands, and thought. He was very fond of his friend, and very much amused by him; and though he liked to hear him talk, and enjoyed the ludicrous side of the matter, he was sadly concerned in the aimlessness and indifference with which he regarded the great enterprise before him. He had had much to do in bringing Nicholas to a determination to travel; and now he saw that the heart of the latter was not in the enterprise at all. He was going to Europe because he had been advised to go. People had seen him plunged in a voluntary confinement, and as soon as the word "travel" was mentioned, all had conspired to forward the undertaking with their congratulations and their counsels.

At last Glezen looked up and said:

"Nicholas, you'll fall in with lots of pleasant people. You'll find yourself the member of a party before you leave the steamer. It's always so, particularly with a young and handsome man, who happens to be rich. Don't anticipate any trouble. Providence always has an eye out and a hand ready for those who can't take care of themselves."

Nicholas was saved the trouble of responding to this comforting suggestion by the ringing of the door-bell, and the entrance of the village lawyer, to whose hands he had confided the charge of his estate. For a long hour, Glezen was left to himself, while Nicholas and his man of affairs were closeted in the library. He visited the stables, held a characteristic conversation with Pont, strolled over the grounds, looked into the boat-house, and wondered at that dispensation of Providence which had placed all the good things of this world in the hands of one who did not know how to use them, and had marked out a hard path for himself, who, he imagined, could use them with fine advantage. He had no complaint to make, for he was a manly fellow. He indulged in no envy, for he loved his friend. Indeed, he believed that Nicholas was as manly as himself. He knew that he was a thousand times better prepared to meet the temptations of life than himself. Certainly, wealth had not spoiled Nicholas; and he was not certain that wealth would not have spoiled Montgomery Glezen.

At the close of the interview in the library, the early country dinner was announced, and on entering the dining-room Glezen was presented to his friend's housekeeper, Mrs. Fleming, and to his lawyer, Mr. Belamy Gold. Nicholas explained to Glezen that Mrs. Fleming was his mother's friend, whom she had known and loved all her life; and said that, for his mother's sake, she had undertaken to look after him, and to guide his house.

Mrs. Fleming protested that, while she had loved the young man's mother as she had never loved any other woman, no son could be more affectionate or more worthy of affection than she had found Nicholas to be.

Mrs. Fleming was a Quaker in her creed and in her dress. Her face was bright with intelligence, and fine in every feature—a gray-haired woman with a youthful spirit, to whom not only Nicholas felt himself irresistibly attracted—one of those women

to whom any young man could easily open his heart at a moment's notice. Glezen saw, with an admiration which painted itself upon his expressive face, the affectionate and respectful relations that existed between this lady and the young master of the house,—the almost motherly fondness that manifested itself upon one side; the half-gallant, half-filial feeling that prevailed upon the other. He apprehended at once the reason that Nicholas could remain so contentedly at home.

When Mrs. Fleming had completed her first offices of hospitality at the board, she took up a letter that a servant had placed at her plate, and begged the privilege of opening it. As she read it, her face lighted with pleasure, and she said:

"Nicholas, here is some good news for thee."

"Tell us what it is," said the young man.

"The Bensons are going on the 'Ariadne'—on the same steamer with thee. No," she added, after reading further, "only Mr. Benson and his ward, Miss Larkin, with her companion. She is a wretched invalid. I suppose the voyage is for her benefit."

"But I don't know Mr. Benson," said Nicholas, disappointed.

"I shall have the privilege of giving thee a letter of introduction," said Mrs. Fleming.

"He's a good man to know, of course?" said Nicholas.

"Oh! he's what they call a model man," responded Mrs. Fleming—"a man without reproach—more respected, more trusted than any man I know."

"Well," said Nicholas, "if he's a model man, I should like to know him. A model is just what I'm after. I fancy there's stuff enough in me, if I only had a model."

"Nicholas," said Glezen, "you are not polite to your guests. Mr. Gold here is a model man. I am a model man. I say it with profound modesty. I come up here and display my perfections to you, and off you go wandering after strange gods. You deliberately trample on the commonest notions of friendship and hospitality."

"Glezen, what's the fun of fooling? A fellow never knows what to say," responded Nicholas.

Mrs. Fleming laughed. She had read Glezen at a glance, and fully appreciated the temptation to banter which such a nature as that of Nicholas presented to him. So she said:

"I fancy a model man must be a man

who never changes,—one who never laughs, never cries, is never rude, never weak, is always the same, governed by principle, and can stand and be looked at years at a time."

"Can a fellow love him?" inquired Nicholas.

"Well, I suppose his wife and children love him; but everybody respects him, and everybody trusts him. He is treasurer of everything. I suppose he holds in trust the money of more widows and orphans than any other man in New York."

The last remark aroused the attention of Mr. Bellamy Gold. Up to this time he had been quietly engaged with his dinner, and had evidently regarded himself as an outsider. His observation and his quick lawyer's instincts had taught him that no man is liable to be crowned with a great many trusts who does not seek them, and make their possession a part of the policy of his life. His client was about to pass into the intimate companionship of this man, and the prospect was not a pleasant one.

"A model man—begging your pardon, Mrs. Fleming," said Mr. Bellamy Gold,— "is a made-up man. At least, that is what my observation has taught me. He has shaped everything in him to a policy. Most of the model men I have known have shaped themselves to just this. Now I don't know Mr. Benson, of course. He may be an exception, but I wouldn't trust a model man as far as I could see him. He is always a pretty piece of patchwork, cut down here, padded there, without angles, and without any more palatable individuality than—than—that plate of squash."

Here Mr. Bellamy Gold tapped the plate with his knife, as if the question were settled and there were nothing more to be said upon the subject. He had at least said enough to put his unsuspecting client upon his guard, and to leave an amused and curious look upon the faces of his companions.

Mrs. Fleming broke the silence that followed the somewhat bumptious remarks of the lawyer by saying that it would at least be pleasant for Nicholas to know somebody on board, and he could make much or little of the acquaintance, as might seem best to him.

"But what about this ward of the model man?" inquired Glezen. "Is she handsome, interesting?"

"I shall tell thee nothing about her. She has had a sad life, and deserves all the courtesy it is in any man's power to bestow upon her."

"The vista opens," said Glezen. "I see it all,—interesting invalid—a polite and intriguing guardian—a susceptible young man in independent circumstances—moonlight evenings on the great and wide sea,—the whole thing confided to Glezen as the young man's next friend,—nuptials,—and happy forever after!"

All rose from the table with a laugh, and the afternoon and evening were quickly passed away in receiving calls and attending to the never-ending last things that must be done previous to a long absence from home.

On the following morning, a light box of luggage was sent down to the station, and Nicholas Minturn and his friend soon followed it. Pont was silent. "Mas'r Minturn" was going away, and the place would be very lonely without him. As for Nicholas, he was in a kind of maze. He did not wish to go away; he had no pleasure in anticipation but that of getting back; he wondered why, with all his wealth at command, he should be sent around into places that he did not care for; and, for once in his life at least, he envied Glezen. He knew "what he was going to do."

"Good-bye, Pont," he said, taking the honest darkey's hand as the train approached which was to bear him away. "Good-bye! God bless you! I shall come back if I don't enjoy myself."

"It's a good place to come back to, sah. It's a salub'rous elevation here, sah!" said Pont, drawing back, and lifting his hat.

"Pont," said Glezen, "I shall yearn for you. Not a day, not an hour, will pass in which my heart will not go out to you with unspeakable tenderness."

Then he put both hands upon the uncovered, woolly head, and pronounced some sort of a benediction that left the fellow laughing through his tears; and then, with its added burden, the train whirled away, leaving Pont to drive slowly back to the house, talking sadly to himself all the way.

CHAPTER II.

It was two o'clock, and the good ship "Ariadne" was to leave her dock at three. The steam was up, and blowing fiercely from its escape-pipes; cabs were driving in and discharging their loads of eager passengers and wheeling hurriedly out of the way; drays with luggage were formed in line, while their freight, which was quickly discharged, was whipped fiercely through the

gangway; streamers were flying from every standing spar; women with fruit, and men with flowers or steamer-chairs or little stores, were pushing their bargains; crowds of men, women, and children, were rushing on board; and one would judge by the noise and crush that the sailing of a steamer, instead of being a daily affair, was the grand event of a year. Women with children in their arms, despairing of getting on board through the great crowd, stood on the wharf, the tears blinding eyes that were aching to catch a last glimpse of a departing friend. There was the usual throng of idlers, too, and the running to and fro of messengers with packages and telegrams. Into that last hour was concentrated an amount of vital energy which, if it could have been applied, would have carried the steamer a thousand miles to sea.

In the midst of all this turmoil, Nicholas and Glezen arrived in a carriage that brought all the young traveler's modest luggage. The latter disposed of, and the coachman paid, the two young men seemed in no hurry to enter the crowd that thronged the steamer, across a gangway that was loaded with struggling lines of passengers. They talked quietly together, or watched the faces around them. Tears were flowing in plenty from the eyes of ladies and young girls who had just taken leave of their dear ones. Heartless jests were tossed about by men who were ashamed to give way to their sorrow and apprehension. One thoughtless young fellow stood on tip-toe, flinging kisses to a group of ladies on board, and wringing his handkerchief in token that it had become charged with tears beyond its capacity. On all the interested faces there were either signs of grief, or of an unnatural and almost feverish effort to appear cheerful and hopeful.

"Well, Nicholas," said Glezen, "what do you think of this? There's a touch of life here, isn't there?"

"It's a nasty mess. It's piggish. I never could see the fun of a crowd."

At this moment, a head seemed to be thrust between them, and, with an intonation quite unique in its strength, depth, and explosiveness, they heard the word:

"Pop!"

Both wheeled suddenly, and encountered a figure well known on the wharves and steamers, and at railway stations along the line of the Hudson from New York to Albany. He was a one-armed soldier, who carried a shrewd pair of gray eyes in his

head, and the most facile, rattling tongue in his mouth that ever blessed a peddler, or cursed his victims.

"Pop-corn, gentlemen, for the sake of an old soldier," said he, having secured their attention. "Each and every individual kernel has a jewel and a drop of blood in it for you, gentlemen. I should like to tell you more about it, but time presses. Five cents a paper, and just salt enough! Pop-corn is the great boon of humanity, gentlemen. It assuages the pangs of parting, dries the mourner's tear, removes freckles and sunburn, sweetens the breath, furnishes a silver lining to the darkest cloud, and is the only reliable life-preserver in the English language. Five cents a package, and just salt enough! In case of accident, it will be impossible for you to sink, gentlemen, if you are full of pop-corn."

Glezen was amused, bought a paper, and tossed it to the nearest boy. Nicholas looked at him with wonder, and contemplated his impudence with angry disgust. The pop-corn man was amused with his puzzled look and forbidding face, and pushed his trade.

"Sweeten your breath, sir? Buy a life-preserver, sir? Assuage the pangs of parting, sir?"

"Get out!" said Nicholas, intensely annoyed.

"Verdancy cured for five cents a paper! Just fresh enough!" exclaimed the pop-corn man, moving away, with a characteristic slap of revenge, but with imperturbable good-nature.

Here Glezen gave his companion a nudge, and, as he turned toward the gangway, he saw it cleared by policemen, and then a young woman was lifted from a carriage and carried on board the steamer in a chair, a dignified old gentleman leading the way, and a mature woman, who looked less like a serving maid than a companion, bringing up the rear of the interesting procession.

"There's your model man, Nicholas, and his ward. By Jove! isn't she lovely?"

Nicholas said not a word in response, but followed, with his absorbed eyes, the beautiful burden of the chair until it disappeared. All the way through the crowd, Miss Larkin had passed with downcast eyes, and a flush of excitement upon her face, feeling, apparently, that every eye was upon her, and hearing the murmurs of admiration and sympathy that came unbidden from a score of lips. Nicholas was evidently impressed. The beauty, the modesty, and the helpless-

ness of the girl stirred all the manhood within him. He thought of Mrs. Fleming's letter of introduction, which he had accepted without any definite intention of presenting it, and felt for it in his pocket, to see that it was secure.

"Oh, it's there!" said Glezen, quick to understand the motion. "My cares are all gone now. You'll be happy."

Nicholas blushed, and only responded:

"Glezen, you mean well, but you have an uncomfortable way of looking into a fellow."

Then there came a great rush of people from the gang-plank. The non-goers had been ordered off, preparatory to the steamer's departure. The two young men hurried on board, and, after an affectionate leave-taking in Minturn's state-room, where Glezen dropped all his badinage and quite overwhelmed Nicholas with hand-shakings, and huggings, and "God-bless-yous," the young lawyer rushed off with tears in his eyes to a quiet stand at the extremity of the wharf, in order to watch the huge creature, intrusted with her priceless freight of life, as she should push out into the stream. The bell rang, and rang again; the lines were slipped and drawn in; the screw moved, and the voyage of three thousand changeful and uncertain miles was begun.

The passengers were all on deck, and handkerchiefs were waving alike from deck and wharf. Glezen and Nicholas caught a single glimpse of each other, exchanged a salute with their hats, and the former turned sadly toward his office, the threshold of which he had not passed for two happy days.

The novelty of the new situation, the lines of busy marine life that were crossing each other at a thousand angles upon the broad and beautiful bay, the view of the constantly receding city, the groups of chattering passengers, the single, silent men, who were, like himself, without acquaintances, and whose thoughts were busy with forsaken homes and the untried and uncertain future, quite absorbed the attention of Nicholas, and made him reluctant to go down and arrange his state-room. Indeed, he did not think of it for a long time, but walked up and down the deck, occasionally pausing to watch the captain upon the bridge, as he quietly chatted with the pilot, or to look upon the shores as they unfolded themselves in a constantly moving panorama.

At length the Narrows were passed, and the broad sea lay before him. As he entered

upon it, a great swell lifted the huge hulk of the steamer upon its bosom, and he felt, for the first time, that wonderful, gentle touch of the mysterious power to which he had committed himself. That first caress of the sea was like a voice that said: "Old ship, I have waited for you, I have looked for you, and now I have you again! I will roll you, and rock you, and play with you through a thousand leagues; and, if it please me, I will ruin you. You are as helpless in my arms as a child. Of the life you bear, I have no care. Men and women are nothing to me. I care for no life but that which sports within my bosom. So come on, and we'll have a long frolic together if you like my rough ways and dare the risk!"

Nicholas descended the stairs that led to the cabin. Here he found nothing but baskets of roses, ships made of roses, bouquets without number, loading the tables,—the last gifts of the friends who had been left behind. It would be but a day when all these would be tossed into the sea,—when all this redolence of the shore would be gone, and there would be not even a suggestion of anything but a soundless, boundless waste of air and water, and a feeble speck of a steamer, threading its way like an insect between the two elements. Already the steward's forces were taking up the carpets, and stripping the vessel to her work.

Nicholas went into his state-room and sat down, occasionally looking out of the little port-hole that gave him his only light. The reaction, after the long strain, had come. He was lonely and thoroughly sad. He had not wished to take the voyage; and though he had been too brave and manly to speak of it, or show it in any way, he had indulged in the gloomiest apprehensions. These he had tried to suppress, as fears shared in common with the millions upon millions who had safely crossed the sea since the first vessel had passed between the Old World and the New; but he could not shake them off. While he stood upon the deck, the steamer seemed large and strong enough to defy all the elemental furies; but in his close cabin, his old fears came back, and he breathed a silent prayer for protection.

Before bed-time, he had learned that he was a good sailor, for while others had succumbed to the influences of the new motion, he had eaten his supper with appetite, and spent the evening upon the deck.

He had looked in vain for a glimpse of Mr. Benson and his ward. They had taken at once to retirement, without doubt, and

he had found no one else to whom he felt tempted to speak. About midnight, after he had had a brief period of sleep, the steamer entered a fog-bank, and every minute, from that time until daybreak, the hoarse whistle was sounded. There was no sleep for him with that solemn trumpeting ringing in his ears, and he could only lie and nurse his apprehensions. As the day dawned, however, he could see from his port-hole that the fog was thinner; and when the whistle ceased its warning, he fell into a refreshing slumber, from which he started at last to find that it was late.

He dressed hastily, breakfasted, and went on deck. The first vision that greeted his sight, after the bright blue sky overhead, was Miss Larkin, reposing in what is called a steamer-chair. The air was cool, as that of the Atlantic always is, and she was hooded and wrapped as closely as if it had been winter. Nicholas could not resist the temptation to glance at her with every turn he made upon the deck. She looked at him once, and then gave her attention entirely to the book which her companion—a woman of thirty-five—was reading to her.

An hour passed away thus, when Mr. Benson made his appearance, walked up to his ward, asked her a question, and then sat down near her, drew out some of the previous day's papers, and began to read. Nicholas could observe him at his leisure. He was a man past middle life, and, as he lifted his hat, he saw that he was bald. A serene dignity, and a sense of self-satisfaction, came out to Nicholas from the face, figure, and bearing of the man, and made their first impression. An unruffled man he seemed,—indeed, beyond the susceptibility of being ruffled. Nicholas could not imagine him capable of being surprised, or of meeting any change or sudden emergency with anything but dignity. His mouth was pleasant. His lips came together with the very pride of peace,—indeed, as if the word "peace" had been the last word he had uttered,—“peace,” or “Benson,”—it did not matter which.

When Mr. Benson, tired of his reading, rose to pace the deck, and exchanged a few words with acquaintances,—everybody seemed to know him,—Nicholas saw that he was well dressed, and that whoever his tailor might be, his clothes were made less with reference to the prevalent style than to the dignified personality of Mr. Benson himself. His suavity, his calmness, his scrupulous politeness, and the fact that all who ad-

dressed him seemed to put themselves upon their best behavior, impressed Nicholas profoundly, and he began to be afraid to present the letter of introduction which still quietly reposed in his pocket,—as Nicholas knew, for he had again made sure of its presence, after seeing Miss Larkin.

A man like this was, to our young traveler, a marvelous enigma. A self-possessed, self-satisfied man, moving among all men and all circumstances without perturbation, without impulse to do foolish or undignified things, seemed like a god. He thought with shame of his ungracious repulse of the impudent pop-corn man. What would Mr. Benson have said under the same circumstances? “My good man, I have no use for your commodity, thank you!” That would have been the end of it,—a graceful end, which would have left both satisfied, and taught the peddler good manners. Certainly Mr. Benson was a model; but Nicholas felt with profound self-disgust that he could never become such a man.

But while our neophyte is laboring feebly and blunderingly toward his conclusions, the reader is invited to reach them by a short cut.

Mr. Benjamin Benson was a man possessed of six senses. He had the ordinary five,—taste, sight, smell, hearing, feeling,—and, added to these, and more important than all these, the sense of duty. If he had no appetite for his breakfast, he ate from a sense of duty. If he punished a child, he did it from a sense of duty. If, tired with his labor, he felt like staying at home from a prayer-meeting of his church, he attended it from a sense of duty. If his feeble ward needed his personal ministry, it was rendered, not from any love he bore her, but from a sense of duty. If he went into society it was not from inclination to do so, but from a sense of duty. He had a sense of duty to God, society and himself. Which was the strongest, it never occurred to him to question. Indeed, his mind was somewhat confused upon the subject. Duty was a great word which covered all the actions of his life. He owed to God worship and Christian service. He owed to society friendly and helpful intercourse. He owed it to himself (and himself included his family, and was only another name for it), to be prosperous, well dressed, well mannered, dignified, healthy, and happy. No doubt ever crossed his mind that he was actuated in all his life by the highest motive that it was possible for mortal man to entertain.

He read his Bible daily, not for any spiritual food he might receive, though he might often find it, but from a sense of duty. He had no idea that he was proud or selfish—that he was proud of his position, his influence, his consistency, his faultless behavior, or that all his motives centered in himself—that he even calculated the market value of his principles and his virtues. He was quite unconscious that in all his intercourse with others he was advertising an immaculate and "reliable man."

Nicholas hung about him unnoticed, and wondered again and again if he (Nicholas) could ever achieve such calmness, such dignity, such imperturbable suavity, such power over the respect and deference of others. At any rate, he would study him carefully, and win something from his fine example that should be of use to him.

Miss Larkin remained on deck all day, apparently enjoying the motion of the steamer and the fine weather. Her dinner was carried to her by the steward, and her companion read to her and chatted with her, or sat by her through long passages of silence. In the afternoon, finding Mr. Benson on deck and unoccupied, Nicholas conquered his diffidence and fear so far as to present his letter of introduction.

Mr. Benson read it with a smile of gratification, and extended his hand to Nicholas with the assurance that Mrs. Fleming had done him both an honor and a service.

"Of course, I have heard of you, Mr. Minturn," he said, "and all that I have heard has been good. Mrs. Fleming informs me that you are alone. I shall be most happy to present you to my ward, a very amiable and unfortunate young lady, who, I am sure, will interest you, and be glad to make your acquaintance."

All this time he had held and gently shaken the young man's hand, and looked with pleased and flattering earnestness into his eyes. Such a reception as this was more than Nicholas had expected or hoped for. Still holding his hand, he led him across the deck to where Miss Larkin was reclining, and presented him, with words of friendly commendation that seemed to melt in his mouth and distil like dew. At the end of his little speech, Nicholas found himself seated at Miss Larkin's side. And then, with a graceful allusion to the fact that young people get on better together when their seniors are absent, Mr. Benson retired with pleasant dignity, and joined another group.

"I saw you, Miss Larkin, when you went on board the steamer," he said, to begin the conversation.

She gave a little laugh.

"Did you? I'm glad. It was a proud moment, I assure you. Did you notice how everything had to stop for me, and did you see how large and interested my audience was?"

No response that Miss Larkin could have made to what Nicholas felt to be an awkward utterance, the moment it left his lips, would have surprised him more. It seemed a curious thing, too, that there was something so stimulating in the young woman's presence that he detected the fine instinct which dictated her reply. She had, without the hesitation of a moment, tried to cover from himself the mistake he had made.

"You are very kind, Miss Larkin. That was not a good thing for me to say to you."

"Then you are very kind too, and there is a pair of us," she said archly, looking into his face, that blushed to the roots of his blonde hair. Then she added: "Isn't the weather delightful? and isn't this motion charming? If it could only be like this all the time, I believe I would like to spend my life just where I am. I am so helpless that to be cradled like this in arms that never tire is a happiness I cannot know on shore."

"I'm glad you enjoy it," said Nicholas.

"Don't you enjoy it?"

"Yes, I begin to think I do," said Nicholas, smiling, and blushing again.

Miss Larkin saw the point distinctly, but would not betray it.

"I have been thinking," she said, "what a young man like you must enjoy, with health and strength, and independence and liberty, when even I, a comparatively helpless invalid, am superlatively happy. I should think you would fly. It seems to me that if I could rise and walk, and be as strong as you are, the world would hardly hold me."

"I'm a poor dog," said Nicholas. "I'm an ungrateful wretch. I'm not particularly happy."

"With so many good people around you? Oh, I suppose no one knows how good people are until one is sick and helpless. I can see that you are unfortunate in this; but it is a constant joy to me to know that there are sympathy and helpfulness all around me. Why, the world seems to be crowded with good people. Once I did not believe there were so many."

Nicholas could not help thinking that if Miss Larkin's influence was as great and the geniality of her spirit as powerful upon others as they were upon himself, she was the source of much of the goodness she saw. He tried to shape a sentence that would convey his impression without the appearance of flattery, but gave it up in despair. At length, after a moment of thoughtfulness, he said :

"I don't know what the reason is, but I don't like men and men don't like me."

"I think I know," said Miss Larkin quickly, for she had read her new acquaintance with marvelous intuition. "You dislike men partly because you do not find them sincere, and partly because you do not sympathize with the pursuits of insincere men. They do not like you simply because they have nothing in common with you. When you find any good in a man, which is real, or seems real, you feel attracted to him, do you not?"

"Yes, I think I do," said Nicholas.

"The sham, the make-believe, of the world repels you. If you had any pursuit in which you were thoroughly in earnest, then you could take it out in fighting and making your way; but if you have none, you will have a sorry time of it, of course."

"How did you happen to know so much, Miss Larkin?"

"Oh, I am only guessing," she said, with a musical laugh. "I have nothing to do but to guess, you know. I am alone a great deal."

Just then a nautilus, with sail set, was discovered upon the water near the vessel.

"I suppose," said Nicholas, "the steamer would look about as large as that to one high enough above it."

"Oh no," said Miss Larkin, "any being high enough above it to regard it as a speck would see a great deal more, because he would see the world of thought that it carries. I love to think of our wonderful cargo,—the cargo that pays no tariff—the dreams, the memories, the plans, the aspirations, that trail behind us like a cloud, or fly before us like a pillar of fire, or pile themselves up to heaven itself. The sun is but a speck, I suppose, upon the ocean of light that radiates from it; and if we could only see what goes out from our little steamer, on ten thousand lines, it would seem like a star traveling through the heavens—a million times greater in its emanations than in itself."

During this little speech, uttered as freely

as if the speaker were only pronouncing commonplaces, Nicholas held his breath. He had never heard a woman talk so before. It gave him a glimpse into the dreams of her lonely hours—into the inner processes of her life. It displayed something of the wealth which she had won from misfortune. It showed him something more than this. It showed him that she had somehow come to believe in him—not only in his sincerity, but in his power to comprehend her, and to enter sympathetically into her thought. He felt pleased and stimulated, and, for the first time in many months, thoroughly happy. To be on ship-board with such a companion as this, seemed a fortune too good for him. What response he could make to her he did not know. It all seemed to him like something out of a beautiful book, and roused by the suggestion he said :

"You ought to write for the press, Miss Larkin."

Then his ears were greeted with the merriest laugh he had heard for a month.

"Write for the press, Mr. Minturn? Send my poor, naked little thoughts out into the world to be hawked about, and spit upon, and pulled to pieces by wolves? How can you think of such a thing?"

"Good women do it, you know. I thought it was a nice thing to do," said Nicholas, in a tone of apology.

"But it's very much nicer to have a sympathetic auditor. I never could understand the rage of inexperienced girls for print. Unless a girl is a great genius, and must write or die, it seems almost an immodest thing for her to open her soul to the world, and assume that she has something of importance in it."

"I never had looked at it in that light," said Nicholas. "I thought writing for the press was about the top of human achievement."

"And of course," said Miss Larkin, "I should never try to reach the top of human achievement."

Nicholas had found a woman who did not giggle. It was true that he did not know "what she was going to do," but what she did pleased him and astonished him so thoroughly that he was more fascinated than he had ever been before. During the conversation, he had occasionally met the eye of Miss Larkin's companion, who seemed to enjoy the talk as well as himself.

"Excuse me, Mr. Minturn," said Miss Larkin, "this is Miss Bruce, my companion.

She helps me bear all my burdens, and does me more good than anybody else in the world."

Miss Bruce blushed and smiled, but apparently did not feel at liberty to enter into the conversation.

At this moment, Mr. Benson approached, and said benignly:

"I see you are getting along together very well, and as the wind seems to be freshening a little, I think I had better go below. Are you not a little chilled, my dear?"

Miss Larkin assured him that she was quite warm, and compared her wrappings to a cocoon that shut out all cold and dampness from the occupant.

"The cocoon must be getting thin, sir," said Nicholas, with a touch of gallantry that surprised himself. "She's been spinning off silk ever since I sat down here."

"Don't spoil her, Mr. Minturn," said Mr. Benson, with a low, measured laugh that hardly disturbed the repose of his quiet features. "Don't spoil her. Vanity is an uncomely vice, my dear," and shaking his finger at her in half playful warning, he marched off, lifting his hat to one or two groups of ladies in his progress, and disappeared down the stair-way.

Nicholas wanted to make some remark about him, as he left the group. Mr. Benson had seemed so pleasant, so fatherly, so courteous, that he felt as if he owed the testimony of his appreciation to those under the model man's care; but as that gentleman had uttered the words: "Vanity is an uncomely vice," he was conscious that a glance of intelligence had passed between Miss Larkin and her companion. Then he remembered that neither had seemed moved to speech by the guardian's presence, and that both appeared relieved when he walked away. So he concluded that for some reason, unknown to himself, the model man would not be a welcome topic of conversation. He had become conscious, too, for the first time, that there was something oppressive in his presence. He did not undertake to analyze this oppressiveness; but he had felt the presence of one who regarded everything from an exalted height, and looked upon the group as children.

They talked on and on, looking steadily before them, thoroughly absorbed in their conversation, and unconscious that, one after another, the passengers had disappeared. Then there came a strong, heavy gust of wind that almost lifted them from their seats,

and, on quickly looking around, they saw that a sudden squall of rain was close behind them. Nicholas and Miss Bruce started to their feet simultaneously, and the latter ran as rapidly as she could to the stair-way, and disappeared in a hurried search for help to remove Miss Larkin to her state-room. Already the first big drops were pattering upon the deck. Nicholas covered his new acquaintance with her wrappings as well as he could; but, finding that the rain was pouring faster and faster, and that in a few moments there would fall a drenching shower, he wheeled her chair around, and drew her swiftly, as she lay, to the stair-way, hoping to meet the assistance of which Miss Bruce was in search. The stairs were reached quickly, but no help appeared. He knelt at Miss Larkin's side and tried to hold around her the wrappings which the wind seemed bent upon tearing away. Then they looked into each other's eyes, and read each other's thoughts.

"May I? Shall I do it?" he inquired.

"Yes," she said, seriously.

He bowed above her, carefully placed his arms around her, lifted her to his breast, and carried her down-stairs, wrappings and all. He was met at the foot of the steps by Miss Bruce, on her breathless way to the rescue. The latter could not avoid a little scream at the startling vision, but turned quickly and led the way to the state-room. There Nicholas deposited his precious burden, and, without waiting to hear a word of thanks, or looking to the right or left in the cabin, sought his own room, shut the door, and sat down. Then he laughed silently and long. The burden was still in his arms. He still felt her breath upon his cheek. He felt as if he had gathered new life from the touch of her garments. "I'm glad Glezen didn't see that. I should never hear the last of it," said he quietly to himself. Then he wondered whether Mr. Benson was in the cabin, and had seen the absurd performance,—whether he had been shocked by it, and would call him to account for it,—whether it might not end in a violent breaking up of the acquaintance. So, with almost hysterical laughing, and wondering, and foreboding, he passed away half an hour, entirely unconscious that he had been drenched to the skin. Not until he had looked into his little mirror, to see whether some strange transformation had taken place, did he discover that he was still blushing, and that his clothes were wet, or think of changing his raiment and

making himself presentable at the tea-table.

In the meantime, Mr. Benson was lying quietly in his berth, asleep. Waking at length, with some violent motion of the vessel, he became conscious that it was raining heavily. His first thoughts were of Miss Larkin, as a matter of course. His first impulse was to rise, and look after her. It was true that he owed a duty to Miss Larkin. He also owed one to himself. It was not for him to get wet and take cold. It was not for him to endanger, in any way, the life upon which so many lives besides that of Miss Larkin depended. He had left Nicholas with her, as well as the companion he had provided for her. They would undoubtedly see that no harm came to his helpless ward. He weighed all the probabilities, and had no doubt that Miss Larkin was at that moment reposing quietly and safely in her state-room. Having satisfied himself of this, he rose, put on his coat, and with well-feigned haste made his way to Miss Larkin, and inquired concerning her welfare, apologizing for his apparent

negligence, on the ground that he had been asleep.

Miss Larkin and her companion smiled in each other's faces, and assured Mr. Benson that, though they had narrowly escaped a drenching, they had been helped downstairs promptly and were very comfortable. He was appropriately glad to hear it, and to learn that no serious consequences had come to the young lady from his drowsiness; and when he went out into the cabin again, people looked at each other, and remarked upon the tender, fatherly interest he seemed to take in his unfortunate ward. Just as he was re-entering his state-room, however, he overheard from the lips of a graceless young man the words, "You can bet that the old man doesn't know how it was done."

"That man was as strong as a lion," said Miss Larkin to Miss Bruce, immediately after Mr. Benson's departure.

"What man? Whom do you mean? Mr. Benson?"

"Y-yes!"

(To be continued.)

SAUNTERINGS ABOUT CONSTANTINOPLE.

DURING the day steamers leave the Galata bridge every half hour for the villages and palaces along the Bosphorus; there is a large fleet of them, probably thirty, but they are always crowded, like the ferry-boats that ply the waters of New York Bay.

We took our first sail on the Bosphorus one afternoon toward sunset, ascending as far as Bebek, where we had been invited to spend the night by Dr. Washburne, the President of Roberts College. I shall not soon forget the animation of the harbor, crowded with shipping, amid which the steamers and caiques were darting about like shuttles, the first impression made by the palaces and ravishingly lovely shores of this winding artery between two seas. Seven promontories from Asia and seven promontories from Europe project into the stream, creating as many corresponding bays; but the villages are more numerous than bays and promontories together, for there are over forty in the fourteen miles from the Sea of Marmora to the Black Sea; on the shores

is an almost unbroken line of buildings, many of them palaces of marble; the heights are crowned with cottages and luxurious villas, and abodes of taste and wealth peep out along the slopes. If you say that we seem to be sailing in the street of a city, I can only answer that it is not so; nature is still supreme here, and the visible doweress of the scene. These lovely hills rising on both sides, these gracious curves are hers, as are these groves and gardens of fruits and flowers, these vines and the abundant green that sometimes conceals and always softens the work of man.

Before we reached the Sultan's palace at Beshiktash, our steamer made a détour to the east bank, outside of the grim iron-clads that lie before the imperial residence. No steamers are permitted to approach nearer, lest the smoke should soil the sparkling white marble of the palace, or their clamor and dangerous freight of men should disturb the serenity of the harem. The palace, which is a beautiful building, stretches for

some distance along the water, with its gardens and conservatories, and seems to be a very comfortable home for a man who has no more ready money than the Sultan.

We landed at Bebek and climbed the steep hill, on whose slope nightingales were singing in the forest, just in time to see the sunset. Roberts College occupies the most commanding situation on the strait, and I do not know any view that surpasses in varied beauty that to be enjoyed from it. I shall make myself comprehended by many when I say that it strongly reminded me of the Hudson at West Point; if nature could be suspected of copying herself, I should say that she had the one in mind when she made the other. At that point the Hudson resembles the Bosphorus, but it wants the palaces, the Vale of the Heavenly Water into which we looked from this height, and some charming mediæval towers, walls and castles.

The towers and walls belong to the fortress built in 1451 by Mohammed II.; and are now fallen into that decrepitude in which I like best to see all fortresses. But this was interesting before it was a ruin. It stands just above the college, at Roomeli Hissar, where the Bosphorus is narrowest,—not more than half a mile broad,—and with the opposite fortress of Anatolia could perfectly close the stream. Two years before the capture of the city, Mohammed built this fort, and gave it the most peculiar form of any fortress existing. His idea was that the towers and the circuit of the walls should spell the name of the Prophet, and consequently his own. As we looked down upon it, my friend read for me this singular piece of calligraphy, but I could understand it no further than the tower which stands for the Arabic ring in the first letter. It was at this place that Darius threw a bridge across the Bosphorus, and there is a tradition of a stone seat which he occupied here while his Asiatics passed into Europe.

So far as I know, there is no other stream in the world upon which the wealth of palaces and the beauty of gardens may be so advantageously displayed. So far as I know, there is no other place where nature and art have so combined to produce an enchanting prospect. As the situation and appearance of Constantinople are unequalled, so the Bosphorus is unique.

Whatever may be the political changes of the Turkish empire, I do not believe that this pleasing picture will be destroyed; rather let us expect to see it more lovely in

the rapidly developing taste of a new era of letters and refinement. It was a wise forethought that planted the American College just here. It is just where it should be to mold the new order of things. I saw among its two hundred pupils scholars of all creeds and races, who will carry from here living ideas to every part of the empire, and I learned to respect that thirst for knowledge and ability to acquire it which exist in the neighboring European provinces. If impatient men could wait the process of education, the growth of schools, and the development of capacity now already most promising, the Eastern question might be solved by the appearance on the scene in less than a score of years, of a stalwart and intelligent people, who would not only be able to grasp Constantinople but to administer upon the decaying Turkish empire as the Osmanli administered upon the Greek.

II.

ON Friday the great business of everybody is to see the Sultan go to pray; and the eagerness with which foreigners crowd to the spectacle must convince the Turks that we enjoy few religious privileges at home. It is not known beforehand, even to the inmates of the palace, to what mosque the Sultan will go, nor whether he will make a street progress on horseback or embark upon the water, for the chosen place of prayer. Before twelve o'clock we took carriage and drove down the hill, past the parade-ground and the artillery barracks to the rear of the palace of Beshiktash; crowds on foot and in carriages were streaming in that direction; regiments of troops were drifting down the slopes and emptying into the avenue that leads between the palace and the plantation of gardens; colors were unfurled, drums beating, trumpets called from barrack and guard-house, gorgeous officers on caparisoned horses, with equally gaudy attendants, cantered to the rendezvous, and all the air was full of the expectation of a great event. At the great square of the palace we waited amid an intense throng; four or five lines of carriages stretched for a mile along; troops were in marching rank along the avenue and disposed in hollow square on the place; the palace gates were closed, and everybody looked anxiously toward the high and gilded portal from which it was said the announcement of the Sultan's intention would be made. From time to time our curiosity was fed by the arrival of a splendid pasha, who dismounted and walked about; and at inter-

vals a gilded personage emerged from the palace court and raised our expectation on tiptoe. We send our dragoman to interrogate the most awful dignities, especially some superb beings in yellow silk and gold, but they know nothing of the Sultan's mind. At the last moment, he might, on horseback, issue from the gate with a brilliant throng, or he might depart in his *caïque* by the water-front. In either case there would be a rush and a scramble to see and to accompany him. More regiments were arriving, bands were playing, superb officers galloping up and down; carriages, gilded with the arms of foreign embassies, or filled with Turkish ladies, pressed forward to the great gate, which still gave no sign. I have never seen such a religious excitement. For myself, I found some compensation in the usual Oriental crowd and unconscious picturesqueness; swart Africans in garments of yellow, sellers of sherbet clinking their glasses, venders of faint sweetmeats walking about with trays and tripods, and the shifting kaleidoscope of races, colors, and graceful attitudes.

Suddenly, I do not know how, or from what quarter, the feeling, for I could not call it information, was diffused that the successor of the Prophet would pray at the mosque in Ortaköy, and that he would go by *caïque*; and we all scampered up the road, a mile or two, racing carriages, troops and foot men, in eager outset, in order to arrive before the pious man. The mosque stands upon the Bosphorus, where its broad marble steps and pillared front and dome occupy as conspicuous a position as the Dogana at Venice. We secured a standing-place on the dock close to the landing, but outside the iron railing, and waited. A cordon of troops in blue regimentals with red facings was drawn around the streets in the rear of the mosque, and two companies of soldiers in white had stacked their guns on the marble landing, and were lounging about in front of the building.

The scene on the Bosphorus was as gay as a flower garden. The water was covered with graceful *caïques* and painted barges and every sort of craft, mean and splendid, that could be propelled by oars or sails. A dozen men-of-war were decked with flags from keel to maintop; on every yard, and from bowsprit to stern stood a line of sail-ors sharply defined against the blue sky. At one o'clock a cannon announced that the superior devotee had entered his *caïque*, and then from every vessel of war in the harbor salute answered salute in thunder

that awoke the echoes of two continents; until on all the broad water lay a thick battle-smoke, through which we could distinguish only the tops of the masts, and the dim hulks spouting fire.

In the midst of this earthquake of piety, there was a cry "He comes, he comes;" the soldiers grasped their arms and drew a line each side of the landing, and the officials of the mosque arranged themselves on the steps. Upon the water, advancing with the speed of race-horses, we saw two splendid, gilded *caïques*, the one containing the Sultan, the other his attendants. At the moment, a light carriage with two bay horses, unattended, dashed up to the side door, and there descended from it and entered the mosque, the imperial heir, the son of the late Sultan and the nephew of the present, a slender pale youth of apparently twenty-five or thirty years. We turn (not knowing how soon he is to become Sultan Murad V.) our eyes to him only for a moment, for the Sultan's *caïque* comes with imperious haste, with the rush as it were of victory,—a hundred feet long, narrow, rising at the stern like the Venetian Bucentaur, carved and gilded like the golden chariot in which Alexander entered Babylon,—propelled by fifty-two long sweeps, rising and falling in unison with the bending backs of twenty-six black rowers, clad in white and with naked feet. The Sultan is throned in the high stern hung with silk, on silken cushions, under a splendid canopy on the top of which glistens his arms and a blazing sun. The Sultan, who is clad in the uniform of a general, steps quickly out, walks up the steps over a carpet spread for his royal feet,—the soldiers saluting, everybody with arms crossed bending the body,—and disappears in the mosque. The second *caïque* lands immediately, and the imperial ministers step from it and follow their master.

At the side entrance, an immense closed baggage-wagon drawn by four horses, and said to contain the sacred wardrobe, was then unlocked and unloaded, and out of it came trunks, boxes, carpet-bags, as if the imperial visitor had come to stay a week. After a half hour of prayer he came out, his uniform concealed under his overcoat, got quickly into a plain carriage, drawn by four magnificent gray horses, and drove rapidly away, attended by a dozen outriders. His heir followed in the carriage in which he came. We had a good view of the chief of Islam. He was a tall, stout man, with a full gray beard, and on the whole a good

face and figure. All this parade is weekly enacted over one man going to pray. It is, after all, more simple than the pageantry that often attends the public devotion of the viceroy of Christ in St. Peter's.

Upon our return we stopped at the *tekke*, in Pera, to see the performance of the Turning Darwishes. I do not know that I have anything to add to the many animated descriptions which have been written of it. It is not far from the Little Field of the Dead, and all about the building are tombs of the faithful, in which were crowds of people enjoying that peculiar Oriental pleasure, grave-yard festivity. The mosque is pleasant and has a polished dancing-floor, surrounded by a gallery supported on columns. I thought it would be a good place for a "hop." Everybody has seen a picture of the darwishes, with closed eyes, outstretched arms, and long gowns inflated at the bottom like an old-fashioned churn, turning smoothly round upon their toes, a dozen or twenty of them revolving without collision. The motion is certainly poetic and pleasing, and the plaintive fluting of the Arab *nay* adds I know not what of pathos to the exercise. I think this dance might advantageously be substituted in Western salons for the German, for it is graceful and perfectly moral.

III.

CONSTANTINOPLE is a city of the dead as much as of the living, and one encounters everywhere tombs and cemeteries sentinelled by the mournful dark-green cypress. On our way to take boat for the Sweet Waters of Europe we descended through the neglected Little Field of the Dead. It is on a steep acclivity and the stones stand and lean thickly there, each surmounted by a turban in fashion at the period of the occupant's death, and with inscription neatly carved. That "every man has his date" strikes Ab-del-Atti as a remarkable fact. The ground is netted by hap-hazard paths, and the careless living tread the graves with thoughtless feet, as if the rights of the dead to their scanty bit of soil were no longer respected. We said to the boatman that this did not seem well. There was a weary touch of philosophy in his reply:—"Ah, master, the world grows old!"

It is the fashion for the world to go on Friday to the Sweet Waters of Europe, the inlet of the Golden Horn, flowing down between two ranges of hills. This vale, which is almost as celebrated in poetry as that of the Heavenly Water on the Asiatic shore,

is resorted to by thousands, in hundreds of carriages from Pera, in thousands of caïques and barges. On the water, the excursion is a festival of the people, of strangers, of adventurers of both sexes; the more fashionable though not moral part of society, which have equipages to display, go by land. We chose the water, and selected a large four-oared caïque, in the bottom of which we seated ourselves, after a dozen narrow escapes from upsetting the totlish craft, and rowed away, with the grave Ab-del-Atti balanced behind and under bonds to preserve his exact equilibrium.

All the city seems to be upon the water; the stream is alive with the slender, swift caïques; family parties, rollicking midshipmen from some foreign vessel, solitary beauties reclining in selfish loveliness, grave fat Turks, in stupid enjoyment. No voyage could be gayer than this through the shipping, with the multitudinous houses of the city rising on either hand. As we advance, the shore is lined with people, mostly ladies in gay holiday apparel, squatting along the stream, as on a spring day in Paris those who cannot afford carriages line the avenues to the Bois de Bologne to watch the passing pageant. The stream grows more narrow, at length winds in graceful turns, and finally is only a few yards wide, and the banks are retained by masonry. The vale narrows also, and the hills draw near. The water-way is choked with gayly painted caïques, full of laughing beauties and reckless pleasure-seekers, and the reader of Egyptian history might think himself in a saturnalia of the revel-makers in the ancient fête of Bubastis on the Nile. The women are clad in soft silks,—blue, red, pink, yellow and gray,—some of them with their faces tied up as if they were victims of toothache, others wearing the gauze veils, which enhance, without concealing, charms; often the color and beauty that nature has denied are imitated by paint and enamel.

We land and walk on. Singers and players on curious instruments sit along the bank and in groups under the trees, and fill the festive air with the plaintive and untrained Oriental music. The variety of costumes is innumerable; here meet all that is gay and fantastic in Europe and Asia. The navigation ends at the white marble palace and mosque which we now see shining amid the trees, fresh with May foliage. Booths and tents, green and white, are erected everywhere, and there are many groups of gypsies and fortune-tellers. The olive-complexioned,

black-eyed, long-haired women, who trade in the secrets of the Orient and the vices of the Occident, do a thriving business with those curious of the future, or fascinated by the mysterious beauty of the soothsayers. Besides the bands of music, there are solitary bagpipers whose instrument is a skin, with a pipe for a mouth-piece and another at the opposite end having graduated holes for fingering; and I noticed with pleasure that the fingering and the music continued long after the musician had ceased to blow into the inflated skin. Nothing was wanting to the most brilliant scene: ladies in bright groups on gay rugs and mats, children weaving head-dresses from leaves and rushes, crowds of carriages, fine horses and gallant horse-men, sellers of refreshments balancing great trays on their heads, and bearing tripod stools, and all degrees of the most cosmopolitan capital enjoying the charming spring holiday.

In the palace grounds dozens of peacocks were sunning themselves, and the Judas-trees were in full pink bloom. Above the palace the river flows in walled banks, and before it reaches it, tumbles over an artificial fall of rocks, and sweeps round the garden in a graceful curve. Beyond the palace, also on the bank of the stream, are a grove of superb trees and a greensward; here a military band plays, and this is the fashionable meeting-place of carriages, where hundreds were circling round and round in the imitated etiquette of Hyde Park.

We came down at sunset, racing swiftly among the returning *caïques*, passing and passed by laughing boatfuls, whose gay hangings trailed in the stream, as in a pageant on the Grand Canal of Venice, and watching, with the interest of the philosopher only, the light boat of beauty and frailty pursued by the youthful *caïque* of inexperience and desire. The hour contributed to make the scene one of magical beauty.

Clouds had collected in the west, and the heavy smoke of innumerable steamers lay dark upon the Bosphorus. But as we came down, the sun broke out and gave us one of those effects of which nature is sparing. On the heights of Stamboul, a dozen minarets, only half distinct, were touched by the gold rays; the windows of both cities, piled above each other, blazed in it; the smooth river and the swift *caïques* were gilded by it; and behind us, domes and spires, and the tapering shafts of the Muezzin, the bases hid by the mist, rose into the heaven of the golden sunset and appeared like

mansions, and most unsubstantial ones, in the sky. And ever the light *caïques* flew over the rosy water in a chase of pleasure, in a motion that satisfied the utmost longing for repose, while the enchantment of heaven seemed to have dropped upon the earth.

The world has lost its gloss for us,
Since we went boating on the Bosphorus.

IV.

CONSTANTINOPLE enjoys or suffers the changeable weather appropriate to its cosmopolitan inhabitants and situation, and we waited for a day suitable to cross to Scutari and obtain the view from Boolgoorloo. We finally accepted one of alternate clouds and sunshine. The connection between the European city and its great suburb is maintained by frequent ferry-steamers, and I believe that no other mile passage in the world can offer the traveler a scene more animated or views so varied and magnificent. Near the landing at Scutari stands a beacon tower ninety feet high, erected upon a rock; it has the name of the Maiden's tower, but I do not know why, unless by courtesy to one of the mistresses of Sultan Mohammed, who is said to have been shut up in it. Scutari is pronounced with the accent on the first syllable, a corruption of the Turkish name *Uskudar*, the site of the old Greek and Persian Chrysopolis. It is a town sprawling over seven hills, with plenty of mosques, baths and cemeteries,—the three Oriental luxuries,—but little to detain the traveler, already familiar with Eastern towns of the sort. The spot has been in all ages an arriving and starting point for Asiatic couriers, caravans and armies; here the earliest Greek sea-robbers hauled up their venturesome barks; here Xenophon rested after his campaign against Cyrus; here the Roman and then the Byzantine emperors had their hunting-palaces; here for a long time the Persians menaced and wrung tribute from the city they could not capture.

We took a carriage and ascended through the city to the mountain of Boolgoorloo. On the slopes above the town are orchards and vineyards and pretty villas. The last ten minutes of the climb were accomplished on foot, and when we stood upon the summit the world was at our feet. I do not know any other view that embraces so much and such variety. The swelling top was carpeted with grass, sprinkled with spring flowers, and here and there a spreading pine offered a place of shade and repose. Behind us continued, range on range, the hills of the

peninsula; to the south the eye explored Asia Minor, the ancient Bithynia and Mysia, until it rested on the monstrous snowy summits of Olympus, which rears itself beyond Broussa, city famed for its gauzy silk and the first capital of the Osman dynasty. There stretches the blue Sea of Marmora, bearing lightly on the surface the nine enchanting Princes' Islands, whose equable climate and fertile soil have obtained for them the epithet of the Isles of the Blest. Opposite, Stamboul rises out of the water on every side—at the distance a city of domes and pinnacles and glass, the dark greenspires of Cyprus tempering its brilliant luster; there the Golden Horn and its thronged bridges and countless masts and steamers' funnels; Galata and Pera, also lifted up into nobility, and all their shabby details lost, and the Bosphorus, its hills, marble palaces, mosques and gardens on either side. I do not know any scene that approaches this in beauty except the Bay of Naples, and the charm of that is so different from this that no comparison is forced upon the mind. The Bay of New York has many of the elements of this charming prospect, on the map. But Constantinople and its environs can be seen from many points in one view, while one would need to ascend in a balloon to comprehend in like manner the capital of the Western world. It is the situation of Constantinople, lifted up into a conspicuousness that permits no one of its single splendors to be lost in the general view, that makes it in appearance the unrivaled empress of cities.

In the foreground lay Scutari and in a broad sweep the heavy mass of Cyprus forest that covers the great cemetery of the Turks, which they are said to prefer to Eyoob, under the prophetic impression that they will one day be driven out of Europe. The precaution seems idle. If in the loss of Constantinople the Osmanli sultans still maintain the supremacy of Islam, the Moslem capital could not be on these shores, and the caliphate in its migrations might again be established on the Nile, on the Euphrates, or in the plains of Guta on the Abana. The iron-clads that lie in the Bosphorus, the long guns of a dozen fortresses that command every foot of the city and shore, forbid that these contiguous coasts should fly hostile flags.

We drove down to and through this famous cemetery in one direction and another. In its beauty I was disappointed. It is a dense and gloomy cypress forest; as a place of sepulcher, without the architectural pretensions of Père-la-Chaise, and only less at-

tractive than that. Its dark recesses are crowded with grave-stones, slender at the bottom and swelling at the top, painted in lively colors, green, red and gray,—a necessary relief to the somber woods,—having inscriptions in gilt and red letters, and leaning at all angles, as if they had fallen out in a quarrel overnight. The graves of the men are distinguished by stones crowned with turbans, or with tarbooshes painted red, an imitation, in short, of whatever head-dress the owner wore when alive, so that perhaps his acquaintances can recognize his tomb without reading his name. Some of the more ancient have the form of a mold of Charlotte Russe. I saw more than one set jauntily on one side, which gave the monument a rakish air, singularly *débonnaire* for a tombstone.

In contrast to this vast assembly of the faithful is the pretty English cemetery, dedicated to the fallen in the Crimean war,—a well-kept flower garden, which lies close to the Bosphorus on a point opposite the old Seraglio. We sat down on the sea wall in this quiet spot, where the sun falls lovingly and the undisturbed birds sing, and looked long at the shifting, busy panorama of a world that does not disturb this repose; and then walked about the garden, noting the headstones of soldiers, this one killed at Alma, that at Inkermann, another at Balaklava, and the tall graceless, granite monument to eight thousand nameless dead—nameless here, but not in many a home, and many a heart, any more than the undistinguished thousands who sleep at Gettysburg or on a hundred other patriot fields.

Near by is the great hospital which Florence Nightingale controlled, and in her memory we asked permission to enter its wards and visit its garden. After some delay this was granted, but the Turkish official said that the hospital was for men, that there was no woman there, and as for Miss Nightingale, he had never heard of her. But we persevered and finally found an officer who led us to the room she occupied,—a large apartment now filled with the beds of the sick, and like every other part of the establishment, neat and orderly. But our curiosity to see where the philanthropist had labored was an enigma to the Turkish officials to the last. They insisted at first that we must be relations of Miss Nightingale, a supposition which I saw that Ab-del-Atti, who always seeks the advantage of distinction, was inclined to favor. But we said, no. Well, perhaps it was natural that Englishmen should indulge in the sentiment that moved

us. But we were not Englishmen, we were Americans,—they gave it up entirely. The superintendent of the hospital, a courtly and elderly bey who had fought in the Crimean war, and whom our dragoman, dipping his hand to the ground, saluted with the most profound Egyptian obeisance, insisted upon serving us coffee in the garden by the fountain of gold fish, and we spent an hour of quiet there.

On Sunday at about the hour that the good people in America were beginning to think what they should wear to church, we walked down to the service in the English Memorial church, on the brow of the hill in Pera, a pointed Gothic building of a rich and pleasing interior. Only once or twice in many months had we been in a Christian Church, and it was, at least, interesting to contrast its simple forms with the elaborate Greek ritual and the endless repetitions of the Moslem prayers. A choir of boys intoned or chanted a portion of the service, with marked ability, and wholly relieved the audience from the necessity of making responses. The clergymen executed the reading so successfully that we could only now and then catch a word. The service, so far as we were concerned, might as well have been in Turkish; and yet it was not altogether lost on us. We could distinguish occasionally the Lord's Prayer, and the name of Queen Victoria, and we caught some of the Commandments as they whisked past us. We knew also when we were in the Litany, from the regular cadence of the boys' responses. But as the entertainment seemed to be for the benefit of the clergymen and boys, I did not feel like intruding beyond the office of a spectator, and I soon found myself reflecting whether a machine could not be invented that should produce the same effect of sound, which was all that the congregation enjoyed.

Rome has been until recently less tolerant of the Protestant faith than Constantinople; and it was an inspiration of reciprocity to build here a church in memory of the Christian soldiers who fell in the crusade to establish the Moslem rule in European Turkey.

v.

CONSTANTINOPLE shares, with many other cities, the reputation of being the most dissolute in the world. The traveler is not required to decide the rival claims of this sort of pre-eminence, which are eagerly put forward; he may better, in each city, acqui-

esce in the complaisant assumption of the inhabitants. But when he is required to see in the moral state of the Eastern capital signs of its speedy decay, and the near extinction of the Othman rule, he takes a leaf out of history and reflects. It is true, no doubt, that the Turks are enfeebled by luxury and sensuality, and have, to a great extent, lost those virile qualities which gave to their ancestors the dominion of so many kingdoms in Asia, Africa and Europe; in short, the race is sinking into an incapacity to propagate itself in the world. If one believes what he hears, the morals of society could not be worse. The women, so many of whom have been bought in the market, or are daughters of slaves, are educated only for pleasure; and a great proportion of the male population are adventurers from all lands, with few domestic ties. The very relaxation of the surveillance of the harem (the necessary prelude to the emancipation of women) opens the door to opportunity, and gives freer play to feminine intrigue. One hears, indeed, that even the inmates of the royal harem find means of clandestine intercourse with the foreigners of Pera. The history of the Northern and Western occupation of the East has been, for fifteen centuries, only a repetition of yielding to the seductive influences of a luxurious climate and to soft and pleasing invitation.

But, heighten as we may the true and immoral picture of social life in Constantinople, I doubt if it is so loose and unrestrained as it was for centuries under the Greek emperors; I doubt if the imbecility, the luxurious effeminacy of the Turks, has sunk to the level of the Byzantine empire; and when we are asked to expect in the decay of to-day a speedy dissolution, we remember that for a period of over a thousand years, from the partition of the Roman Empire between the two sons of Theodosius to the capture of Constantinople by Mohammed II., the empire subsisted in a state of premature and perpetual decay. These Oriental dynasties are a long time in dying, and we cannot measure their decrepitude by the standards of Occidental morality.

The trade and the commerce of the city are largely in the hands of foreigners; but it has nearly always been so, since the days of the merchants and manufacturers of Pisa, Genoa and Venice. We might draw an inference of Turkish insecurity from the implacable hatred of the so-called Greek

subjects, if the latter were not in the discord of a thousand years of anarchy and servitude. The history of the islands of the Eastern Mediterranean has been a succession of Turkish avarice and rapacity, horrible Greek revenge and Turkish wholesale devastation and massacre, repeated over and over again; but there appears as yet no power able either to expel the Turks or unite the Greeks. That the leaven of change is working in the Levant is evident to the most superficial observation, and one sees everywhere the introduction of Western civilization, of business habits, and, above all, of schools. However indifferent the Osmanlis are to education, they are not insensible to European opinion; and in reckoning up their bad qualities, we ought not to forget that they have set some portions of Christendom a lesson of religious toleration,—both in Constantinople and Jerusalem the Christians were allowed a freedom of worship in their own churches which was not permitted to Protestants within the sacred walls of Pontifical Rome.

One who would paint the manners or the morals of Constantinople might adorn his theme with many anecdotes, characteristic of a condition of society which is foreign to our experience. I select one which has the merit of being literally true. You who believe that modern romance exists only in tales of fiction, listen to the story of a beauty of Constantinople, the vicissitudes of whose life equal in variety, if not in importance, those of Theodora and Athenais. For obvious reasons, I shall mention no names.

There lives now on the banks of the Bosphorus an English physician, who, at the entreaty of Lord Byron, went to Greece in 1824 as a volunteer surgeon in the war of independence; he arrived only in time to see the poet expire at Missolonghi. In the course of the war, he was taken prisoner by the Egyptian troops, who in their great need of surgeons kept him actively employed in his profession. He did not regain his freedom until after the war, and then only on condition that he should reside in Constantinople as one of the physicians of the Sultan, Mohammed II.

We may suppose that the Oriental life was not unpleasant, nor the position irksome to him, for he soon so far yielded to the temptations of the capital as to fall in love with a very pretty face which he saw daily in a bay-window of the street he traversed on the way to the Seraglio. Acquaintance, which sometimes precedes love, in this case fol-

lowed it; the doctor declared his passion and was accepted by the willing maid. But an Oriental bay-window is the opportunity of the world, and the doctor becoming convinced that his affianced was a desperate flirt, and yielding to the entreaties of his friends, broke off the engagement and left her free, in her eyrie, to continue her observations upon mankind. This, however, did not suit the plans of the lovely and fickle girl. One morning, shortly after, he was summoned to see two Turkish ladies who awaited him in his office; when he appeared, the Greek girl (for it was she) and her mother threw aside their disguise, and declared that they would not leave the house until the doctor married the daughter, for the rupture of the engagement had rendered it impossible to procure any other husband. Whether her own beauty or the terrible aspect of the mother prevailed, I do not know, but the English chaplain was sent for; he refused to perform the ceremony, and a Greek priest was found who married them.

This marriage, which took the appearance of duress, might have been happy if the compelling party to it had left her fondness of adventure and variety at the wedding threshold; but her constancy was only assumed, like the Turkish veil, for an occasion; lovers were not wanting, and after the birth of three children, two sons and a daughter, she deserted her husband and went to live with a young Turk, who has since held high office in the government of the Sultan. It was in her character of Madame Mehemet Pasha that she wrote (or one of her sons wrote for her) a book well known in the West, entitled "Thirty Years in a Harem." But her intriguing spirit was not extinct even in a Turkish harem; she attempted to palm off upon the Pasha, as her own, a child that she had bought; her device was detected by one of the palace eunuchs, and at the same time her amour with a Greek of the city came to light. The eunuch incurred her displeasure for his officiousness, and she had him strangled and thrown into the Bosphorus. Some say that the resolute woman even assisted with her own hands. For these breaches of decorum, however, she paid dear; the Pasha banished her to Kutayah, with orders to the guard who attended her to poison her on the way; but she so won upon the affection of the officer that he let her escape at Broussa. There her beauty, if not her piety, recommended her to an Imam of one of the mosques, and she married him and seems for a time to have led

a quiet life; at any rate, nothing further was heard of her until just before the famous cholera season, when news came of the death of her husband, the Moslem priest, and that she was living in extreme poverty, all her beauty gone forever, and consequently her ability to procure another husband.

The Pasha, Mehemet, lived in a beautiful palace on the eastern shore of the Bosphorus, near Kandili. During the great cholera epidemic of 1865, the Pasha was taken ill. One day there appeared at the gate an unknown woman, who said that she had come to cure the Pasha; no one knew her, but she spoke with authority, and was admitted. It was our adventuress. She nursed the Pasha with the most tender care and watchful skill, so that he recovered; and, in gratitude for the preservation of his life, he permitted her and her daughter to remain in the palace. For some time they were contented with the luxury of such a home, but one day—it was the evening of Wednesday—neither mother nor daughter was to be found; and upon examination it was discovered that a large collection of precious stones and some ready money had disappeared with them. They had departed on the French steamer, in order to transfer their talents to the fields of Europe. The fate of the daughter I do not know; for some time she and her mother were conspicuous in the dissipation of Paris life; subsequently the mother lived with a son in London, and, since I heard her story in Constantinople, she has died in London in misery and want.

The further history of the doctor and his family may detain our curiosity for a moment. When his wife left him for the arms of the Pasha, he experienced so much difficulty in finding any one in Constantinople to take care of his children that he determined to send them to Scotland to be educated, and intrusted them, for that purpose, to a friend who was returning to England. They went by way of Rome. It happened that the mother and sister of the doctor had some time before that come to Rome, for the sake of health, and had there warmly embraced the Roman Catholic faith. Of course the three children were taken to see their grandmother and aunt, and the latter, concerned for their eternal welfare, diverted them from their journey, and immured the boys in a monastery and the girl in a convent. The father, when he heard of this abduction, expressed indignation, but having at that time only such religious faith as

may be floating in the Oriental air and common to all, he made no vigorous effort to recover his children. Indeed he consoled himself, in the fashion of the country, by marrying again; this time a Greek lady, who died, leaving two boys. The doctor was successful in transporting the offspring of his second marriage to Scotland, where they were educated; and they returned to do him honor—one of them as the eloquent and devoted pastor of a Protestant church in Pera, and the other as a physician in the employment of the government.

After the death of his second wife, the doctor—I can but tell the story as I heard it—became a changed man, and—married again; this time a Swiss lady, of lovely Christian character. In his changed condition, he began to feel anxious to recover his children from the grasp of Rome. He wrote for information, but his sister refused to tell where they were, and his search could discover no trace of them. At length the father obtained leave of absence from the Seraglio, and armed with an autograph letter from Abdul Aziz to Pius IX., he went to Rome. The Pope gave him an order for the restoration of his children. He drove first to the convent to see his daughter. In place of the little girl whom he had years ago parted with, he found a young lady of extraordinary beauty, a devoted Romanist. At first she refused to go with him, and it was only upon his promise to allow her perfect liberty of conscience, and never to interfere with any of the observances of her Church, that she consented. Not daring to lose sight of her, he waited for her to pack her trunk, and then, putting her into a carriage, drove to the monastery where he heard, after many inquiries, that his boys were confined. The monk who admitted him denied that they were there, and endeavored to lock him into the waiting-room while he went to call the Superior. But the doctor anticipated his movements, and as soon as the monk was out of sight, started to explore the house. By good luck the first door he opened led into a chamber where a sick boy was lying on a bed. The doctor believed that he recognized one of his sons; a few questions satisfied him that he was right. "I am your father," he said to the astonished lad, "run quickly and call your brother and come with me." Monastic discipline had not so many attractions for the boys as convent life for the girl, and the child ran with alacrity and brought his brother, just as the abbot and a score of monks appeared

upon the scene. As the celerity of the doctor had given no opportunity to conceal the boys, opposition to the order of the Pope was useless, and the father hastened to the gate where he had left the carriage. Meantime the aunt had heard of the rescue, and followed the girl from the convent; she implored her, by tears and prayers, to reverse her decision. The doctor cut short the scene by shoving his sons into the carriage and driving rapidly away. Nor did he trust them long in Rome.

The subsequent career of the boys is not dwelt on with pleasure. One of them enlisted in the Turkish army, married a Turkish wife, and, after some years, deserted her, and ran away to England. His wife was taken into a Pasha's family, who offered to adopt her only child, a boy of four years; but the mother preferred to bring him to his grandfather. None of the family had seen her, but she established her identity, and begged that her child might be adopted by

a good man, which she knew his grandfather to be, and receive a Christian training. The doctor, therefore, adopted the grandchild, which had come to him in such a strange way, and the mother shortly after died.

The daughter, whose acquired accomplishments matched her inherited beauty, married, in time, a Venetian Count of wealth; and the idler in Venice may see on the Grand Canal, among those moldy edifices that could reveal so many romances, their sumptuous palace, and learn, if he cares to learn, that it is the home of a family happy in the enjoyment of most felicitous fortune. In the gossip with which the best Italian society sometimes amuses itself, he might hear that the Countess was the daughter of a slave of the Sultan's harem. I have given, however, the true version of the romantic story; but I am ignorant of the social condition, or the race of the mother of the heroine of so many adventures. She may have been born in the Caucasus.

ANTICIPATION.

THE sky is gray and blank to-day,
The sad winds are complaining,
Because November's sullen sway
Has washed the sunshine all away
In dull, incessant raining.

I care, not I, for cloudy sky,
Or rainy days returning;
I only long to see them fly,
And let the wintry hour draw nigh,
For which my heart is yearning.

A tender flower that wintry hour
Brings to its fair completeness,
And never yet to sun or shower,
In shady wood or garden bower,
Was known its like for sweetness.

So come and go, O sleet and snow,
And angry tempest swelling,—
Across the frozen river blow,
And toss the poplars to and fro,
That tower above our dwelling.

I shall not sigh nor tremble, I,
Though blast with blast engages;
The little house is warm and dry,
And soon—ah, soon!—a little cry
Shall drown your windy rages.

Come then with fleet and hurrying feet,
 O welcome, dear December;
 And none of all the months that meet
 The summer sunshine warm and sweet,
 Such greeting shall remember!

FULFILLMENT.

This is the hour I waited for,
 Summer and winter, morn and night;
 This is the threshold of the door
 That shut me from my heart's delight.
 Open at last, and none to stay
 My feet from entering to-day;
 For dumb and grimly impotent
 Stand the old lions in the way.

This is the hour I waited for:
 Silently in a dim despair
 I cross the echoing corridor,
 And mount the windings of the stair.
 Her chamber lies a little space
 Beyond the shadowy landing-place;
 I reach it—stop irresolute—
 Then I behold her face to face.

This is the hour I waited for,
 Through summer sun and winter rain;
 And here the voiceless conqueror
 Who makes my vigil all in vain.
 Frozen and white from head to feet,
 My love lies in her winding-sheet;
 Sealed from my touch forevermore
 Her lips and eyes that were so sweet.

This is the hour I waited for:—
 Every condition to fulfill
 I toiled unwearied, and forbore
 For heat nor cold, for good nor ill.
 Nought that availed for ministry
 Too little or too great could be:
 To all things else indifferent,
 Early and late were one to me.

This is the hour I waited for:—
 Passionate purpose, love and pain,
 Have waged their ineffectual war,
 And these the trophies that remain;
 A girl's face fixed in marble rest,
 Two pale hands crossed upon her breast,
 And one heart emptied of delight
 By Life's fulfillments. God knows best!

PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS; OR, "SHOW YOUR PASSPORTS!"

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHAT NEXT?

"To-morrow is behind."—DRYDEN.

THAT night was an eventful night in the little American "colony." Daniel Clark's magnificent mansion, the consulate and its dependent offices, Davis's rope-walk on Canal street, and, indeed, every vessel in the stream, had its great or little consultation of outraged and indignant men. It was not the first time in which the handful of Americans in Orleans had had to consult together as to their mutual protection. We have, still extant, the little notes which Daniel Clark from time to time sent up to General Wilkinson, who commanded the American army, and whose quarters were as near as Fort Adams in Mississippi, arranging for the co-operation of the Americans within, and the Americans without, when the time should come. And the army was not unwilling to make the dash down the river. It was held in the leash, not too easily. Constant Freeman, and other tried officers, knew to a pound the weight of those honey-combed guns on the Spanish works; they longed to try a sharp, prompt escalade against those rotten palisades, and there was not a man of them but was sure that the handful of Franco-Spanish troops would give way in half an hour before that resolute rush, when it should be made. Whether, indeed, the gates were not first opened by the two hundred insulted and determined Americans within, would be a question.

It was all a question of time, for the two or three years of which this story has been telling. The Americans within the city were always believing that the time had come. General Wilkinson was always patting them on the back, and bidding them keep all ready, but to wait a little longer. Recent revelations in the archives of Spain have made that certain, which was then only suspected, that this man was at the same time in the regular pay of the King of Spain and of the Government of the United States. There is, therefore, reason to doubt how far his advice in this matter was sincere. But, as the end has proved fortunate, a good-natured people forgets the treason.

They would abide the decision of the gov-

ernor and the prefect, to be rendered the next day. If then, the prisoners were not surrendered, why, that meant war. After the counsels of this night, the Americans were determined. A messenger should be sent up the river in a canoe, and, lest the water-guard arrested him, Will Harrod should go up by land through the Creek country. Harrod did not decline the commission, though he preferred to remain within, where, as he believed, would be the post of danger. So soon as the consultation was ended, he hurried to Mr. Perry's house to tell the ladies such chances as the meeting gave. But he was too late for them that evening.

It was in the loveliness of early morning the next day, with every rose at its sweetest, every mocking-bird vying with its fellow, every magnolia loading the air with its rich perfume, that the brave fellow came running down into the garden and found Inez there. He told her hastily what was determined, and that the wishes of these gentlemen, which he must regard as commands, compelled him to leave her and her aunt, just at the time of all times, when he wanted to be nearest to them.

"Dear Inez," he said boldly, "you know that I would not move from your side, but in the wish to serve you. You know that I have no thought, no wish, no prayer in life, but that I may serve you. You do not know, that for two years and more, I have thought of you first, of you last, of you always; that there is no wish of my heart, nay, no thought of my life, but is yours—wholly yours. I should die if I were to part from you without saying this, and I wish, my dear Inez, that you would let me say a thousand times more."

He had never called her Inez, of course, without that fatal "Miss;" far less, of course, had he ever called her "dear."

But the gallant fellow had resolved, that come what might, and let Inez say what she may, he would call her "dear Inez," once, if he died for it. Now, he had made a chance to do so twice, before he let her answer. And so, he waited bravely for her reply.

Poor Inez!

She looked up at him, and she tried to smile, and the smile would not come. Only her great eyes brimmed full of tears, which

would not run over. She looked down, she turned pale, she knew she did, and he saw she did. Still he waited, and still she tried to speak. She stopped in their walk, she turned resolutely toward him, and, now, she was so pale, that he grew pale, as she looked up at him. And she gave him her hand slowly.

"I will speak," she said, almost gasping, that she might do so. "I will speak! Will Harrod, dear Will Harrod," a smile at last, or an effort at a smile in all her seriousness, "I love you better than my life."

And then, she could hardly stand; but there was little need. Will Harrod's arms were round her, and there was little danger that she should fall. And then they walked up one avenue and down another, and they talked back through one year, and forward through another; and tried to recall—yes, and did recall—every single ride upon the prairie in those happy days. What he said above the Blanco River, and what she said that day by the San Marcos Spring; and, if he ought to have thought that that cluster of grapes meant anything, and if she remembered the wreath of the creeper; and all the thousand nothings of old happy times, when they dreamed so little of what was before them. For one happy quarter-hour, now, they even forget the dangers and miseries of to-day.

Yes! and when they came back to them, as back they must come; oh! how much more endurable they were, and how much more certain was she and was he, that all would come out well! If he must go to Natchez, why, he must; but, no parting now could be so terrible as that other parting, when they did not know!

They went in to join the party at breakfast. Harrod was ready to kiss Inez twenty times in presence of them all. But Inez was far more proper and diplomatic. Still, as she passed her aunt, she stooped and kissed her, and said in a whisper:

"Darling Auntie, you have not told me your secret, but you are welcome to mine."

And, happier than any queen, she went through the pretty ministries of the table; and Ma-ry knew, by intuition, that everything was well.

Was everything well? That, alas! must be decided at the formal hearing of the forenoon, when the prisoners were to be brought forward, "if they could be found within this jurisdiction."

It proved, as might be expected, that they

"could be found," although, to the last, the governor and his son and the Intendant had said, and the prefect had intimated, that they would not acknowledge that they knew anything about either of them.

"It is all like Pontius Pilate, and Herod, and Annas the high priest," said Asaph Huling. "Shifting and shirking, and only agreeing in lying!"

So soon as the consuls, and Mr. Lonsdale and Harrod had appeared, and made their compliments, the governor's son nodded, and a sort of orderly disappeared. In a moment, Ransom entered, and, in a moment more, Silas Perry on the other side. Ransom's beard had grown and his clothes were soiled; evidently, none of the elegancies of hospitality had been wasted upon him; but he was fully master of the position; he came in, as if he were directing the policemen who brought him; he bowed civilly to Mr. Huling, to Mr. Hutchings, to Mr. Harrod, and to Mr. Lonsdale; but, as for the prefect and the governor, they might as well have been statues in the decoration. He took a seat, and the seat which was intended, by a sort of divine instinct, and sat, as if he were the Lord High Chancellor, before whom all these people had been summoned.

Silas Perry was neatly dressed, and had not, in fact, been left to suffer personal indignity or inconvenience; but he was pale and nervous; he seemed to Lonsdale ten years older than when he saw him last. Harrod had never seen him before; but Mr. Perry's delight at seeing Ransom reassured him. "Are you here, my dear Ransom," said he, "and what for? I thought they had thrown you into the river."

The secretaries hastily wrote down for the King's information, the fourfold statement that Don Silas had supposed that the major-domo Ransom, had been thrown into the river.

"Donno, sir," replied Ransom, in a lower tone. "Had me up three times, cos they wanted to hear the truth told 'em, for a kind of surprise, you know. Donno what they want now."

"Then you are a prisoner too, Ransom?"

"Guess I be. Darbies knocked off, jest afore I come upstairs."

And Ransom looked curiously at both windows, as one who should inquire how easy it might be to break these two governors' heads together by one sudden blow; and, with one leap, emancipate himself from custody. But he had no serious thought of abandoning the company he was in.

The governor tapped impatiently, and a kind of major-domo, with a black gown on, who had not been present the day before, came and told Ransom to be silent. Mr. Perry told him the same thing, and he obeyed.

"We have no necessity for any formal investigations," said the governor, in a courtly conversational air, which he was proud of. "I had almost said we are all friends. Many of us are. I hope Don Silas recognizes me as one. But all purposes will be best answered if Don Silas will mention to these gentlemen, his name, his age, and his nationality."

Lonsdale shuddered. If the Yankee should say, "Silas Perry, age sixty-two, an American citizen," he would be out of court. But Mr. Perry answered firmly:

"I should like to know where I am. If this is a court, I demand to know what I am tried for?"

"Indeed, this is no court, my dear friend," said the courtly governor; "we have met, at the request of these gentlemen, for a little friendly conversation."

"Then I hope these gentlemen and your excellency will converse," said Mr. Perry, bitterly. "I have always found I profited more by listening than by talking."

"You do yourself injustice, Don Silas. We had a question here, yesterday, which only you, it seems, can answer. These gentlemen, in fact, asked for your presence, that we might obtain satisfaction."

"If I am to obtain any," said Perry, undaunted, "I must know whether I am a prisoner here, to be badgered,—or a freeman, permitted to go at large. As a freeman, I will render any help to these gentlemen or to your excellency, as I always have done, loyally, as your excellency has more than once acknowledged to me. As a prisoner, I say nothing, no, not even under a Spanish examination."

This with a sneer, which the governor perfectly comprehended.

"You ask," said he, "precisely the question which you are here to answer; or, rather the answer may be said to depend upon your answer to my friend here. The American consul, here, is claiming your person as an American citizen. The British consul intervenes, and, as I understand the matter, claims you as a subject of George the Third. It is impossible for us, here, even to consider their claims, till we know in what light you hold yourself."

"I, a subject of George the Third!" cried

Perry, incredulously. "I did not think George the Third himself was crazy enough to say that, and I believe his Majesty has heard my name!"

But, at the moment, he caught Lonsdale's eager and imploring eye. Lonsdale waved in his hand a card, and Silas Perry was conscious, for the first moment, that he also held one. Ransom had slipped it into his hand, as he rose to address the governor; but, till now, he had not looked at it. He paused now, and read what was written on it.

"I have claimed you as a British subject. The English fleet is off the Pass, and will take you off, if you admit the claim. Ransom, too. The governor is afraid. Take our protection.—LONSDALE."

Silas Perry read the card, nodded good-humoredly to Lonsdale, and, while the governor, amazed at the manifest deceit which had been practiced, hesitated what to say, Mr. Perry himself took the word.

"I can relieve your excellency of any question. I am a citizen of the United States. I was born in Squam, in Massachusetts, in the year 1741. When I was twenty-one years of age I removed to the Havannah. With every penny of my purse and every throb of my heart, I assisted in that happy revolution which separated those colonies from the British crown. And, lest by any misfortune, my children should be regarded subjects, either of George the Third, or of Charles the Third, on my first visit to England, after the peace, at the American Embassy, I renounced all allegiance to the King of England, and obtained the certificate of my American nationality from that man who has since been the honored President of my country. So much for me.

"With regard to this good-fellow, I presume the consul is technically right; Seth Ransom was born a subject of George the Third. He did not reside in the United States when the treaty of peace was made; nor has he resided there since. He is, undoubtedly, at law, a subject of the King of England."

So saying, Silas Perry sat down. The four secretaries provided four transcripts for the gratification of their king.

"How is this?" said the governor himself, turning to Ransom. "Have you understood what the gentleman has said?"

Seth Ransom had been contemplating the ceiling, still in the character of the Lord Chancellor.

"Understood all I wanted to," said he. "Perhaps you didn't understand, cos he

spoke English. Ef you like, I'll put it in Spanish for you."

For, as it happened, the etiquettes of yesterday had not been observed. The parties had begun with English,—with English they went on. But Ransom, for his own purposes, now changed the language.

"You can ask me what you please," said he. "But if you have not sent the King the other things I told you, you might read them over; for I shall tell you the same thing now."

The governor turned up the record of Ransom's first examination. He then said, with a sneer:

"This reads: 'Seth Ransom, being questioned, states that he is a citizen of Massachusetts, one of the United States of America.' But I understand Don Silas, that this is a mistake, and that we are to say that you are a subject of King George the Third."

"You can say what you like," said Ransom fiercely, in a line of Castilian wholly his own, which was, however, quite intelligible to the governor and the four secretaries, who toiled after. "You know as well as I know that whatever you say will be a lie, and, if you say that, it will be the biggest lie of all."

Ransom spoke hastily, and in his most lordly air of defiance; but not so hastily but they could all follow him, and the secretaries noted his language in such short-hand as they could command.

Mr. Hutchings, the English consul, availed himself here of the pretense that they were conversing as friends in the governor's office, and that none of the forms of court were observed.

"Ransom," said he, "all that we want to prove is, that you never appeared before a magistrate and made oath of your citizenship. Of course we all know where you were born."

Ransom listened superciliously, with one eye still turned to the heavens.

"You don't want me to be lying, too, Mr. Hutchings. Them eyedolators do, cos it's their way. But you don't."

And he paused, as if for reflection and for recollection.

Lonsdale took courage from the pause to say:

"Of course, the King's officers have no claim on you; but we are all friends now, and all the King's officers want is a right to befriend you."

A bland smile crept over Ransom's face.

"Much obliged," said he; "they's befriended me afore now."

Then, as if this "solemn mockery" had gone far enough, he turned to the governor and said, again in Spanish:

"I will tell you all about it. When the war began, General Washington wanted powder,—he wanted it badly. And he said to old Mugford that he'd better go down the bay and catch some English store-ships for him. And I volunteered under Mugford, and went down with him. And we took the powder, and drove those fellows out of Boston."

The Castilian language furnished Ransom with some very happy epithets—as terms of reproach, not to say contumely—with which to speak of the English navy and army.

The secretaries, amazed, wrote down this ridicule of a king.

"After Mugford was killed, I went out again,—first with Hopkins, and then with Manly. And the first time, I went to Hopkins's shipping-office, down at Newport, and I swore on the Bible that I'd never have anything more to do with George the Third, nor any of that crew,—poor miserable sons of dogs as they were,—and when I went with Manly, I shipped at old Bill Coram's office,—and he had a Bible too, and I swore the same thing again."

Of all which the secretaries made quadruplicate narrative.

"That time his fellows caught us," continued Ransom, pointing over his shoulder at Lonsdale. "We were under the Bermudas, waiting for the Jamaica fleet; and there came a fog, and the wind fell, and when the fog rose, I'll be damned if we were not under the guns of a seventy-four,—the 'Charlotte,'—and they boarded us, and carried every man to England. And that's the only time I ever ate his bread,"—pointing again to Lonsdale,—"black stuff, and nasty it was, too. That was at Plymouth."

"I lived there a year. And once every month a miserable creature in a red coat—one of his fellows—came and asked us to take service in the King's navy. And there was some dirty Spanish and Portuguese, and niggers (this in English),—lying dogs, all of them,—that did. But all the Americans told him to go to hell, and I suppose he went there, because I have never seen him since."

"And at last there was an exchange,—exchanged a thousand of us against a thousand of his fellows we had. Poor bargain he made too! And that time they took me over to France, and they made me captain

of the squad, because I could speak their lingo,—the same as I speak yours, because you do not know any better. And there we saw the man that told the King of France what he'd better do,—same man that fixed the lightning-rod on Boston Light. King George did not know how. King fixed it wrong,—did everything wrong."

The secretaries, amazed, entered these statements on King George's knowledge of electricity.

"White-haired old man he was,—long-haired man,—sort of a Quaker; and he came and asked all that were Americans to come to his place and take the oath. So I took it there,—that's three times. And he gave me my certificate,—'purtecton' they call it,"—turning to the secretaries to give them the word in English,—“and when any of his men—the King's, I mean—see that, why they can't take a fellow out of any ship at all. And there it is; if you think your King would like to know what it says, I'll read it to you. I always keep it by me; and these fellows of yours, when they stole everything else I had the day you sent them after me, they didn't find it, because I did not choose to have them. You'd better tell that to the King. Tell him they are all fools, and good for nothing."

By this time Ransom was worked into a terrible passion. He still commanded himself enough, however, to hold the precious paper out, and to read in English:

"KNOW ALL MEN,

By these presents, that Seth Ransom, of Tatnuck, Worcester County, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, one of the United States of America, hath this day appeared before me, and renounced all allegiance to all kings and powers, save to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and, in especial, all allegiance to King George the Third, his heirs and successors.

"And the said Seth Ransom hath hereby given to him THE PROTECTION of the United States of America in all and every of his legal enterprises by sea or by land, of which these presents are the certificate.

"Signed,

"BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,

"Minister of the United States.

"Witness,

"WILLIAM TEMPLE FRANKLIN,

"Passy, near Paris, June 16, 1781."

Ransom knew the paper by heart. He read it as an orator,—with some break down on the long words.

This short address produced no little sensation. Two secretaries crossed to take the paper to copy it. Ransom stepped forward to give it to them; stumbled and fell as he

did so. When he rose, he apologized,—affected to have given it to one of the men; they were in turn almost persuaded each that the other had it. Between the three, the paper could be nowhere found; and Ransom cursed them with volumes of rage because they had stolen it so soon.

"Have you any farther inquiries to make, Mr. Hutchings; or have you, Mr. Lonsdale?" asked the governor, addressing the English gentlemen with his courtly sneer.

Before they could reply, Ransom rose again, and waved his hand. Like Lockhart, before the Red Comyn, he seemed resolved to "make sicker."

"Beg your pardon," said he in English; "I forgot to say that I know you want to hang me; I knew that the first day you shut me up there. Ef you think anybody's forgotten how tother one—the Paddy governor—hung them French gentlemen, it's because you think we's all fools. None on 'em's forgot it. O'Reilly, the other one, died screamin' and howlin' in his bed, because he see the Frenchmen all round his room pointin' at him. You know that as well as I do. Now you'd better hang me. After you've hanged me, you can think up a pack of lies, and send 'em to the King to tell him what you hanged me for."

And then the old man sat down with a benignant smile. His happy allusion was to that most horrible judicial murder committed in the last century, of which he had spoken to Inez. For generations the memory of that horror did not die out in the colony. It was the very last subject which Salcedo would willingly hear alluded to; and this old Ransom knew perfectly well; for that reason he chose it for his last words.

After a ghastly pause, Salcedo said again, with some difficulty:

"Have you any further inquiries to make, gentlemen?"

"I have only to protest, in all form," said the plucky English consul, "against a transaction which strikes at the root of all commerce among nations. I shall report the whole business to the foreign office, and I know that it will meet the severe censure of the King."

The governor bowed. He turned to Mr. Huling:

"Have you any remarks to offer?"

"I make the same protest which my clerk made yesterday."

And he read it, as it had been put on paper. He added:

"I assure your excellency, in that friend-

ship to which your excellency referred just now, that no act could be so fatal to friendly relations for the future. Let me read to your excellency from the debate in the Senate of the United States of the 23d of February last. I received the report only last evening. The Secretary of State instructs me to lay it before your excellency; and I am to say that the Administration has the utmost difficulty in restraining the anger and ardor of the country. If your excellency will note the words used in debate, they mean simply war. It is to fan the flames of such anger that your excellency orders our friends sent to Cuba for trial;" and he read from the warlike speeches of White and Breckenridge.

The governor listened with courtly indifference. When Mr. Huling had done, and handed the papers to a secretary, the governor said contemptuously to that officer:

"You need not trouble yourself; His Majesty has read that debate three weeks ago; at least I have; I have no doubt he has."

Laussat, the French prefect, bowed, and took the papers. He read them with an interest which belied the contempt affected by the other.

All parties sat silent, however. The evident determination of the governor to yield no point made it difficult to reopen the discussion.

William Harrod was the first to speak. With no training for diplomacy, and no love for it, he rose abruptly, and took his hat.

"I understand your excellency to declare war against the United States; in that case, I have no place here."

"You will understand what you choose, young man," said the governor severely. "I have never understood why you appeared here at all, and I do not even now know why I do not arrest you for contempt of His Most Catholic Majesty."

"Let me ask," said Lonsdale, "if your excellency will not consent to some delay in the measures you propose toward our friends. A communication home, or with the City of Washington?"

"I have already said, Señor Lonsdale, that the officers of the King of Spain do not call councils of foreign powers to assist them in their administration of justice."

Lonsdale bowed, did not speak again, but took his hat also, very angry. At this moment, however, to the undisguised surprise even of the oldest diplomatists in the group, their number was enlarged, as a footman ushered into the room Roland Perry.

He was well known to all there, excepting the French prefect, Laussat, and Harrod. He was dressed from head to foot in leather, and the leather was very muddy. His face was rough with a beard which had seen no razor for a fortnight, and was burned brown by a fortnight's sun and air. He held in his hand the sombrero which he had just removed and a heavy riding-whip. He crossed the room unaffectedly to the governor, and gave him his hand.

"Your excellency must excuse my costume, but I am told that my dispatches require haste."

He turned to his father:

"My dear father, I am so glad to see you; you must have been anxious about my disappearance," and he kissed him.

He shook hands cordially with the consuls and with Lonsdale. He offered his hand to Harrod:

"It is Mr. Harrod, I am sure."

He bowed to all the secretaries, and to Salcedo's son. He shook hands cordially with Ransom. Then, turning to the governor with the same air of confident command, as if really everybody had been waiting for him, and nothing could be done until he came:

"Will you do me the honor to present me to the prefect—M. Laussat, I believe."

The governor, chafing a little at this freedom, did as he was asked, reserving for some other moment the rebuke he was about to give to this impudent young gentleman.

Laussat hardly understood the situation. But he had learned already that the etiquettes of America were past finding out.

"I had the honor of meeting your excellency at the house of Citizen La Place," said Roland; "but I cannot expect that your excellency would remember such a youngster. I hope your excellency left the Baroness of Valcour in good health, and your excellency's distinguished father."

Laussat also postponed the snubbing he was about to administer, not certain but he was snubbed himself already.

Roland, with the same infinite coolness, turned to the governor, who was trying to collect himself. Roland opened a large haversack—very muddy—which had hung till now from his shoulder.

"This dispatch, your excellency, is from Señor Yrujo, the Spanish Minister at Washington. I left him only a fortnight Thursday. His excellency bids me assure your excellency of his most distinguished consideration. And this dispatch, citizen Laussat, is

from the French Minister. I am charged with his compliments to you."

This use of the word "citizen," which was already out of vogue, was necessary to Roland's consummate air of superiority over the braggart Frenchman.

"And now, gentlemen, as I see these dispatches are long, will you excuse my father, and my old friend Ransom here, to both of whom I have much to say? Your excellency does not know that it is nearly a year since we have met!"

This outrage was more than the "moribund old man" could stand.

"You are quite too fast, Mr. Perry! I know very well when you went up the river to foment war in Kentucky. I know very well that you failed, and went to Washington on the same errand. I know that these dispatches will tell me of your further failure. If you wish to converse with your father, it will be in this palace, where I will provide accommodations for both of you."

"Your excellency is very kind," said the young man, with infinite good humor.

"When your excellency and citizen Laussat have read these papers, you will perhaps think it better to accept my father's hospitality than to offer him yours."

Then, as if such badinage had gone far enough, he turned with quite another air to Laussat:

"M. Laussat," he said, with the air of an equal, "this diplomacy has gone far enough. New Orleans and Louisiana are in fact, at this very moment, a part of the United States. The First Consul has sold them to the President for a large and sufficient compensation. Nothing remains but the formal act of cession."

"Impossible!" cried Laussat, starting from his seat. "My dispatches say nothing of it."

"I know not what they say," said the young man, "and I do not care. Perhaps you will do me the favor to look at mine?"

He took from his pocket a billet which, as he showed to the prefect, was written at Malmaison, with the stamp of the First Consul's cabinet on the corner. It was in the handwriting of Madame Bonaparte,—a playful note thanking Roland for the roses he had sent her. The young man turned the first page back, and pointed to a postscript on the last page,—in the cramped writing, not so well known then as now, of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

The words were these:

"My dear Son,—We speak of you often, and we wish you were in France. Say to your honored father, who knows how to keep a secret, that I have sold Louisiana to Mr. Monroe. He well knows my friendship to America,—let this prove it to him again. He will use this note with discretion.

Health,
25 Germinal. Year XI. "BUONAPARTE."

The prefect read them, and read them again. "*Lâche, imbécile, traître!*" he said, between his teeth, as he gave back the note to Roland.

"Your excellency may be curious to see the First Consul's autograph," said Roland. And he handed the little billet to the governor in turn. The governor read it, as Roland stood by, but as he was about to give it to the secretaries, Roland put it in his pocket.

"Your excellency will pardon me. It is my note,—and a note from a lady.

"And now," he said, in that quiet tone of command which became him so well, which he had inherited from his father, "as among friends, we must confess, that this kind announcement from the First Consul, puts a new arrangement on all our little affairs in this room. Your excellency will perhaps permit my father to dine at home, and I think Ransom will find us some good sherry, in which to drink prosperity to France and to Spain."

But the "moribund old man" sat with his head upon his breast pondering. This was the end then of Phil. Nolan's murder,—this was the end of Elguezabal's watchfulness,—this the end of interdicts and protests, and all the endless restrictions of these weary years. God be with Mexico and Spain!

He said nothing.

Roland turned to Laussat: "Will your excellency not use your influence with the governor?" he said.

Laussat looked the fool he was, but said nothing.

The English and American gentlemen rose. "I am to report, then, to Lord Hawkesbury," said Lonsdale, "that the Spanish Government is indifferent to the friendship of England." He took his hat again, as to withdraw.

"I am to write to Madame Buonaparte," said Roland Perry, "that M. Laussat says the First Consul is a coward, an imbecile and a traitor. Gentlemen, we seem to have our answers."

The poor old governor raised his head, "I shall be glad of a little conference with his excellency the prefect, our friend M.

Laussat. Will you gentlemen await us in the next salon?"

They waited fifteen minutes. At the end of fifteen minutes, Mr. Perry and Ransom joined them. There was a civil message of excuse from the governor, but he did not appear; nor was Laussat visible through the day.

And so they left the governor's house in triumph. Roland Perry could hardly come close enough to his father. He assured himself that he was well, and then his first questions were for news from Texas. Had Cæsar been set free? Had any of Phil Nolan's party returned?

No! but Barelo had good hopes. The trials were proceeding with infinite slowness; but Barelo and all men of sense hoped still that Spanish honor would be vindicated, and these men, who had certainly enlisted in faith in de Nava's pass would be set free. A hope, alas! not to be verified.*

* A regular trial was given to them, of which the proceedings are extant. Don Pedro Ramos de Vere conducted the defense. (Will not some Texan name a county for him?) And the men were acquitted. The judge, de Navarro, ordered their release Jan. 23, 1804; but Salcedo, alas, was then in command of these provinces,—he countermanded the decree of acquittal, and sent the papers to the King. The King, by a decree of Feb. 23, 1807, ordered that one out of five of Nolan's men, should be hung, and the others kept at hard labor for ten years. Let it be observed that this is the royal decree for ten men who had been acquitted by the Court which tried them.

When the decree arrived in Chihuahua, one of the ten prisoners, Pierce, was dead. The new judge pronounced that only one of the remaining nine should suffer death, and Salcedo approved this decision.

On the ninth of November, therefore, 1807, the adjutant inspector, with de Vere, the prisoner's counsel, proceeded to the barracks, where they were confined, and read the King's decision. A drum, a glass tumbler, and two dice were brought; the prisoners knelt before the drum, and were blindfolded.

Ephraim Blackburn, the oldest prisoner, took the fatal glass and dice and threw 3 and 1. = 4
Lucian Garcia threw 3 and 4. = 7
Joseph Reed threw 6 and 5. = 11
David Fero threw 5 and 3. = 8
Solomon Cooley threw 6 and 5. = 11
Jonah [Tony] Walters threw 6 and 1. = 7
Charles King threw 4 and 3. = 7
Ellis Bean threw 4 and 1. = 5
William Dowlin threw 4 and 2. = 6

Poor Blackburn, having thrown the lowest number, was hanged on the 11th of November.

Ellis Bean afterward distinguished himself in the revolt against Spain, which freed Mexico.

Cæsar had got detached from the party and was seen by Pike, high up on the Rio Grande.

Of the end of the life of the other prisoners, no account has been found.

We owe these particulars to the very careful re-

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A FAMILY DINNER.

"Thus for the boy their eager prayers they joined,
Which fate refused and mingled with the wind."
ILIAD.

As the little procession passed along the streets, there was almost an ovation offered to Mr. Perry and to Ransom. From every warehouse and counting-room some one ran out to felicitate them. Indeed the merchants of every nation had felt that here was a common cause; and Silas Perry was so universally respected that his release was a common victory. Roland walked on one side of his father, and Lonsdale on the other, while Harrod renewed his old acquaintance with Ransom. Ransom confessed to him, that of all the strange events of the day his appearance had surprised him most. For, if there were anything regarding which Ransom had expressed himself with confidence for two years past, it was the certainty that William Harrod had been scalped, burned at the stake, and, indeed, eaten.

It was necessary to respect the open secret of the First Consul's postscript so far that to no person could the result of Mr. Monroe's negotiation be distinctly told. It had, of course, been hoped for and suspected already. In fact, what with delays in the draft of the treaty, and delays in transmission, the definitive intelligence did not arrive till some time later. It was convenient for the governor, for his staff, and for Laussat and his, to speak slightly of the intelligence. But this was of no account to those who knew the truth; and, as it happened, to all others, the "law's delay" involved no consequences of evil.

Roland hastily told his story to his father. His inquiries regarding Ma-ry, and the communications he had to make to the Governors of Kentucky, of Tennessee and of the North-west, had taken him far up the river Ohio, and late into the spring. He had determined—wisely as it proved—not to return with Lonsdale, who had, in the meanwhile, crossed to Fort Niagara and to Montreal, and then had descended the Mississippi. Roland had preferred to go to Washington, to make full statement there

searches in Monterey, of Mr. J. A. Quintero, who has taken the most careful interest in the fame of Philip Nolan.

People who are fond of poetical justice will be glad to know that Salcedo was killed in the first effort for Texan liberty in 1813. But so, alas, was Herrera.

to Mr. Jefferson and his father's old correspondents of the excited condition of Orleans,—knowing that he could return by sea with more certainty than by land and the river.

At Washington he had heard the celebrated war debate of February. Mr. Jefferson had not received him into any close confidence,—that was not Mr. Jefferson's way. But he had told him of his hopes that Orleans might be bought for the United States, and Mr. Madison had bidden him encourage the merchants to hold out a little longer. At the French legation he was treated more cordially. They gave him a welcome which the State Department of that day did not know how to give. And late one night, the French Minister sent to him and asked him if he would take his dispatches to Laussat when he returned.

"As it happened," said Roland, "I had within the hour received this note from Madame Buonaparte. Old Turner had brought it to me, riding express from Baltimore almost as I have ridden from Tybee. A fortunate curiosity had led Turner to carry the rose-bushes to Malmaison himself. He was still looking at the garden when he was summoned by a lackey to the house, was asked who he was, and had confided to him Madame Buonaparte's billet. She came into the hall and gave it to him with her own hand, with a sweet smile. Something in what she said made Turner think the note was more than a compliment. Any way, he had seen enough of Paris, he said. The "Lady Martha" was ready for sea at Bordeaux, and having his letter, he took post horses and rode night and day till he came there.

"And then, sir, they made the 'Lady Martha' spin. Wood and iron never crossed that ocean so quickly before. He ran into Baltimore in twenty days, heard from Pollock that I was at Washington, and came across with this scrap of paper."

Roland felt the importance of the message thus intrusted to him,—so soon as he had read it. To no human being in Washington did he dare intrust it; and he could not make out, in the few minutes he had for trying, whether the French minister had received any corresponding intelligence. He sent at once to the Spanish legation, to offer to carry their dispatches to the Governor of Louisiana. Then he crossed to Baltimore, where the "Lady Martha" had been unloading some oil and wine, and without a minute's loss of time, she loosed from the pier and went down the bay.

"With a spanking breeze we ran," said the young fellow. "By the time we were off Hatteras, it was a gale. But old Turner never flinched. Give him his due. The next night it was a north-easter,—blew like all the furies! How she walked off! Turner said she might run so, till I said the word. I never said it. Dark it was, dark as Egypt. Wet, cold,—even snow in that gale. But Turner did not stop her, and I did not stop her."

"I suppose the light-house at San Augustine stopped her," said his father laughing.

"No, sir; but the breakers off Tybee Sound stopped her, and there, I am sorry to say, is the 'Lady Martha,' or what is left of her, this day."

"She could not have run her last in a better cause," said his father warmly.

"That's what I said to Turner. We got ashore, sir, all safe. I landed with this bag, and with no dry rag on me. I told an officer we found there, that I had government dispatches. He mounted me on the best horse in Georgia. That beast took me, to whom do you think?—to Aunt Eunice's old admirer, General Bowles, and General Bowles has sent me through since, as if I had been a post-rider of the First Consul's. If Aunt Eunice is not kind to the General now, she is graceless indeed."

Lonsdale could, this time, take the joking for what it was worth. They were now at the house. The news was in the air, and all the ladies flew to the gate to welcome them.

What a Sunday it was, to be sure! How much to be told publicly; how much to be told privately; how much to be explained, and how many questions to be asked; how many mysteries to be solved! Fortunately, there was very little to be done. Roland had come dashing up to the house with the best stride of one of General Bowles's chargers, at a very un-Sunday like pace.

"Lucky for you, you were not in Squam," said his father. "All the tithing men in Essex County would have been after you."

"Better after me than before me, my dear father. I am not sure whether all Essex County would have overhauled that bright bay, whom Zeno is stuffing with corn in the stable now."

He had flung the rein to Antoine, and rushed into the house to hear the amazing tale of the women, as to his father's arrest and Ransom's.

"I was hardly dressed for diplomacy,"

said he, "but I thought the sooner I contributed my stock of news, the better."

"Certainly," said Lonsdale, "you were none too soon. We had all played up our last pawns, and the governor was implacable."

"Casa Calvo will be angry enough," said Mr. Perry, "when he knows how like an ass Salcedo has behaved. But his visit here, just now, seems to be simply one of ceremony."

Before dinner was announced, Will Harrod succeeded in luring Mr. Perry away into the room which was called his office, and laying before him, with a young man's eagerness, such claim as he had for Inez's hand. A blundering business he made of it, but her father helped him.

"My dear boy," said he, "this is hardly matter for argument. I do not think my girl would have taken a fancy to you, had you not been a Christian gentleman. More than that, my boy; I fancy you have found favor in her eyes, because you are one of Philip Nolan's friends. For me, I have always supposed that some man would want to take a girl so lovely to his heart—well, as I took her mother; and, if you will only love this child, as I loved her, why, I can ask nothing more."

Harrod's eyes were running over. He could only repeat the certainty, which he said two years of constancy had given him a right to proclaim, that Inez would always be dearer to him than his life.

Eunice was never known before to apologize for a dinner, and never in after life, did she so apologize.

"But, Roland, we were so wretched this morning. If we had only known you were coming, why, we would have killed for you any beast fat enough on the place."

"And why did you not know, dear Auntie? Why had you not signal officers in the Creek country to telegraph my coming? Is the General so tardy in his attentions? Why, I had but to ask, and the finest horses his lieges ever stole were at my command."

Much fun there was, because people were supposing, all through the dinner, that those had met who had never met, and that everybody understood everything.

"One question, Mr. Lonsdale, you will permit me to ask," said Harrod; "I have puzzled myself over it not a little. To what good fortune do I owe it that you followed me into the governor's den on Thursday? To tell you the truth, I had seen you in the street, and had thought you were some in-

tendant or other, who meant to arrest me. I had been dodging all sort of catchpolls for three days of disguise."

"You were not far from right," said Lonsdale, quizzically.

Everybody laughed and looked inquiry.

"What do you mean?" said the blunt Kentuckian, taking the laugh good-naturedly. "For, really, that was a great stroke of luck; but for you, I believe we should all three be in the Gulf or near it at this hour."

Lonsdale laughed again, and then, in a mock whisper across the table, he said:

"I met a man in the street with my best frock-coat and waistcoat on, and I followed him to see where he was going. He went to the governor's house and I went too!"

One scream of laughter welcomed the announcement, and Harrod and Inez laughed loudest of any.

"Woe is me!" she cried. "Woe is me! I am the sinner, as I always am." And she laughed herself into a paroxysm again. "Oh, Mr. Lonsdale, if you could have seen him that morning! I turned him into Roland's room and bade him fix himself up, and he has opened the large wardrobe and helped himself to the clothes Roland bade you leave there."

And the girl screamed with delight at the transformation.

"And very nice clothes they are," said Harrod, joining in the fun. "And when Mr. Lonsdale visits me in Kentucky, I will replace them with the handsomest hunting suit in the valley."

"How was I to know? There were some thread-paper things there, which I see now would fit our diplomatic friend here. But, for a broad-shouldered hunter like me, give me Mr. Lonsdale's coat and waistcoat. Indeed, Mr. Roland," he said, "I shall patronize the English tailors. Your French snips do not give cloth enough!"

"We can make common cause," said Lonsdale. "The coat and waistcoat fit you so well, that I will double my orders when I send to London; and, as you say, you can bid the Frankfort snips duplicate yours when you send there. We will play the two Dromios."

The little speech was wholly unconscious. So far had Lonsdale looked into the future in these two or three days, so happy to him, though so anxious to all, that he quite forgot that the others had not accompanied him in those fore-looks, not Eunice herself, from whom he thought he had no secret.

Quick as light, and pitiless as herself, Inez

caught the inference and proclaimed it. She clapped her hands, while Eunice first, and Lonsdale in sympathy, turned crimson.

"Bravo, bravissimo," cried the light-hearted girl. "The first American citizen adopted in the new State of Louisiana is His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence. On the Acadian coast, he will establish his vineyard for the growth of grapes and the manufacture of Malmsey. From a throne on the Levee, he will rule Great Britain, Ireland and France, when his royal father at length throws off the uneasy crown. Mistress Inez Perry will be appointed first lady of the robes. But where, oh where, my dear Aunt Eunice, where shall we find him a Duchess? How would Mlle. Selina de Valois do?"

"She will not do at all," cried Lonsdale; his light heart and the sense of so many victories conquering all reticence. "The Duchess is found; the throne is in building; the coronet is ready in the wardrobe, upstairs, if the Prince of Kentucky, Cavalier of the Red River, and Marshal of the Big Raft have not needed it for purposes of his diplomacy; all that the Duchess needs is her brother's good-will, and ——"

"And what?" cried Inez, laughing still.

"The presence of her niece as bridesmaid, when she gives her hand to 'the man I hate.'"

And the taciturn and undemonstrative Mr. Lonsdale, to Ma-ry's unspeakable delight, waved his fruit-knife as if he would scalp Inez, and bear off her luxuriant tresses as a trophy.

The frankness of this bit of by-play was more like the style of Sir Charles Grandison's days than Eunice really liked, and Mr. Perry, to relieve her, said:

"Nobody has told me how you all knew where I was, or where Ransom was."

Inez nodded to Ma-ry, and made a sign with her hand.

"May I?" asked Ma-ry of her grandmother, who did not at all understand, and gave assent from the mere joyous habit of the day, by accident.

So Ma-ry sprung from her seat, ran across the room, skipped upon a side-table, and there repeated the signals which had told where Mr. Perry was shut up, and where they should find Ransom.

Ransom, meanwhile, had honored the occasion as he honored few ceremonies in life. He appeared in a handsome black coat and breeches, with a white neck-tie. Some footman, whom he had seen in Paris, in some livery of mourning, may have sug-

gested the costume. Eunice might have given a State Ball to a traveling Emperor, and Ransom would not have assumed this dress, except to please himself. When he did assume it, all parties knew that he was entirely satisfied with the position. He filled Roland's glass with some of the favorite claret.

"Here's ye father's own claret, Mr. Roland; found the bin this morning."

Then Roland knew that all was sunny.

"As the governor did not honor us, we need not order up the sherry. Indeed, I am not sure that Ransom could have found it," said Mr. Perry, looking good-naturedly at the dear old fellow.

Perhaps Ma-ry's welcome to Roland had been the prettiest of all. Although Mrs. Willson had felt at ease with Lonsdale and Eunice, Roland seemed to her the oldest friend of all. It was he who had wrought out the whole inquiry; it was he who had traced her from village to village, from State to Territory, and through him that Eunice had found her, and that she had found her darling; and now that she saw the sun-browned young fellow, the hero of the day; now that he was constantly coming back to dear Ma-ry's side, to ask her this and to tell her that, and to praise her for the central service which she had rendered to them all, the old lady felt more at ease with him than with Mr. Perry, of whom she was afraid; with Mr. Lonsdale, whom she never half understood; nay, even than with Mr. Harrod, the Kentuckian.

And Ma-ry! She had gained everything in this year, the young man thought, and she had lost nothing. She was a woman now, yes! But she was a lovely girl as well. She could give him both her hands; she could look up as frankly as ever in his face; she could talk to him of the thousand new experiences of the year; and yet, in all the simplicity of her bearing, there was never one word or gesture, but the finest lady at a ball at Malmaison might have been glad to use. And Ma-ry was not afraid to tell him how well he looked, and how glad she was that he had come. A long, jolly, home-like dinner; they loitered at the table, almost till twilight came. Then Eunice said:

"Will it not be pleasanter on the gallery? I will order coffee there."

But Roland retained them.

"Let me tell you all," he said, "what I was telling Mr. Harrod. At Fort Washington, who should I meet, but a fine little fellow, Inez; a good mate for you some day,

who fascinated me at the very first. He had just come over from Frankfort, and had on his nice new uniform, his bright shoulder-knots and his new sword. He was a little bit homesick withal. Well, I remembered how homesick such a boy feels. I asked them to introduce me, and they introduced to me, Ensign Philip Nolan!"

Everybody started. "Philip Nolan!"

"Yes, he is the cousin of our dear Phil. Did not I want to hug him? I did tell him more of our Philip than he knew. I told him of poor Fanny Lintot, and the little baby cousin there."

"One day we will tell him," said Silas Perry, solemnly, "how much the country owes to his cousin's cruel martyrdom. If our brave friend, Phil Nolan, had not gone to Texas, these rascals would never have got their terror of the valley men. It was he who taught them how near was Kentucky to Potosi. The moment they learned that, they lost their heads."

"From Phil Nolan came Salcedo's madness."

"From their frightened dispatches home, came the easy gift of all this country to France."

"From Salcedo's madness comes the up-

rising of the Western hunters, and the first real recognition of the West by the Congress of America.

"Good fellow; in all his wildness, Philip Nolan never was afraid."

"He has done more for his country than he meant."

"In all his rashness, he has served so that she can never pay her debt to him."

"Listen to me, Inez; I shall not live to see this, but you and your children will."

"What Casa Calvo calls Nolan's mad act, has given Louisiana to your country; it will give her Texas."

"When the tug comes, you will find that every Spaniard dreads the prowess of Philip Nolan's race, and that every Kentuckian remembers the treachery of Philip Nolan's murder."

"Poor fellow; how often I have heard him say, that he did not know what country he served, or what army gave him his commission."

"This nephew, his namesake, is more fortunate. Ransom, fill the glasses. We will drink this young Ensign's health."

"To Ensign PHILIP NOLAN, ladies and gentlemen. May the young man never know what it is to be

"A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY."

THE END.

THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S.

BY FANNY HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER XIV.

MESTER DERICK

Th' rools is ben broak agen on th' quiet bi them as broak em afore i naim no naimen an wudnt say nowt but our loifes is in danger And more than one, i Only ax yo' tu Wach out. i am Respekfully
A honest man wi' a family tu fede.

THE engineer found this letter near his plate one morning on coming down to breakfast. His landlady explained that her daughter had picked it up inside the garden gate, where it had been thrown upon the gravel-walk, evidently from the road.

Derrick read it twice or three times before putting it in his pocket. Upon the whole, he was not unprepared for the intelligence. He knew enough of human nature—such human nature as Lowrie represented—to

feel sure that the calm could not continue. If for the present the man did not defy him openly, he would disobey him in secret, while biding his time for other means of retaliation.

Derrick had been on the lookout for some effort at revenge; but so far since the night Joan had met him upon the road, Lowrie outwardly had been perfectly quiet and submissive.

After reading the letter, Derrick made up his mind to prompt and decisive measures, and set about considering what these measures should be. There was only one certain means of redress and safety,—Lowrie must be got rid of at once. It would not be a difficult matter either. There was to be a meeting of the owners that very week, and

Derrick had reports to make, and the mere mention of the violation of the rules would be enough.

"Bah!" he said aloud. "It is not pleasant; but it must be done."

The affair had several aspects, rendering it unpleasant; but Derrick shut his eyes to them resolutely. It seemed, too, that it was not destined that he should have reason to remain undecided. That very day he was confronted with positive proof that the writer of the anonymous warning was an honest man, with an honest motive.

During the morning, necessity called him away from his men to a side gallery, and entering this gallery, he found himself behind a man who stood at one side close to the wall, his Davy lamp open, his pipe applied to the flame. It was Dan Lowrie, and his stealthy glance over his shoulder revealing to him that he was discovered, he turned with an oath.

"Shut that lamp," said Derrick, "and give me your false key."

Lowrie hesitated.

"Give me that key," Derrick repeated, "or I will call the gang in the next gallery and see who they have to say about the matter."

"Dom yore eyes! does tha think as my toime 'll niver coom?"

But he gave up the key.

"When it comes," he said, "I hope I shall be ready to help myself. Now I've got only one thing to do. I gave you fair warning, and asked you to act the man toward your fellows. You have played the scoundrel instead, and I have done with you. I shall report you. That's the end of it."

He went on his way, and left the man uttering curses under his breath. If there had not been workers near at hand, Derrick might not have gotten away so easily. Among the men in the next gallery, there were some who were no friends to Lowrie, and who would have given him rough handling if they had caught him just at that moment, and the fellow knew it.

Toward the end of the week, the owners came, and Derrick made his report. The result was just what he had known it would be. Explosions had been caused before by transgressions of the rules, and explosions were expensive and disastrous affairs. Lowrie received his discharge, and his fellow-workmen a severe warning, to the secret consternation of some among them.

That the engineer of the new mines was a

zealous and really amiable young man, if rather prone to innovations, became evident to his employers. But his innovations were not encouraged. An innovation costing nothing may be put up with, but an innovation involving an outlay is not easily tolerated. So, notwithstanding his arguments, the blast-furnaces held their own, and "for the present," as the easy-natured manager put it, other matters, even more important, were set aside.

"There is much to be done, Derrick," he said; "really so much that requires time and money, that we must wait a little. 'Rome, etc.'"

"Ah, Rome!" returned Derrick. "I am sometimes of the opinion that Rome had better never have been built at all. You will not discharge your imperfect apparatus for the same reason that you will discharge a collier,—which is hardly fair to the collier. Your blast-furnaces expose the miners to as great danger as Lowrie's pipe. The presence of either may bring about an explosion when it is least expected."

"Well, well," was the good-natured response; "we have not exploded yet; and we have done away with Lowrie's pipe."

Derrick carried the history of his ill success to Anice somewhat dejectedly.

"All this is discouraging to a man," said Derrick, and then he added meditatively, "As to the rest, I wonder what Joan Lowrie will think of it."

A faint sense of discomfort fell upon Anice—not exactly easy to understand. The color fluttered to her cheek and her smile died away. But she did not speak,—merely waited to hear what Derrick had to say.

He had nothing more to say about Joan Lowrie;—when he recovered himself, as he did almost immediately, he went back to the discussion of his pet plans, and was very eloquent on the subject.

Going home one evening, Derrick found himself at a turn of the road only a few paces behind Joan. He had thought much of her of late, and wondered whether she was able to take an utterly unselfish view of his action. She had a basket upon her arm and looked tired. He strode up to her side and spoke to her without ceremony.

"Let me carry that," he said. "It is too heavy for you."

The sun was setting redly, so perhaps it was the sunset that flung its color upon her face as she turned to look at him.

"Thank yo'," she answered. "I'm used to carryin' such-loike loads."

But he took her burden from her, and even if she had wished to be left to herself she had no redress, and accordingly submitted. Influences long at work upon her had rendered her something less defiant than she had been in the past. There was an element of quiet in her expression, such as Derrick had not seen when her beauty first caught his attention.

They walked together silently for a while, Derrick glancing often at the handsome face and feeling curious about it as he invariably did. It would have looked different, he fancied, if she had felt any resentment against him. But he wanted to arrive at something more definite than deductions drawn from outward appearances. After his usual manner, he grappled with his difficulty boldly and without pretense at concealing what he meant.

"I should like to hear you say that you do not blame me," he said with abrupt determination.

She knew what he meant, it was evident.

"I conna blame yo' fur doin' what were reet," she answered.

"Right,—you thought it right?"

"Why should na I? Yo' could na ha' done no other."

"Thank you for saying that," he returned. "I have thought once or twice that you might have blamed me."

"I did na know," was her answer. "I did na know as I had done owt to mak' yo' think so ill of me."

He did not find further comment easy. He felt, as he had felt before, that Joan placed him at a disadvantage. He so often made irritating mistakes in his efforts to read her, and in the end he seldom found that he had made any advance. Anice Barholm, with her problems and her moods, was far less difficult to comprehend than Joan Lowrie.

Liz was at the cottage door when they parted, and Liz's eyes had curiosity and wonder in them when she met her friend.

"Joan," she said, peering over the door-sill at Derrick's retreating figure, "is na that one o' th' mesters? Is na it the Lunnon engineer, Joan?"

"Yes," Joan answered briefly.

The pretty, silly creature's eyes grew larger, with a shade of awe.

"Is na it th' one as yore feyther's so bitter agen?"

"Yes."

"An' is na he a gentleman? He dunnot look loike a workin' mon. His cloas dunnot

fit him loike common foakes. He mun be a gentleman."

"I've heerd foak ca' him one," dryly; "an' if his cloas fit him reet, he mun be one, I suppose."

Liz looked after him again.

"Aye," she sighed, "he's a gentleman sure enow. I've seed gentlemen enow to know th' look on 'em. Did ——" hesitating fearfully, but letting her curiosity get the better of her discretion nevertheless,—“did he court thee, Joan?"

The next moment she was frightened into wishing she had not asked the question. Joan turned round and faced her suddenly, pale and wrathful.

"Nay, he did na," she said. "I am na a lady, an' he is what tha ca's him—a gentleman."

CHAPTER XV.

THE first time that Joan appeared at the night school, the men and girls looked up from their tasks to stare at her, and whisper among themselves; but she was, to all appearances, oblivious to their scrutiny, and the flurry of curiosity and excitement soon died out. After the first visit her place was never vacant. On the nights appointed for the classes to meet, she came, did the work allotted to her, and went her way again, pretty much as she did at the mines. When in due time Anice began to work out her plan of co-operation with her, she was not disappointed in the fulfillment of her hopes. Gradually it became quite a natural thing for a slow and timid girl to turn to Joan Lowrie for help.

As for Joan's own progress, it was not long before Miss Barholm began to regard the girl with a new wonder. She was absolutely amazed to find out how much she was learning, and how much she had learned, working on silently and by herself. She applied herself to her tasks with a determination which seemed at times almost feverish. There was the eagerness of passion in her resoluteness.

"I mun learn," she said to Anice once, "I *will*," and she closed her hand with a sudden nervous strength.

Then again there were times when her courage seemed to fail her, though she never slackened her efforts.

"Dost tha think," she said with a pathetic wistfulness, "dost tha think as I could iver learn as much as tha knows thyself? Does tha think a workin' lass

ivver did learn as much as a lady?" And she waited for the answer.

"I think," said Anice, "I think *you* can do anything you try to do."

By very slow degrees she had arrived at a discovery which a less close observer might have missed altogether, or at least only arrived at much later in the day of experience. Anice's thoughts were moved in this direction the night that Derrick slipped into that half soliloquy about Joan. She might well be startled. Here were a man and woman set so far apart by birth, fate, and social law, that it seemed impossible that the one could ever gain upon the other. They could scarcely have been placed at a greater distance from each other, and yet those half dozen words of Fergus Derrick's had suggested to his hearer that each, through some undefined attraction, was veering toward the other. Neither might be aware of this; but it was surely true. Little as social creeds influenced Anice, she could not close her eyes to the incongruous—the unpleasant features of this strange situation. And, besides, there was a more intimate and personal consideration. Her own feeling toward Fergus Derrick was friendship at first, and then she had suddenly awakened and found it something more. That had startled her too, but it had not alarmed her till her eyes were opened by that accidental half conscious speech of Derrick's. After that, she saw what Fergus Derrick was blind to, and what was a secret unrevealed to Joan.

Setting her own pain aside, she stood apart, and pitied both. As for herself, she was glad that she had made the discovery before it was too late. She knew that there might have been a time when it would have been too late. As it was, she drew back,—with a pang, to be sure; but still she could draw back.

"I have made a mistake," she said to herself in secret; but it did not occur to her to visit the consequences of the mistake upon any other than herself.

The bond of sympathy between herself and Joan Lowrie only seemed to increase in strength. Meeting oftener, they were knit more closely, and drawn into deeper faith and friendship. With Joan, emotion was invariably an undercurrent. She had trained herself to a stubborn stoicism so long, and with such steadfast determination, that the habit of complete self-control had become a second nature, and led her to hold

the world aloof. It was with something of secret wonder that she awoke to the consciousness of the fact that she was not holding Anice Barholm aloof, and that there was no necessity for doing so. She even found that she was being attracted toward her, and was submitting to her influence as to a spell. She did not understand at first, and wondered if it would last; but the nearer she was drawn to the girl, the less doubting and reluctant she became. There was no occasion for doubt, and her proud suspiciousness melted like a cloud before the spring sunshine. Having armed herself against patronage and curiosity, she encountered earnest frankness and open good faith. She was not patronized, she was not asked questions, she was left to reveal as much of herself as she chose, and allowed to retain her own secrets as if they were her own property. So she went and came to and from the Rectory; and from spending a few minutes in Anice's room, at last fell into the habit of spending hours there. In this little room she passed through many a process of development. The books, and pictures, and other refinements appealed to senses unmoved before. She drew in some fresh experience with almost every breath.

One unpleasant night, after a specially discouraging day, it occurred to Grace that he would go and see Joan; and dropping in upon her on his way back to town, after a visit to a parishioner who lived upon the high-road, he found the girl sitting alone—sitting as she often did, with the child asleep upon her knee; but this time with a book lying close to its hand and her own. It was Anice's Bible.

"Will yo' set down?" she said in a voice whose sound was new to him. "Theer's a chair as yo' con tak'. I conna move fur fear o' wakenin' th' choild. I'm fain to see yo' to-neet."

He took the chair and thanked her, and waited for her next words. Only a few moments she was silent, and then she looked up at him.

"I ha' been readin' th' Bible," she said, as if in desperation. "I dunnot know why, unless happen some un stronger nor me set me at it. Happen it coom out o' settin here wi' th' choild. An'—wall, queer enow, I coom reet on summat about childer,—that little un as he took and set i' th' midst o' them, an' then that theer when he said 'Suffer th' little childer to coom unto me.' Do yo' say aw that's true? I niver thowt

on it afore,—but somehow I should na loike to think it wur na. Nay, I should na!" And her voice broke. "I niver troubled mysen wi' readin' th' Bible afore," she went on, "I ha' na lived wi' th' Bible soart; but now—well that theer has stirred me up. If he said that—if he said it hissen—Ah! mester,"—and the words breaking from her were an actual cry. "Aye, mester, look at th' little un here! I munnot go wrong—I munnot, if he said it hissen!"

He felt his heart beat quick, and his pulses throb. Here was the birth of a soul; here in his hands perhaps lay the rescue of two immortal beings. God help him! he cried inwardly. God help him to deal rightly with this woman. He found words to utter, and uttered them with courage and with faith. What words it matters not,—but he did not fail. Joan listened wondering, and in a passion of fear and belief.

She clasped her arms about the child almost as if seeking help from it, and wept.

"I munnot go wrong," she said over and over again. "How could I hold th' little un back, if he said hissen as she mun coom? If it's true as he said that, I'll believe aw th' rest, an' listen to yo'. 'Forbid them not—'. Nay, but I wunnot—I could na ha' th' heart."

CHAPTER XVI.

"CRADDOCK is in serious trouble," said Mr. Barholm to his wife and daughter.

"'Owd Sammy' in trouble," said Anice. "How is that, papa?"

The Reverend Harold looked at once concerned and annoyed. In truth he had cause for irritation. The laurels he had intended to win through Sammy Craddock were farther from being won to-day than they had ever been. He was beginning to feel a dim, scarcely developed, but sore conviction, that they were not laurels for his particular wearing.

"It is that bank failure at Illsbery," he answered. "You have heard of it, I dare say. There has been a complete crash, and Craddock's small savings being deposited there, he has lost everything he depended upon to support him in his old age. It is a hard business."

"Have you been to see Craddock?" Mrs. Barholm asked.

"Oh! yes," was the answer, and the irritation became even more apparent than before. "I went as soon as I heard it, last night indeed; but it was of no use. I had

better have stayed away. I don't seem to make much progress with Craddock somehow or other. He is such a cross-grained, contradictory old fellow, I hardly know what to make of him. And to add to his difficulties, his wife is so prostrated by the blow that she is confined to her bed. I talked to them and advised them to have patience, and look for comfort from the Fountain-head; but Craddock almost seemed to take it ill, and was even more disrespectful in manner than usual."

It was a heavy blow that had fallen upon "Owd Sammy." For a man to lose his all at his time of life would have been hard enough anywhere; but it was trebly hard to meet with such a trial in Riggan. To have money, however small the sum, "laid by i' th' bank," was in Riggan to be almost illustrious. The man who had an income of ten shillings a week was a member of society whose opinion bore weight; the man with twenty was regarded with private awe and public respect. He was deferred to as a man of property; his presence was considered to confer something like honor upon an assembly, or at least to make it respectable. The Government was supposed to be not entirely oblivious to his existence, and his remarks upon the affairs of the nation, and the conduct of the Prime Minister and Cabinet, were listened to as being above comment. Sammy Craddock had been the man with twenty shillings income. He had worked hard in his youth and had been too shrewd and farsighted to spend hard. His wife had helped him, and a lucky windfall upon the decease of a parsimonious relative had done the rest. The weekly deposit in the old stocking hidden under the mattress had become a bank deposit, and by the time he was incapacitated from active labor, a decent little income was ready. When the Illsbery Bank stopped payment, not only his daily bread but his dearly valued importance was swept away from him at one fell blow. Instead of being a man of property, with a voice in the affairs of the nation, he was a beggar. He saw himself set aside among the frequenters of The Crown, his political opinions ignored, his sarcasms shorn of their point. Knowing his poverty and misfortune, the men who had almost stood in awe of him would begin to suspect him of needing their assistance and would avoid him accordingly.

"It's human natur'," he said. "No one loikes a dog wi' th' mangle whether th' dog's

to blame or no. Th' dog may ha' gotten it honest. 'Tis na th' dog, it's th' mänge as foaks want to get rid on."

"Providence?" said he to the Rector, when that portly consoler called on him. "It's Providence, is it? Well, aw I say is, that if that's th' ways o' Providence, th' less notice Providence takes o' us, th' better."

His remarks upon his first appearance at The Crown among his associates, after the occurrence of the misfortune, were even more caustic and irreverent. He was an irreverent old sinner at his best, and now Sammy was at his worst. Seeing his crabbed, wrinkled old face drawn into an expression signifying defiance at once of his ill luck and worldly comment, his acquaintances shook their heads discreetly. Their reverence for him as a man of property could not easily die out. The next thing to being a man of property, was to have possessed worldly goods which had been "made away wi'," it scarcely mattered how. Indeed even to have "made away wi' a mort o' money" oneself, was to be regarded a man of parts and no inconsiderable spirit.

"Yo're in a mort o' trouble, Sammy, I mak' no doubt," remarked one oracle, puffing at his long clay.

"Trouble enow," returned Sammy, shortly, "if you ca' it trouble to be on th' road to th' poor-house."

"Aye indeed!" with a sigh. "I should think so. But trouble's th' lot o' mon. Riches is deceitful an' beauty is vain—not as tha wur ivver much o' a beauty, Sammy; I canna mean that."

"Dunnot hurt thyself explainin'," dryly; "I niver set up fur one. I left that to thee. Thy mug was allus thy fortune."

"Tha'rt fretted now, Sammy," he said. "Tha'rt fretted, an' it makes thee sharp-tongued."

"Loike as not," answered Sammy. "Frettin' works different wi' some foak to what it does wi' others. I niver seed thee fretted, mysen. Does it ha' th' same effect on thee? If it happens to, I should think it would na harm thee,—or other foak either. A bit o' sharpness is na so hard to stand wheer it's a variety."

"Sithee, Sammy," called out a boisterous young fellow from the other side of the room. "What did th' parson ha' to say to thee? Thwaite wur tellin' me as he carried th' prayer-book to thee, as soon as he heard th' news. Did he read thee th' Christenin' service, or th' Burial, to gi' thee a bit o' comfort?"

"Happen he gi' him both, and throwed

in th' Litany," shouted another. "How wur it, Sammy? Let's hear."

Sammy's face began to relax. A few of the knots and wrinkles showed signs of dispersing. A slow twisting of the features took place, which might have been looked upon as promising a smile in due course of time. These young fellows wanted to hear him talk, and "tak' off th' parsen." His occupation was not entirely gone, after all. It was specially soothing to his vanity to feel that his greatest importance lay in his own powers, and not altogether in more corruptible and uncertain attractions. He condescended to help himself to a pipe-full of a friend's tobacco.

"Let's hear," cried a third member of the company. "Gi' us th' tale ow't an' ow't, owd lad. Tha'rt th' one to do it graidely."

Sammy applied a lucifer to the fragrant weed, and sucked at his pipe deliberately.

"It's noan so much of a tale," he said, with an air of disparagement and indifference. "Yo' chaps mak' so much out o' nowt. Th' parsen's well enow i' his way, but," in naive self-satisfaction, "I mun say he's a foo', and th' biggest foo' fur his size I ivver had th' pleasure o' seein'."

They knew the right chord was touched. A laugh went round, but there was no other interruption and Sammy proceeded.

"Whatten yo' lads think as th' first thing he says to me wur?" with vigorous enjoyment of his pipe, and his own position. "Why, he cooms in an' sets hissen down, an' he swells hissen out loike a frog i' trouble, an' ses he, 'My friend, I hope you cling to th' rock o' ages.' An' ses I, 'No I dunnot nowt o' th' soart, an' be domd to yo.' It wur na hospitable," with a momentary touch of depreciation. "An' I dunnot say as it wur hospitable, but I wur na in th' mood to be hospitable just at th' toime. It tuk him back too, but he gettin round after a bit, an' he tacklet me again, an' we had it back'ard and for'ard betwixt us for a good half hour. He said it wur Providence, an' I said, happen it wur, an' happen it wur'n't. I wur na so friendly and familiar wi' th' Lord as he seemt to be, so I could na tell foak aw he meant, and aw he did na mean. Sithee here, lads," making a fist of his knotty old hand and laying it upon the table, "that theer's what stirs me up wi' th' parsen kind. They're allus settin down to explain what th' Lord-amoighty's up to as if he wur a confidential friend o' theirs as they wur bound to back up i' some road; an' they mun drag him in endways or sideways i'

their talk whether or not, an' they wunnot be content to leave him to work fur hissen. Seems to me if I wur a disciple as they ca' it, I should be ashamed i' a manner to be allus apologizin' fur him as I believed in. I dunnot say fur 'em to say *nowt*, but I *do* say fur 'em not to be so domd free an' easy about it. Now theer's th' owd parsen, he's gotten a lot o' Bible words as he uses, an' he brings 'em in by the scruff o' th' neck, if he canna do no better,—fur bring 'em in he mun,—an' it looks loike he's aw i' a fever till he's said 'em an' gotten 'em off his moind. An' it seems to me loike, when he has said 'em, he soart o' straightens hissen out, an' feels comfortable, loike a mon as has done a masterly job as conna be mended. As fur me, yo' know, I'm noan the Methody soart mysen, but I am na a foo', an' I know a foine loike principle when I see it, an' this matter o' religion is a foine enow thing if yo' could get it straightforward an' plain wi'out so much trimmings. But—" feeling perhaps that this was a large admission, "as I say, I am noan o' th' Methody breed mysen."

"An' so tha tellt parson, I'll warrant," suggested one of his listeners, who was desirous of hearing further particulars of the combat between these two opposite powers.

"Well, well," admitted Craddock with the self-satisfaction of a man who feels that he has acquitted himself creditably. "Happen I did. He wur fur havin' me thank th' A'mighty fur aw ut had happen me, but I tow'd him as I did na quoite see th' road clear. I dunnot thank a chap as gi'es me a crack at th' soide o' th' head. I may stand it if so be as I conna gi' him a crack back, but I dunnot know as I should thank him fur the favor, an' not bein' one o' th' regenerate, as he ca's 'em, I dunnot feel loike singin' hymns just yet; happen it's 'cause I'm onregenerate, or happen it's human natur'. I should na wonder if it's 'pull devil, pull baker,' wi' th' best o' foak,—foak as is na prize foo's, loike th' owd parsen. Ses I to him, 'Not bein' regenerate, I dunnot believe i' so much grace afore meat. I say, lets ha' th' meat first, an' th' grace arterward.'"

These remarks upon matters theological were applauded enthusiastically by the discriminating audience. "Owd Sammy" had finished his say, however, and having a sensible theory that having temporarily exhausted his views upon a subject, it was well to let the field lie in fallow, he did not begin again. He turned his attention from his audience to his pipe, and the intimate friends who sat near him.

"What art tha goin' to do, owd lad?" asked one.

"Try fur a seat i' Parlyment," was the answer, "or pack my bits o' duds i' a wheelbarrow, an' set th' owd lass on 'em an' tak' th' highest road to th' Union. I mun do summat fur a bein'."

"That's true enow. We're main sorry fur thee, Sammy. Tak' another mug o' six-penny to keep up thy sperets. Theer's nowt as cheers a mon loike a sup o' th' reet soart."

"I shanna get much on it if I go to th' poor-house," commented Sammy, filling his beer-mug. "Skilly an' water-gruel dunnot fly to a mon's head, I'll warrant. Ay! I wonder how th' owd lass'll do wi'out her drop o' tea, an' how she'll stand bein' buried by th' parish? That'll be worse than owt else. She'd set her moind on ridin' to th' grave-yard i' th' shiniest hearse as could be gotten, an' wi' aw th' black feathers i' th' undertaker's shop wavin' on th' roof. Th' owd wench wur quoite set i' her notion o' bein' a bit fashynable at th' last. I believe hoo'd quoite ha' enjoyed th' ride in a quiet way. Eh, dear! I'm feart she'll niver be able to stand th' thowt o' bein' put under i' a common style. I wish we'd kept a bit o' brass i' th' owd stockin'."

"It's a bad enow lookout," granted another, "but I would na gi' up aw at onct, Sammy. Happen tha could find a bit o' leet work, as ud keep thee owt o' th' Union. If you could get a word or two spoke to Mester Hoviland, now. He's jest lost his lodge-keeper an' he is na close about payin' a mon fur what he does. How would tha loike to keep the lodge?"

"It ud be aw I'd ax," said Sammy. "I'd be main well satisfied, yo' mebbe sure; but yo' know theer's so many lookin' out fur a job o' that koin'd, an' I ha' na mony friends among th' quality. I niver wur smooth-tongued enow."

True enough that. Among the country gentry, Sammy Craddock was regarded as a disrespectful, if not a dangerous, old fellow. A man who made satirical observations upon the ways and manners of his social superiors, could not be much better than a heretic. And since his associates made a demi-god of him, he was all the more dangerous. He revered neither Lords nor Commons, and was not to be awed by the most imposing institutions. He did not take his hat off when the gentry rode by, and it was well known that he had jeered at several of the most important individuals in county office. Consequently, discreet per-

sons who did not believe in the morals of "the masses" shook their heads at him, figuratively speaking, and predicted that the end of his career would be unfortunate. So it was not very likely that he would receive much patronage in the hour of his downfall. Most people would privately be of the opinion that his misfortune was a providential dispensation, and served him right.

Sammy Craddock was in an uncomfortable frame of mind when he left his companions and turned homeward. It was a bad look-out for himself, and a bad one for "th' owd lass." His sympathy for the good woman was not of a sentimental order, but it was sympathy nevertheless. He had been a good husband, if not an effusive one. "Th' owd lass" had known her only rival in The Crown and his boon companions; and upon the whole, neither had interfered with her comfort, though it was her habit and her pleasure to be loud in her condemnation and disparagement of both. She would not have felt her connubial life complete without a grievance, and Sammy's tendency to talk politics over his pipe and beer was her standard resource.

When he went out, he had left her lying down in the depths of despair, but when he entered the house, he found her up and dressed, seated by the window in the sun, a bunch of bright flowers before her.

"Well now!" he exclaimed. "Tha niv-

ver says! What's takken thee? I thowt tha wur bedrid fur th' rest o' thy days."

"Howd thy tongue," she answered with a proper touch of wifely irritation at his levity. "I've had a bit o' company an' it's chirked me up summat. That little lass o' th' owd parson has been settin wi' me."

"That's it, is it?"

"Aye, an' I tell yo' Sammy, she's a noice little wench. Why, she's gotten th' ways o' a woman, stead o' a lass,—she's that theer quoite an' steady, an' she's gotten a face as pratty as her ways, too."

Sammy scratched his head and reflected.

"I mak' no doubt on it," he answered.

"I mak' no doubt on it. It wur her, tha knows, as settlet th' foight betwixt th' lads an' th' dog. I'm wonderin' why she has na been here afore."

"Well now!" taking up a stitch in her knitting, "that's th' queer part o' it. Wha-ten yo' think th' little thing said, when I axt her why? She says, 'It did na seem loike I was needed exactly, an' I did na know as yo'd care to ha' a stranger coom wi'out bein' axt. Just as if she had been nowt but a neebor's lass, an' would na tak' th' liberty.'"

"That's noan th' owd parson's way," said Sammy.

"Th' owd parson!" testily; "I ha' no patience wi' him. Th' little lass is as different fro' him as chalk is fro' cheese."

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Word for the Departed.

REV. GEORGE B. BACON, D.D., of Orange Valley, N. J., died, after a lingering illness, on the 15th of September, at the early age of forty years. In the firm and triumphant faith of Jesus Christ, this death was but a translation; and on his behalf there are no tears to be shed. When the world shifts the robe of winter and puts on the garniture of spring, it loses its firesides, but it gains a sun. When a good man leaves the thralldom of his feeble flesh and puts on immortality, he has nothing to lament, but infinite gain to rejoice in. So, tears are only for those who are left in loneliness, and who are obliged to complete their journey without the accustomed teacher, the familiar inspiring example, and the brotherly heart and hand.

Dr. Bacon, from the beginning of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY until within a few months of his death, was accounted one of its most valued contributors;

and it is proper that we pay to him, here, the tribute due to his worth as a literary man. He was the model literary clergyman. He had no taste for literature that diverted him from his pulpit duties, or weaned him from a love of his pastoral work; but he found his recreative pleasures in literary study and literary production. Into all his writing he carried a wise head, a catholic heart, a candid judgment and a facile pen. The department of "Culture and Progress" in this magazine has been greatly enriched by his just and genial comments and criticisms, especially with relation to religious books. His contributions to the body of the magazine were always marked by broad views, intense dislike of sham and cant, by high moral purpose, and by a style as simple and direct as it was elegant and attractive. In all this we shall not soon meet with his equal or his like; but we shall miss from these rooms, more than we shall miss his always welcome work, his genial, gentlemanly, Christian

presence. He was a man whose whole personality was profoundly to be respected, greatly to be admired, and warmly to be loved. We bless his memory, and his memory blesses all who knew him.

Mr. Huxley's Visit.

WE are not among those who deprecated Mr. Huxley's late visit to America, and certainly not among those who regret that he came. There was an indefinable dread of the man among many religious circles, as if he were not only an enemy, but a very powerful enemy, who was pretty sure to do mischief. The result, we are sure, not only disappointed them, but failed to give the expected support to those who have been inclined to favor the Darwinian hypothesis. The first lecture introduced a trick quite unworthy a fearless man of science, viz., that of making Milton bear the onus of the Mosaic account of the Creation. To whip the Bible around the shoulders of the great poet, and assume to fight a man, when, in truth, he intended to fight what all believers agree in regarding as a sacred book, and most of them as an inspired and authoritative book, was not a pretty or a manly thing to do. It was a cunning performance, we admit, but it was the performance of a pettifogger, and detracted very materially from the popular respect which had been accorded to the man and his utterances.

It is to be presumed that Mr. Darwin's principal apostle would present his facts and his arguments in the most convincing way possible to him. He took three evenings for the task, and had the field all to himself; but we do not hesitate to say that he failed in the "demonstrative evidence" offered in his closing lecture to fulfill the promises made in the first two. Had he demonstrated the soundness of his theory, people would have believed in it. That the most of them did not, ought to be regarded by Mr. Huxley as evidence—worthy, at least, of his consideration—that his "demonstrative evidence" demonstrated nothing. For, let it be remembered, the religious mind of the country is not as much afraid of the theory of evolution as it was, and is not proof against conviction, as it might once have been. It has apprehended and accepted the fact that it takes as great a power to originate an order of beings through evolution as by a direct act of creation, and that to bind up all the possibilities and potencies of life in protoplasmic masses, or ascidian cells, is as marked an exhibition of Almightiness and infinite ingenuity as it would be to speak into existence the perfected creatures which we know, and which we are.

We do not hesitate to say that the audiences which assembled to listen to Mr. Huxley were tractable audiences. They were not only tractable, but they were capable. They were fully adequate to the understanding of his theory, and the weighing of his evidences and arguments; and we have yet to learn that he largely, or even appreciably, increased the number of his disciples. Men went away feeling that, after all, the theory of evolution was nothing but a theory,—that it is still so much an hypothesis

that it can lay no valid claim to a place in science. Certainly, Mr. Huxley shook no soundly reasoning man's belief in God as the author of all life. "In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth." When that beginning was,—how many ages that beginning covered,—nobody pretends at this day to know. Everybody knows, however, that a stream can rise no higher than its fountain. If the conduits and receptacles into which that stream has been poured are capable of retaining it, and incapable of conducting it further, it may not rise so high. It seems to us repugnant to human reason that a low form of life, uninformed by a higher life, has the power to evolve a form of life higher than itself. There is not an analogy of nature which does not militate against such a conclusion. There are none of the lessons of science which do not lead directly away from it. God may work toward creative ends through processes of evolution, or he may not. A horse may have been derived from a three-toed animal, one of whose toe-nails spread into a hoof, with its wonderful tarsus and metatarsus, or he may not. A man may have descended, or ascended, from a monkey, or he may have been created by a divine fiat. It matters very little, so long as God is recognized as the author of life, and the designer of its multitudinous forms.

And here is where all the trouble and fear originate. The Christian theist shrinks from losing his God. He finds that as philosophers go mousing among second causes, they lose the disposition to look up. When Mr. Tyndall asserts that he finds in matter the promise and the potency of all forms and qualities of life, the Christian sees that God is left out of the question altogether,—that the creation is left without a creator, that life is left without an author, that his hope is vain, and that his faith is also vain. He is accounted but an animal of the highest class, that propagates other animals, and he and they are to die, and come to an end. He can contemplate such a conclusion only with horror. His life loses all its meaning in the presence of it. If this is all; if we are only animals; if we have no responsibility; if our destiny does not take hold of eternity, he will say, "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

It seems to us to be about time for Christian men and women, and especially for Christian teachers, to stop shaking in the presence of science and scientific men, in the fear that God is to be counted out of the universe, for such a conclusion is simply impossible. The religious element in man, in all ages and among all peoples, is, perhaps, the highest proof we have that a Being exists who is to be worshiped, loved, adored, obeyed. Beyond this lies the impossibility of conceiving the "beginning" of anything without a supreme first cause. To suppose that a nebulous mass appeared in one of the interstellar spaces, of itself; that, after a time, motion began in it, of itself, and went on until the whole mass revolved and commenced condensation; that one after another it threw off rings which cracked and curled up into burning worlds, always condensing and cooling, and revolving around the great mass in the center; that in one of these worlds, incandescent at first,

there went on for ages and eons the processes that were to fit it for the residence of life, and that then life appeared upon it, of itself, in such myriad forms and adaptations that the most industrious and ingenious human inquirer is left utterly at a loss to comprehend so much as the humblest plant at his feet, or the tiniest insect, to say nothing of his own body and his own mind,—we say that to suppose that all this took place without an infinite exercise of power and ingenuity,—without intelligent adaptation of means to ends,—is to suppose an absurdity which no healthy reason, healthily working, can possibly accept.

It is not only time for Christian men to stop shaking before science and scientific men, but it is time to receive them as discoverers of God's works and ways of working. We have learned a great deal from them, and we are to learn a great deal more. We are not concerned in their conclusions. We may pity them for their blindness and egotism, but we must respect them for their earnest work and their honesty. It will all come out right in the end. Their work is only begun, and, in the meantime, God will not be left without witnesses. Side by side with the advancement of science, the reign of religion advances in the world. Many of our old beliefs will be cast aside; many of our old dogmas will be shown to be baseless; but the belief in God and the confidence of his paternal interest in man will not only never die out, but they will increase with every onward step that science achieves.

The Better Times.

WE were much impressed by a recent remark, attributed to Governor Morgan, that under certain circumstances, which were mentioned, but which it is not necessary to recall, he did not see why the American people could not enjoy a period of prosperity lasting ten or twelve years. That which impressed us was the recognition, by an experienced business head, of the periodicity of prosperity in this country. We go headlong into business from a period of depression, run a certain round, and then down we go again, to rise and fall indefinitely in the same way. That has been the history of American business as far back as we can remember. The question never seems to rise whether this periodicity is necessary, or can be avoided; but every time we work up to a crash,—to a great and wide-spread financial disaster,—from which we slowly recover, again to repeat the old mistakes, and receive the accustomed punishment.

Is this lamentable periodicity necessary? We cannot believe that it is. When we suffer as a community, it is because, as a community, we have done wrong. When legitimate business is properly done, and not improperly overdone; when credits are not illegitimately extended, and speculation is not indulged in; when public and corporate trusts are managed without corruption; when true economy is practiced in public and private life, a great financial calamity, or crash, is simply impossible. What Governor Morgan, or any other wise and observing man, foresees as one of the consequences of the revival

of business, is a development of the spirit of speculation, a growth of fictitious values, an over-production of manufactures, a multiplication of middle-men, a wide extension of credit, a feverish thirst for large profits, a stimulation of extravagant habits, an increasing love of luxury. There is but one natural and inevitable end to all these, and that is disaster. It comes just as naturally as death follows a competent poison. There is no mystery about it whatever; and the strange thing is, that a nation of men are so much like a nation of children that it will not learn.

The better times for which we have waited so long that we had almost become hopeless, seem to have dawned at last. Business is reviving. The spindles begin to whirl again; the merchant has his customers; once more that which is produced finds a ready market; and once more there is labor for the workman, and bread and clothing and shelter for the laborer. After the terrible lesson we have received, it is a good time to talk about the future. Are we to go on again in the old way, and fill up, within a limited period of years, the old measure of foolishness, and tumble again into the old consequences?

It is not necessary that we should do so. We have, from sheer necessity, begun to be economical. Let us continue so. Let us build smaller houses; let us furnish them more modestly; let us live less luxuriously; let us tune all our personal and social life to a lower key. We have bravely begun reform in public and corporate affairs. Let us continue this, and vigilantly see to it that our trusts are placed in competent and honest hands. We are committed to a reform in the civil service,—a reform which will extinguish the trade of politics that has done so much to debauch and impoverish the country. Let us see to it that this reform is thoroughly effected. Our cobble-houses have tumbled about our ears; let us not rebuild them. Our speculations lie in ruin, with the lives and fortunes they have absorbed. Our fictitious values have been extinguished; let us not try to relight the glamour that made them. Our long credits and our depreciated currency have wrought incalculable evils; let us not continue them. Let us cease to deal in paper lies, and pay in gold our honest debts. Above all, let us be content with modest gains, cease trying to win wealth in a day, and get something out of life besides everlasting work and worry. Fully one-half of our wants are artificial, and these terrible struggles for money are mainly for the supply of wants that we have created.

A great many people, as the better times come on, will pull from their hiding-places the worthless securities, or insecurities, which they were once tempted to buy, and which now are not worth the paper they were printed on. They will lament that they had not invested their money in what they knew to be safe, rather than in that which seemed to be safe, but which promised a large return. The worthless railroad bonds and manufacturing stocks that now lumber the coffers of the rich and poor alike will serve as mementos of the popular folly, and as grave and impressive lessons for the future.

Those who invested for income are without their income, and regret, when it is too late, that they were tempted by a large promised percentage to forsake the path of safety. The Government bond went abroad for a buyer, and is good to-day. The railroad bond was bought at home, and is good for nothing.

And now, when money is beginning to be made again, is the time for a resolve to be also made that something shall always be sacrificed to security,—that for safety's sake, the large return shall be renounced, and the modest return accepted. The time for building railroads on bonds, for the benefit of rings and directors and contractors, we trust has passed away. The time for multiplying machinery beyond the wants of the country has also passed, else our people are quite foolish enough to deserve all the disaster that will follow a recurrence to the old policy. Let every man try to do a safe, legitimate business, live within his income, and invest his profits in genuine securities, and there is no reason why our prosperity may not be permanent.

The Interest of Fiction.

FOR the last few months, the whole English-speaking world has been reading "Daniel Deronda." Two months ago, it was made the topic of a discourse in one of the Brooklyn pulpits. It has been perused by divines, lawyers, merchants, women and girls. Wherever it has been read, it has excited an interest equaled by few histories that have ever appeared. This is an age of science—of "popular science,"—the age of revelations in knowledge and revolutions in thought—but no other form of expression to which the age has given birth has so enchained the attention of so large and intelligent an audience as this has done. It was anticipated with lively pleasure; it has been read with profound attention; it has been discussed as earnestly as if every statement and incident and revealed relation were as real as our every-day life, and as if the outcome were as genuine a fact as history records, or science determines.

What is the reason of all this? The most obvious answer—that which lies nearest the surface—is that there is nothing so interesting to men and women as men and women. The never-dying interest that interplays between the sexes, the display of new combinations of traits in the formation of character, the revelation of new phases of old forms of character, the depiction of national peculiarities and types, the unraveling of what seem to be threads of destiny running between and uniting various lives, the dramatic developments when these lives come into close relations,—coalescing or colliding,—the grand progressions, the happenings, the incidents, the accidents, the happinesses, the miseries, the triumphs, the defeats, the wide sweep onward to a consummation—all these enlist a deep sympathy; and if the art of the writer be good, they are history, having all the charm of the most charming history. We know a little of what life is to ourselves: it is natural for us to wish to know what it is to others.

We like to get inside of other life—to watch its motives, its internal and external controlling forces, its actions and reactions, its purposes and plans, its powers and passions, and to witness the final outcome. In truth, the study of others, thrown into varied relations, is a study of ourselves and our friends; and ourselves and our friends interest us more than science, or politics, or metaphysics.

There is a universal recognition, too, that the love of the sexes for each other is the master passion of humanity. It is lively in the young, and its memories, at least, linger among the old, as the sweetest they possess. The roses and violets may not be fresh with the latter, but their odor still lingers about the vases in which they were laid away to wither and to fade. So love is always interesting to all, and the novel that does not contain it, in some form, always disappoints. Love, indeed, may be called the staple passion of the novel. Without it, novels would hardly be written; and it is found only in the novel and the poem. It is either above or below the dignity of history; science never undertakes its analysis, and philosophy severely lets it alone, or only treats it in the dry, objective way that it would discuss anger or pride. So the novel is specially interesting in its treatment of the love of the sexes, and so it appeals to the dominant passion of the race.

Characterization has become a prominent trait of the modern novel. The old novels dwelt mainly among the events and incidents of life; but the men and women were much alike. In the modern novel, we have closely-defined characters, so that the men and women we find in it impress themselves upon us by force of individuality. We love them, admire them, despise them, as if they were real. They come to us as interesting, individualized studies—as new acquaintances, consistent evermore with themselves, and building up for themselves separate memories in our minds. These fresh individualities are even more interesting to us than if we had met them in actual life; for the novelist helps us to study and weigh them justly. This matter of characterization has done, perhaps, more than love to make the modern novel a universal companion. The study of types, and especially types of character, is a philosophical study, and many a great mind that does not care for love, or for the dramatic element in life and literature, studies a character with supreme interest.

Again, all men are interested in a strife of good and evil forces; and these enter into every acceptable novel. A novel that is wholly bad is disgusting; and a novel that is wholly good is hardly less so. There is very little in any novel so intensely interesting as the strife between its good and evil elements; and the novelist who does not sympathize with the good element, and make it triumphant in the grand outcome of his story, can only hold his audience by marvelous exhibitions of power in description and characterization. Whatever dogmas we may hold concerning the total depravity of human nature, it is not to be denied that men and women universally sympathize with the innocent

and the good, in their strife with the intriguing and plotting of the bad, and that they rejoice only in the triumph of the former. This strife between good and evil, between justice and injustice, between frank innocence and jealous malice, is a strife with which all are familiar—a strife that enters into every life and every society; and that is where the novel touches the moral element in men and women. So there are multitudes caring little for love, perhaps, and less for typical character, who find their interest in a novel mainly in its exhibition of antagonistic moral forces, that find a resolution in a triumph of the right.

All this means something more than instruction: it means amusement. Anything that pleasantly interests and absorbs the mind is recreation, when it comes outside of the demands of work. There is a small number, enlarging, perhaps, from year to year, who read novels from an artist's stand-point,—who are critics, who find their satisfaction in the artistic development of character and plot, who delight in style, and weigh a dramatic climax in scales,

who study a novel as a novel; but the multitude read a novel simply for the pleasant occupation of their minds. Life is humdrum, or fatiguing, and they come to the novel only for forgetfulness, or the pleasant excitement that a contemplation of new scenes and new characters affords. To such as these, a good novel is a benediction, for it relieves them of their burdens, clothes the commonplace with romance, and gives new meaning to human action and human life.

To suppose that fiction could permanently appeal to so many classes of mind if it were only fiction, is to suppose an absurdity. Fiction is most powerful when it contains most truth; and there is but little truth that we get so true as that which we find in fiction. So long as history is written by partisans, and science by theorists, and philosophy by hobby-riders, the faithful studies of human life, as we find them in the best novels, are the truest things we have; and they cannot fail to continue to be the source of our favorite knowledge, our best amusements, and our finest inspirations.

THE OLD CABINET.

MYSTIC.

You call me mystic? Nay,
My rule hath sterner power.
I am king of the sordid clay,
I am queen of the garish hour:
The seed's first thought of the flower,
And the gray dawn's thought of the day.

THE Philistine is revealed both by his nouns and his adjectives. It is he who calls the

Original,	Quaint;
Honesty,	Affectation;
Imagination,	{ Fancy,
	{ Conceit.

When you hear a critic describe a contemporary work of imagination—a modern poem, or a picture in the last Academy—which shows insight, philosophy, a deep sense of art—when you hear him describe such a work as something principally attractive by its “quaintness,” you may be sure of your man. If you doubt your own judgment, and want to bring the matter to a higher test, try the Philistine with Shakspeare's sonnets, or Albert Dürer's “Little Passion.”

We were formerly much surprised to see persons who thought very highly of themselves, and of all that pertained to themselves, unusually severe in their criticisms of members of their own immediate families. It seemed to us inconsistent. How, we asked, can these exceedingly peccable persons be so vastly superior in morals, breeding, and what not, to the fathers, mothers, husbands, and wives of other

people? But we have since discovered that there is no inconsistency in the matter whatever. We merely had failed to appreciate fully the intensity of the egoism of these central personages. It was relatively to themselves that their fathers, mothers, husbands, and wives were ill-bred or immoral; relatively to the rest of mankind, they were, of course, the very flowers of courtesy and pinks of perfection.

WHEN one gets his mind fixed upon Reform, it is wonderful to find how wide is the field for it. The Civil Service Reform is a mere bagatelle. It may take a good while to accomplish that, but it can and will be accomplished. The evil has a hundred heads; but the necks are, or will all be, exposed and laid bare to the executioner's sword. That is a public and palpable matter. But in every direction we find need for reforms in social and business life, where the evils are of a more subtle and deeply rooted character. Take one example: How many centuries do you suppose it will require to eradicate the custom of “tipping” waiters? This is a most unmanly proceeding. It fills the sensitive bestower with shame and humiliation, and it is certainly degrading to the beneficiary. We do not speak of its inconvenience in the matter of cost, or of its effect upon the manners of those who serve. We refer only to the spiritual influences of such a practice, of its tendency to establish false relations between human beings, and to lower the moral tone. It is not necessary to present an array of examples such as this; for, to each person, different ones will occur. Every trade has its trick. The need for

reform is everywhere, and when all is reformed, who shall reform the reformers?

HAS any of the thousand critics of "Daniel Deronda" done justice to the story as a vindication of Bohemianism? In this regard, the book is supreme. The "best society" has been laughed at, sneered at, patronized, made ridiculous often enough before; but has it ever been put so completely at a disadvantage, intellectually and spiritually, as in "Daniel Deronda?" Nor can it be said that any injustice is done. The Philistine is not refused the meed of good manners. For Grandcourt, even, we are permitted a certain admiration. The "best society" has done its best for him; he has "elegance," and he has the interest and attraction of being perfect of his kind. But for all this, his overthrow, and that of his class, is the more conspicuous; it is he—the motives, the ideas, the life which he represents—that is made contemptible.

WE suppose, however, that the "best society" will be found as long-lived as Mr. Warner describes the effete Ottoman civilization to be. The principle of caste has its roots deep in the human heart. Even Bohemia has its "best society." One of the most consistent Bohemians that we know confessed to us, not long ago, that in dreamland he is always an aristocrat. His most frequent hallucination in sleep is that of intimacy with the Court of St. James. Queen Victoria is always insisting that he should spend the afternoon and go out driving with her.

THE extraordinary wisdom shown by such writers as George Eliot and Hawthorne sets us to wondering whether their wisdom would be proportionately increased if their lives should be prolonged, say three times the usual term. We doubt that it would. Of course wisdom is derived largely through experience, but the insight that gives wisdom does not require any excessive opportunity for observation. The ordinary term of life is enough. For not only observation is necessary, but sympathy,—and the kind of sympathy we give to, and receive from, persons who are in the same time and mood of life with ourselves. Hawthorne's earliest writings have much of the same truthful and typical quality that his later ones possess. Old people do not seem to have any proportionate increase of wisdom. Their knowledge of instances and examples; their opportunity of watching the curious processes of heredity, instead of making them wiseheads, often makes them nothing better than dogmatists and gossips.

We should think that natural historians might find entertainment and instruction in studying the intellectual effect of long life upon animals. It might be possible to do this with regard, at least, to domestic animals; of the length of life of other animals, astonishingly little is known. The actual length of life would not seem to have much to do with the question; the apparently stupid tortoise, for instance, long outlives the intelligent dog and horse. The age relative to the age of others of the same species,

and with relation to succeeding generations of the species,—this would be the point to determine. In White's "Selborne," it is said that the natural term of a hog's life is little known, because it is neither profitable nor convenient to keep that turbulent animal to the full extent of its time. White's neighbor, "a man of substance, who had no occasion to study every little advantage to a nicety," kept a sow, as thick as she was long, till she was advanced to her seventeenth year, when she showed signs of age, and was turned into "fat, good bacon, juicy and tender." She was moderately computed to be "the fruitful parent of three hundred pigs." Now, White remarks that "from long experience in the world, this female was grown very sagacious and artful." Here, then, is a case in point, although we should like to have been informed whether this creature were not from the first exceptionally intelligent. Will not some one conversant with the subject give us the vital statistics of learned pigs?

AMONG the contributions of the late George B. Bacon to "Hours at Home," was a paper on "The Coming Chinaman; and what shall we do with him?" Dr. Bacon had studied the Chinaman at home as well as in the colonies, and his view of Chinese immigration was more hopeful than that which has lately been presented by several writers in this magazine. In the above-named article, published in the number of "Hours at Home" for January, 1870, he called attention to the fact that just as we were discovering our peril from a bad civil service—a peril which he declared more deadly than the risk from civil war,—"more deadly because more spiritual than that, and likely to destroy not the body of the State alone, but its very soul as well,"—just as we were discovering this danger, there was coming to our shores "a people who discovered this great peril, in their own political history, some centuries ago, before we even had a name or an existence." "And when," he adds, "it appears that they not merely made this great discovery, but found a way to remedy the evil, we begin to see what possible significance of good there is in the new immigration." Furthermore: "He is not a man who comes to us degraded by centuries of bad government; but rather ennobled by the consciousness of a national history of which he may well be proud. Somehow he has learned the secret, if not of national progress, at least of national stability. Compared with the venerable stability of his nation, the European nations are like reeds shaken by the wind. And its citizens have been trained to a sense of responsibility, not merely to their government, but *for* it. By all the force of their history, by all the might of their tradition, by all the power of their associations, and by all the sanctions of their religion, they have been made to feel the value of a strong and orderly, and, on the whole, a good government. * * * Their appreciation of popular education, and their perception of its relation to government, are scarcely less distinct or less thorough than our own."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Letters to a Young Mother: II.

THE BABY'S FOOD.

MY DEAR —: I am very glad if my "advice," as you call it, was of any value to you; and now you ask for more,—this time on the subject of feeding the baby. In answer to your questions, I shall simply tell you how I have managed mine. My ideas may not suit either your notions or the baby's. In that case, try something different. If you only take common sense for your guide, you won't go far astray. Oh! if I only could, wouldn't I found a Professorship of Common Sense in some of these new female colleges, for the sake of the poor little babies to come, whose mothers will be educated in everything else except a common sense-ible way of doing everyday things. But that's a digression,—now to business.

When my babies were four or five months old, I found it was necessary to feed them a little. At first, it was only sweetened milk and water once or twice a day. Gradually I increased the number of times, and also added other things, like thoroughly boiled oatmeal and hominy, Graham crackers and milk, etc., till, by the time they were a year old, they were weaned without knowing it, and also had quite a "bill of fare." I fed them with a spoon, too, from the beginning; and, though it was a little more trouble at first, it saved me the necessity of weaning them from the bottle. I also taught them to drink from a small cup before they were six months old. They spluttered and spilled it at first; but it was so convenient a way of feeding them in the night, that it paid for the extra trouble, and they soon learned to take it nicely. And that reminds me how grateful they are for a drink of fresh water occasionally. I have seen a fretful baby quieted by that when everything else failed. Ice rubbed on swollen gums, and then allowed to melt in the mouth, will afford great relief to a teething baby. In your choice of food, be governed by the state of the system; some children need aperient, others astringent, food, and different articles at different times. By watching matters yourself, you can regulate them perfectly in this way without medicine, which should always be a *dernier resort*.

Another important matter is to be regular in your times of feeding them. A ten months' old baby should have its five or six meals a day as regularly as you your three. Their stomachs need intervals of rest as much as "grown-up" ones, and will become accustomed to it very readily. My little Katie, just one year old, has her first breakfast soon after waking,—say before seven o'clock; her second meal before her morning nap,—about ten; her dinner,—which I make the heartiest meal, and at which I try any new article of food, since she can digest it better then than earlier or later,—between twelve and one; her supper at four, or thereabout, and her "night-cap" about six,—just before she is undressed and put into

her crib. If she wakes late in the evening, I give her a drink of milk; but she doesn't always want it, and when she is a little older, I can accustom her to do without it.

The pernicious habit some children have of eating at odd hours is enough to destroy the best natural digestion. Their appetites have no *rest* to them, and they eat so little at the regular meal, that they soon begin to crave something more, and, taking a little then, destroy the real healthy *hunger*, but do not satisfy the stomach's needs; and so they go,—never really hungry, never fully satisfied. A healthy, well-trained child will seldom ask for anything between meals. Sometimes, between an early or a light breakfast and a one o'clock dinner, it may be advisable to give him a simple lunch of bread and butter, a few Graham crackers, or plain cookies, or a little fruit; but let it be early enough not to interfere with dinner—say before eleven o'clock; in fact, let it be a supplementary meal of itself. Of course this applies to older children only; but your boy'll be older before you know it.

I take it for granted that you will not feel satisfied if your child is merely free from actual disease; you want him to be positively healthy, ruddy-cheeked, strong-limbed, active enough to enjoy a winter walk without taking cold, vigorous enough to bear a summer's heat without "running down," full of overflowing life and animal spirits. Then you will need to ask yourself regarding his food, and to ascertain, not only what won't hurt him, but what will give him the best material for building up bones and muscles, nerve and brain tissues; in short, what sort of timber you will furnish him to build his house with. I often recall what an old doctor said to me concerning children's taking cold: "They don't have croup or lung fever from every unnecessary exposure; but a certain part of their vitality, which ought to go toward their *growth*, is expended in *resisting* the evil influence." So with food.

There are plenty of things which grown people eat without much thought (and I don't know that it does them much harm,

"For they are old and tough,
And can eat them well enough"),

articles which are neither nutritious nor easily digested, but which it is sheer *robbery* to feed to children; for instance, pies, rich cake, sausages, indeed pork in any form, fried things generally, all kinds of hot breads and biscuits, doughnuts, griddle-cakes, etc. These should all be tabooed in the nursery.

And people give them to their children, in this land of plenty, where there is such a variety of prepared cereal food, oatmeal, cracked wheat, hominy, Graham flour, rice, corn starch, etc., and where, the whole year round, fresh, luscious fruit of some kind is always plenty and cheap. Compare a dessert of apples or oranges to one of mince pie, or a breakfast

of beefsteak and oatmeal to one of sausages and griddle-cakes!

Yet, I have heard mothers say who had brought their children up on a course of griddle-cakes, dough-nuts, and soda biscuits: "Oh! I let my children eat anything; there is no use in being fussy, and they're as well as most people,"—in the face of the fact that not one of them enjoys really robust health, that unusual fatigue overcomes them completely, and headaches and bilious attacks abound. Some people seem to think that as long as their children are not writhing in the actual agonies of the stomach-ache, nothing has hurt them.

"But you don't object to griddle-cakes," I hear you say. "Why, we had them almost the year round for breakfast at father's, and we children didn't eat anything else."

There is just the mischief of it. Two or three light, carefully fried griddle-cakes to "finish off" a substantial breakfast of meat or fish might have a negative virtue, though I doubt if they could have a positive one; but for a growing child to take, on a fasting stomach, to begin the day's work with, plateful after plateful of the leathery, grease-soaked compounds that go by the name of griddle-cakes, with sirup or molasses to complete the mischief,—it seems as if a little reflection would teach the most ignorant mother better. For those who give them to their children for supper, I haven't a word to say. They are joined to their idols.

After all, the question isn't, What is the minimum of care and thought required to bring children up to the point where they can take care of themselves? but, What is the maximum development of all their physical and mental powers? Has the average man or woman so much physical health and mental culture that we can afford to cast aside as unnecessary any helps to a higher standard of physical development?

It is a very solemn thought that the usefulness and happiness of their mature years will be largely augmented or diminished by their health of body,—and for that we mothers are *directly responsible*. I know there are hereditary taints and predispositions to disease, and that no human foresight can altogether prevent accidents and contagious diseases; yet, for a child's normal physical condition, his mother is really responsible. At all events, he should have no worse constitution than he was born with, and, if possible, a better one.

Did you ever think of all it meant to you as a mother in those passages where Paul speaks of our bodies as being made *fit temples* for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit?

But I have said enough to set you thinking, and I remember that "the best living is to make our lives the fruit of our best thinking."

With love to you and yours,
Affectionately your friend,
MARY BLAKE.

Paris Fashions.

AS WE study the portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire,—especially the luxuriant curls which fill so

large a portion of the portrait,—we see how well adapted is that hat to the *tout ensemble* of the person. As it stands, picture, head, and hat are perfect in harmony of style, type, and form! But on a head whose hair is plainly braided, drawn tightly back over the forehead and ears, and twisted into a cable or knot at the back, it belittles the personality of the wearer. In a word, the Devonshire hat requires a head-dress of curls like that of the Duchess, or it becomes ridiculous. Wear a wig of curls (short and long), and the Devonshire hat is perfection. With plain hair, or hair in nets, as so many ladies are now adopting, there is no hat so suitable as the "Toque," which is of black velvet, covered with feathers, bird's wings, or fur, according to the season of the year and the style of dress to be worn with it. This winter's hats are divided between the "Devonshire" and the "Toque." There are certainly other hats, but these are chiefly for the very young, or for the very aged. The very young wear a kind of pointed Tyrol hat called "Pifferaro," while aged ladies wear anything that the young will let them wear. Their position is not of the brightest. "What bonnet can I have this winter?" asks the mamma of a blooming beauty of twenty. Mamma is still young-looking, and the daughter is a trifle envious of that fact. All the bonnets of the season are passed in review. The "Rabagas" is really *too old*! the "Devonshire" is out of the question; the "Toque" is too young; the "Pifferaro" is too stogy; the "Baby" is ridiculous. The only style that remains is the "Leopold-Robert,"—that is the crownless diadem of foliage and fruit which lays bare the entire back of the head,—which compels the wearer to continue the burden of a heavy chignon of plaits in order to fill up the vacant space. This is scarcely kind. To alleviate the weight of these obnoxious chignons, large veils and lace scarfs have been substituted, which, after being crossed at the back of the neck, are brought forward and tied under the chin in lieu of strings. Félix (a man-milliner) is the only *modiste* in Paris who makes bonnets for elderly ladies. In fact he can make no other kind of bonnet. * * * In dress, it is the Amazon or riding-habit shape which is the most adopted this winter. It is somewhat like the Princess robe in style, only it is trimmed up the front, from hem to neck, with wide Brandenbours of *passementerie*, which give it quite a martial look. In a little breast pocket, also, is placed a tiny bunch of natural flowers,—an ornament which is deemed indispensable to this style of dress. With this dress, also, is worn, for out-of-doors, a half long and half tightly fitting paletot of the same material, and trimmed with Brandenbours like the dress itself. These demi-long paletots, which might be called half-pelisses, are the only novelties which we have for autumn wear. In colder weather, we shall come back to the long pelisses of last year,—which, also, like last year, will be lined and edged with fur; and the hat to be worn with them will be of the same fur as that on the pelisse. Dark furs will have the preference over those of lighter hue. Short jackets and rotundas are quite laid aside. Nothing but long pelisses

and demi-pelisses are worn. They are made of silk, lined with fur, or of cloth. The cloth pelisses, like those of silk, may be edged with fur. Some, however, remain untrimmed, having their pockets, collar, and sleeve-cuffs of velvet to match the color of the pelisse itself. Tunics, or polonaises, when worn, are made to resemble pelisses as much as possible, and are trimmed in the same manner. Other trimmings are silk and worsted military braids of every width, gold, silver, and steel braids, embossed velvet bands, Oriental hieroglyphics, and cut-out braids, imitating embroidery patterns,—all of which are laid flat on tunics and pelisses. Fringes, especially ball fringes, are likewise much worn by slender ladies. And, lastly, frillings and flutings of the same material as the dress are still worn by ladies acknowledged for their elegance and taste in dress. Skirts, when intended to be worn under a polonaise, are trimmed with three plaitings, or flounces, in the olden style. Under a straight-falling pelisse, the skirt is better without any trimming. With the exception of the Amazon dress, which is fastened like a redingote all up the front, the bodies of dresses are fastened at the back, this being considered more becoming to the figure. * * * High collars and ruches are still worn round the neck, and under these, similar ones of white linen, cambric, or lace. * * * The colors for the winter are dark blue, dark green, plum, and bronze. * * * In materials, we have cloth, serge, cashmere, and triste poplin for our younger ladies; and every kind of embossed silk, satin, and velvet for our elderly ladies. As a rule, young ladies wear plain materials, while older ladies wear brocade, embossed, braided, and embroidered materials. * * * Under-clothing is universally made of soft foulard for winter wear. The doctors say that this is more sanitary than linen, cotton, or even flannel, and the ladies are nothing loth to add this extra expense to their toilet budget. * * * The hair is worn in long nets both by day and night, and at the top of these nets is a large Alsatian bow to match the color of the toilet or its trimmings. * * * *Valenciennes* lace is the only lace recognized for under-dress. *Yak* (or *torchon*), however, may trim cashmere dressing-gowns. *Ècrû* is going out of fashion. It was beginning to become too common, and anything is better in dress than being common. CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.

Rural Topics.

GARDEN SOIL.—To produce fine plants, smooth, well-shaped roots, and full-sized vegetables or fruits it is necessary to start with a soil that is fine in texture, deep, and of a friable character. Those who are familiar with profitable "trucking" know full well that land of ordinary quality, such as would yield fair average farm crops of grain, grass or potatoes, requires at least three years of preparatory treatment, even with the heaviest manuring, before it can be made to produce full crops of vegetables. The rough farm land has to go through this refining process, or "breaking in," as it is termed, before anything bordering on its full capacity can be

reached,—no matter how thorough the system of culture put in practice. The same, or a similar plan, must be followed, in taking in any new piece of ground for garden purposes, before it can be made to yield full returns or give reliable results. Where the soil is of a heavy, tenacious character, such as will hold water on the surface late in the spring, the remedy is under-draining. In December, when most of the work for saving vegetables and fruits is over, there is usually time enough, and the conditions are favorable for such work, and if properly done, it will be effective for a life-time. The expense should not deter any one from under-draining the garden spot, for the results will soon more than compensate for the first outlay. The cost of the draining material is the only expense that need be incurred. The labor of digging, laying and filling in the drains can easily be done in the leisure month of December, by the man or boy who attends to the garden work. Two-inch sole or round tiles will cost about a cent and a half or two cents a foot. The depth of the drains should not be less than two and a half feet, with a fall of about four inches to the hundred feet.

In order to take advantage of the agency of freezing and thawing, stubborn or new ground ought to be thrown into six-foot ridges, before the frost stops out-of-door work. A heavy dressing of rotted manure spread on the ground before turning it over will be found beneficial. There should be no attempt made to smooth over the surface by raking, for the more uneven and rough the surface is left, the more effectual will be the work of alternate freezing and thawing during the cold months. Garden soil, treated in this way in December, will be dry, loose and mellow in the early days of spring; having conditions favorable to the vegetation of garden seeds at least two weeks in advance of the same character of heavy soil, not freed from stagnant water, and left undisturbed in the fall. This two weeks' start in planting-time will be firmly maintained through the growing season, giving the advantages of early maturity, which every one knows is desirable in raising vegetables for home use as well as for profit. In fruit-growing also it is quite important to have these conditions of a free and open soil, well under-drained. On light, sandy soil with a porous subsoil, the under-draining may be dispensed with; but turning in a coat of manure in the fall will be found a step in the right direction.

ASPARAGUS-BEDS.—The seed stalks and weeds on the asparagus-bed should be cut off early in December, and thrown into heaps, and when dry enough, burned on the ground where they grew. The bed should then be covered over with rotted manure, half an inch or so in thickness, and this covering left on all winter. Before spring opens, a great part of the soluble portions will have found its way down among the roots, and will thus aid in forcing an early and rank growth. In private gardens, this fall manuring should not be overlooked, especially

by those who enjoy large spears of tender asparagus early in the season. There need be no fear of injuring the bed by over-manuring; for this is one of the vegetables that will stand, and improve by, heavy doses. The more liberally the fertilizers are used, the larger and more prolific the spears of asparagus will grow. Some growers add a light dressing of salt to the surface of the bed, before putting on the manure in the fall. There is nothing wrong in this plan, and salt is a valuable manure for asparagus; but if put on in the spring instead of the fall, spread over the ground after the digging and raking of the bed, the salt will help keep the weeds down, which will count for something when one has enough else to keep him busy in the garden.

LAWNS.—An attractive lawn can only be produced by timely care and winter protection. Neither is expensive, and the means are within the reach of everyone. In our climate, with its severe winters, the frost enters the ground quite as far as the roots extend downward, and abrasion of these roots from expansion and contraction, by alternate thawing and freezing, must be guarded against on grass-plats, if such precautions are not taken on heavy soil, the grass soon becomes spotty and uneven, and loses its velvety character, so desirable in a plat of grass. Mulching with long manure is the cheapest and most effectual method to prevent injury to the roots from the cause named. The manure may be scattered evenly over the surface of the plat at any time through the month of December. Half rotted horse-manure will be found best adapted for this purpose. The only precaution necessary is not to throw too much in any one spot, but to get it evenly distributed. The danger of using this kind of manure is the chance of getting some foul seeds from the hay or grain on which the animals were fed. This risk is trifling in comparison to the advantages of mulching grass-beds in the way described.

Table-Talk.

THERE are, Heaven be praised! very few professional talkers in America. The popular verdict has pronounced your "fine conversationalist" a bore. The days of the elaborate story-teller are over. People who have elaborate stories or opinions know their market value, and usually put them into print at so much per page. We all declare that we are in too much of a hurry to write long letters or to study our words. We may preach, paint, or reform the world, but our intercourse with our friends must be short, ready, compact, made up of necessary question and answer. There is, in fact, a little danger that we shall ignore the importance of conversation altogether, especially at home. "At a man's own table," we all say, "he surely can be at ease and slip-shod in his talk."

Now, there is absolutely no limit to the slip-shod quality of table-talk in most families. Decent people, of course, are careful about the children's grammar, and guard their morals against injury even at

breakfast. But there precaution usually ends. Mother and father conduct the training of the young folks by certain formal means, family worship, Sunday observances, rule upon rule, precept upon precept, and then inculcate, by their manner and words at the table, faults of character, less tangible, but quite as fatal as those against which they have preached.

The first and most common mistake is that the children hear too much of themselves. Especially is this the case in families where the parents are conscientious, and have made their children the first object in life. They have a well-considered theory to meet every point in Joe's and Jenny's career, from teething to matrimony. The young folks learn to consider themselves the sole objects of the labor, thought, and prayer of the little world in which they live. Their faults and virtues are incessantly discussed in their presence. The chance visitor is regaled with an account of Joe's crooked teeth or Jenny's musical ear. No matter how eminent for wit, learning, or piety the guest at the table may be, his conversation is not held to be half so important by father or mother as the silly, pert twaddle of the young folks, and the young folks know it. The result is inevitable. The children, if they do not become selfish, are made, at least, intolerably self-conscious; school and college do not diminish their conceit, and it needs years of hard friction with the world, and a wrench of disappointment at its neglect, as bitter as death, to give the man and woman a proper estimate of themselves, and to make useful and rational people of them.

Another mistake in ordinary family talk is that it centers exclusively on home interests and on people, instead of ideas or things. Month after month, year after year, the same unceasing dribble goes on over Biddy's short-comings, the crop of potatoes, Squire Pott's neuralgia, Sally Hall's flirtation; and this not among vulgar, ignorant people, but men and women of culture and refinement. It would be a good rule to establish at every table that people should seldom be mentioned, and dress never. No education can enlarge the minds of children constantly cramped by such petty bounds. The only remedy for such belittling thoughts is for parents to test their own position in the world, and to find out how insignificant a place they and their village and their State hold in it. They would begin to learn that life was given them for nobler ends than unending chatter over a new gown or the gossip of their set.

Another glaring mistake is, that many Christian people who are zealous for the conversion of the world, and who besiege the Almighty with prayers for their children, sit down at the table daily with gloomy faces and morbid talk, or snap, grumble, and scold servants, children, or each other. Children and servants are sharp-eyed: they put little faith in a religion which is not stronger than dyspepsia or nervous debility. In short, it is by this petty table-talk that all religion, morals, and rules are tested by the young. It is worth while for every parent to consider what kind of teaching is given at every meal.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Social Science at Saratoga.

THE September meeting of the American Social Science Association at Saratoga was the nearest approach to what is called in England a "Social Science Congress" that has ever been seen in the United States. The previous General Meetings at New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, Detroit, and other cities during the ten or eleven years that they have been held, have generally lacked the homogeneous, coherent character which the experience and practice of twenty years have stamped upon the British conventions for the same purpose. Papers have been read, and debates held, occasionally in the presence of large audiences, in these American Social Science meetings; but there has seldom been brought together such a company of trained and truly scientific investigators as met at Saratoga, ready to discuss upon the instant, and often in a masterly way, the numerous questions coming up for consideration. Then, too, at Saratoga, these professors and experts of social science met each other, not only in the debates, but at the hotel tables, and in their hours of recreation, so that many topics could be leisurely and amicably debated with mutual enlightenment. The result was, that after four days spent in this manner (during which more than forty addresses and papers were presented, and more than a hundred persons took part in the discussions), the members separated with a strong feeling of satisfaction, as if something had really been accomplished of national importance and concern, and, at the same time, with pleasure to those who participated in it. This was particularly true in regard to the professors and lawyers who carried on for three days the most searching and intelligent debates on legal education and admission to the bar ever held in America. Nearly all the more important law-schools, except that of Cambridge, were represented, and eminent lawyers from New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, Baltimore, Washington, and other cities, spoke on the various topics which were of great importance. The papers read in this department were by Professor Hammond of Iowa, Professor Dwight of New York, Professor von Holtzendorff of Munich, Mr. Mathile of Washington, Messrs. Lewis L. Delafield and Dorman B. Eaton of New York, and Judge Hoadly of Cincinnati, and they dealt with the study of jurisprudence and political science, admission to the bar, the election of judges, the proper organization of law-schools, etc. It is to be regretted that no full report of these papers and debates was made, for none can be given now. Most of the papers will be printed, however, in the "Journal of Social Science."

We have mentioned first the sectional meeting of the Jurisprudence Department because it was, on the whole, the most successful part of the congress, and most fully carried out the design of those who first

invented social science parliaments. But in other directions, the success was more conspicuous, because more public. Mr. David A. Wells's opening address on the Causes and Remedies of our Financial Depression was a masterly statement of the matter, and when published in full, will increase the author's high reputation as an economist and statesman. Governor Tilden's short address to the Conference of Charities, with which the whole proceedings opened, was full of pith and good sense; and most of the papers of this Conference were also much to the purpose. There were too many essays on insanity, some of which had little practical value; but the principal ones, by Dr. Allen of Massachusetts, and Dr. Wilbur of New York, were highly practical and sensible. At the head of the Committee on Insanity to report at the Conference in 1877, was placed Dr. John B. Chapin of the Willard Asylum,—an appointment which secures a valuable report on the separate treatment of the chronic insane, which is now a very pressing question, and was somewhat debated at Saratoga. Other papers read in the Conference of Charities related to Neglected Children, Medical Charities and Out-door Relief, Immigration and Pauperism, and Hospital-building. The debates on these papers were unequal, and not always instructive; but the sessions in this department were generally profitable and interesting. The Health Department, which was in session but a single day,—September 8th,—brought forward some useful papers on the Health of Schools, and debated them ably. Dr. D. F. Lincoln of Boston was here one of the principal speakers; for the Department of Health, unlike that of Jurisprudence, is very active in Boston and its vicinity, and Dr. Lincoln is its efficient secretary.

The largest audiences, of course, attended what is called the "General Session," in which papers not specially connected with either of the five departments of the Association, or belonging to a department which holds no sectional meetings, were brought forward, read and debated. Here, therefore, the political and financial papers, and one or two specially relating to education, were considered. There were four chief debates in the General Session,—on The Silver Question (September 6th), The Condition of the South (September 7th), Chinese Immigration (September 7th), and The Railroad Question (September 8th). These debates were all extremely animated and entertaining, without reaching any very definite conclusion; nor were they reported with any fullness, so that most of what was said will be lost. Briefer discussion followed the paper of Mr. D. L. Harris on Municipal Extravagance,—a striking presentation of the debt and expenses of city governments,—on The Cotton Industry of Fall River, Life Insurance, Township Organizations, Technical Education, The Civil Service, American Currency, etc. The annual report of the secretary of the Association, Mr. F. B. Sanborn,

was read in the General Session; and there also, on the closing day, an impromptu debate on Prison Discipline took place, apropos of a resolution which authorized the sending of delegates to the International Prison Congress at Stockholm next August. Captain Harvey, Governor of the Brixton Prison in London, was present, and gave an account of the prison system now used in England, and of the considerable decrease in punished crime which is taking place there. Later in the same day, Mr. Thomas Balch of Philadelphia gave a sketch of the *Crédit Foncier* of France, a financial institution which has grown up there within forty years, and has proved of great service, not only to individual borrowers and investors, but to the whole country, in times of financial distress. The Philadelphia Building Associations, which have been thoroughly discussed at previous meetings, were not considered at Saratoga; nor the more general subject of Homes for the People. A short report on Cottage Gardens in the Neighborhood of Cities was read, and this topic, which belongs to the broader subject just named, was assigned for further consideration in the Department of Social Economy. The question of licensing prostitution, under what are known as the "Contagious Diseases Acts," which have led to such sharp controversies in the British Social Science Congress, did not come up at Saratoga, although some of our countrymen had been preparing themselves to discuss it, having had their attention recently called thereto by some missionaries from England, who stoutly oppose any such licensing of "the social evil," as it is euphonically termed. The Prevention of Crime by moral and educational instrumentalities was zealously discussed in a paper by Mr. George T. Angell of Boston during one of the evening sessions; and the intimate connection between Immigration and Crime was considered in the Conference of Charities.

In the last-named body, which remained in session but three days, six States were officially represented, —New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Illinois, and Wisconsin,—while Connecticut, New Jersey, and one or two other States were unofficially represented. The proceedings of the Conference were more fully reported than any other part of the Saratoga meetings, and these will be published soon at Albany by the Secretary of the Conference, Dr. C. S. Hoyt. A week or two after the Conference adjourned, a local convention of the same kind met at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where the county officials of that State, who have charge of the public poor, assembled to debate questions very similar to those considered at Saratoga. The papers and discussions at Lancaster were no less interesting than those on kindred subjects at Saratoga, and these also are soon to be published. The Pennsylvania Conference was the third of this kind that has been held this year,—the others having been convened in Michigan last April, and in New York last June. Their frequency shows how much more urgent than formerly have become the questions which concern the poor, and the good results which attend such conventions are everywhere perceptible.

The care of the poor is becoming more enlightened and systematic, and the States are learning of one another, and entering into cordial relations with one another upon a mutual good understanding. Quite lately, also (in September and October), an official of the English Poor-Law Board, now known as the "Local Government Board," has been visiting the United States to examine into the systems of relieving the poor in use here, with a view to improve the English method.

The next meeting of the American Social Science Association will be the annual one for the election of officers, and the reading of a few papers, at Boston on the 10th of January, 1877. But, in the meantime, a course of twelve lectures on subjects akin to those debated at Saratoga will be given to popular audiences at the Lowell Institute in Boston, from November 8th to December 16th, by David A. Wells, Professor B. Pierce, Francis A. Walker, Samuel Eliot, Henry Adams, Z. R. Brockway, W. R. Nichols, G. Bradford, F. B. Sanborn, Carroll D. Wright, and other students and professors of social science. It is the hope of the Association to make such courses of lectures annual, not only in Boston, but at the Cooper Institute in New York, the Washington University in St. Louis, and in other great cities. In the meantime, courses of instruction in social science are becoming established in our universities, and thus the work of enlightenment goes on at the two extremities of the line. The American Association, with its working center in Boston (5 Pemberton square), but with its membership gradually extending over the whole country, is able to concentrate upon any one question the researches and the interest of the scattered and often solitary thinkers who deal intelligently with social problems. The Saratoga Congress has called attention more pointedly than was ever done before to the kind of service which such an organization can render to the public, and to individual scholars, philanthropists, and practical men. It is a movable university, an impromptu parliament, a company of secular and volunteer apostles, who in this age of the world are capable of preaching and teaching much that the world should make haste to hear. Of course there go along with this work much crudeness, much that merely touches the surface of things, and something of vainglory and ostentation of science where philosophical ignorance is still the wise man's "best hold." But we have all earthly treasure in earthen vessels, and social science is no exception to the rule of Scripture.

Asa Gray's "Darwiniana."*

PROFESSOR GRAY has been an earnest and successful student of nature for more years than are usually allotted to the life of man. His botany has had numerous republications, and he is still at work improving his own views of the plant-world and embodying them in a condensed, workmanlike form

* *Darwiniana*. Essays and Reviews pertaining to Darwinism. By Asa Gray, Fisher Professor of Natural History (Botany) in Harvard University. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1876.

for the use of students. In one branch of natural history, therefore, he is a practical laborer; his mark has not been made by popular appeals to the general public, but more surely and slowly through the countenance and support of other teachers and scientific men. The explanation of nature which goes nowadays by the name of Darwinism is popularly associated with animals, and therefore the remarks of a professor of botany on the system of Darwin may seem to some out of place. The truth is, however, that Darwinism is almost as important a key to the vegetable as to the animal world, only in some respects animals furnish more obvious examples from which arguments may be drawn. Therefore it behooves a botanist to look into its merits just as sharply as if animals were the subject of his studies. Moreover, it is not without advantage to see what a scientific man who cultivates a field a little aside from the main issue has to say. He is apt to take more impartial views, because the new ideas, although not entirely foreign, do not clash directly with his cherished theories.

Professor Gray could not take a very decided stand in favor of Darwin at first, but it is evident, from the reviews reprinted from 1860, that even then he was assured of the result. His work was, by avoiding too much insistence and pointing out the absurdity of religious attacks, to introduce the wedge gently. This he could do, and can still do, with grace, for in his preface he avows himself, "philosophically, a convinced theist; and religiously, an acceptor of the 'creed commonly called the Nicene,' as the exponent of the Christian faith." Religion, he argues, is no more affected by the Darwinian theory than it was when Newton discovered the theory of gravitation. The attributes of God are rather enhanced than lessened by considering only one primary act of creation, out of which all other changes evolved from the power of the original impulse, instead of an indefinite number of new creations, or a continual patching up of the universe. He says (page 121):

"To reconcile these two undeniable principles is the capital problem in the philosophy of natural history" (Adaptation to Purpose, and Conditions of Existence, and Unity of Type). "We all know that the arm and hand of a monkey, the fore leg of a dog and a horse, the wing of a bat, and the fin of a porpoise, are fundamentally identical; that the long neck of the giraffe has the same, and no more, bones than the short one of the elephant; that the eggs of Surinam frogs hatch into tadpoles with as good tails for swimming as any of their kind, although, as tadpoles, they never enter the water; that embryos of mammals and birds have branchial slits and arteries running in loops, in imitation or reminiscence of the arrangement which is permanent in fishes; and that thousands of animals and plants have rudimentary organs which, at least in numerous cases, are wholly useless to their possessors, etc., etc. Upon a derivative theory" (Darwin's), "this morphological conformity is explained by community of descent; and it has not been explained in any other way."

We cannot follow Professor Gray into his intricate arguments on genera and species,—mere arbitrary arrangements which natural historians have made to facilitate a view of the living world, and which they have often fought for with all the pertinacity which belongs to matters of convention and taste. No two minds are apt to regard the fauna of a certain country as falling into the same grand divisions; when the view takes in the whole animated world there is plenty of room for differences. But it is part of Darwin's battle to convince people that the barriers between one species and another, and between one genus and another, are merely artificial, and rest on an imperfect knowledge of what inhabitants the earth has borne. But in 1860, Professor Gray actually considered Darwin's argument untenable, that we have not yet, but may still get at the missing link. To show that he is no blind acceptor of the new theory, but frankly gives the arguments which he conceives to be against it, we will quote from the article, "Darwin and his Reviewers" (page 169):

"Among the unanswerable,—perhaps the weightiest of the objections,—is that of the absence, in geological deposits, of vestiges of the intermediate forms which the theory requires to have existed. Here all that Mr. Darwin can do is to insist upon the extreme imperfection of the geological record, and the uncertainty of negative evidence."

But, on the other hand, he adds:

"As to this imperfection of the geological record, perhaps we should get a fair and intelligible illustration of it by imagining the existing animals and plants of New England, with all their remains and products since the arrival of the Mayflower, to be annihilated; and that, in the coming time, the geologists of a new colony, dropped by the New Zealand fleet on its way to explore the ruins of London, undertake, after fifty years of examination, to reconstruct in a catalogue the flora and fauna of our day,—that is, from the close of the glacial period to the present time. With all the advantages of a surface exploration, what a beggarly account it would be! How many of the land animals and plants which are enumerated in the Massachusetts official reports would it be likely to contain?"

Thus Professor Gray evidently leans toward allowing a possibility of the future discovery of many "missing links" in the chain of evolution, although he calls an objection to such negative argument unanswerable.

In 1863, the Professor reviews a book by Candolle on *Species of the Oak*, and drives the wedge a little further by giving the results of Candolle's profound study in a botanical field. On the one hand, it appears that the division of oaks into genera and species is an impossibility on any but conventional grounds; on the other, the geographical distribution of the family raises the question of common descent and modification by climatic causes. Continuing this important consideration in a quarter for which he is especially fitted, he gives us his address to the American Association at Dubuque in 1872, in which the history of the *Sequoia gigantea*, or "Big Trees

of Calaveras," is sketched. This is perhaps the happiest of all the essays here collected. The great size of these trees makes them interesting to every one, and their peculiar isolation from kindred plants invests them with importance in the eyes of botanists. Professor Gray has to go back into the geological deposits of the Tertiary to find the great family of which these huge trees are the relics, and, without insisting dogmatically, wishes to impress us with the probability that plants were not subject to sudden and complete destructions at various epochs, followed by new creations of a higher type, any more than animals were, but that the various laws at which Darwin is making guesses held good in the vegetable world as well.

"Let us hope," he says in closing his speech, "that the religious faith which survived without a shock the notion of the fixity of the earth itself may equally outlast the notion of the fixity of the species which inhabit it; that in the future, even more than in the past, faith in an *order*, which is the basis of science, will not—as it cannot reasonably—be disavowed from faith in an *ordainer*, which is the basis of religion."

The sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters are all reprints from reviews in the New York "Nation," and continue the line of defense in the same rational and religious direction. Much more interesting to general readers will be the reviews of Darwin's "Insectivorous Plants," and "Movements and Habits of Plants," from the same weekly newspaper, which give the gist of these two extraordinary books, together with not a little news of earlier observers of the same wonderful phenomena, both in Europe and the United States. The peculiar movements of tendrils in climbing plants are noticed, evidently with the purpose of calling attention to what looks like rational action even in plants. Here we see the wedge well driven in, for if we allow instinct to plants, animals must be credited with a fair share of reason, and so on. In other words, the barriers between the different members of the living and growing world get thinner and thinner the more they are examined.

In the middle of the last century, the bold mind of Diderot, who gathered up so many threads, and impressed so many men with his powerful modes of reasoning, did not recoil from a much more extreme view of the origin of species than that which Darwin presents. An author whom he cites appears to have had the evolutionary idea in his mind, but mixed up with a good deal of metaphysical stuff, to which the abused term mystical might even be applied. This is what Diderot says in "L'Interpretation de la Nature:"

"When one considers the animal kingdom, and perceives that among the quadrupeds there is not one which has not its functions and parts, particularly its internal organs, entirely similar to some other quadruped, could one not easily believe that there never was but one first animal a prototype of all the animals, certain of whose organs nature has merely lengthened, shortened, transformed, multiplied, or obliterated? Imagine the fingers of your

hand united together, and the stuff of which the nails are made so abundant that, after spreading and thickening, it covered and enveloped the whole extremity; instead of the hand of a man, you would have the hoof of a horse."

Diderot takes the above bold conjectures, which we are still talking about one hundred and twenty-five years later, from a Latin work by a Doctor of Erlangen, Baumann by name, who professes himself the most earnest of Christians.

It would seem, then, that the doctrine is not so very new, but rather that the world is becoming more liberal, allowing and assisting scientific men to pursue their way unimpeded. Professor Gray cannot aspire to the title of champion and advanced fighter for Darwinism, as Professor Haeckel in Germany may be termed. His way is a much quieter one; but it may not be for that reason any the less efficacious. Let us hope that he will soon give us whatever curious results his botanical investigations may lately have yielded.

"Helen's Babies."*

PERHAPS the best word to define this little novel is the adjective "happy." It is published as one of Loring's "Tales of the Day," and very happily does it come under that title. Moreover, it is said to be already a great success in point of selling, and that is not only a happy thing in itself, but is a pretty sure sign that the adjective is the right one; for the public likes, above all things else, to be amused. The taste for realism—for hearing about things just as they are, with little or no embroidery on the common events of daily life—has grown and is growing. Helen's babies are of the kind that fond mothers call "regular boys," after they have made themselves nuisances to all the adults within reach, and otherwise proved themselves beings of a low status of civilization—Ishmaelites in fact, with their hand against that of every man. The pranks of two such young savages, who have reached the nomadic stratum of development, form the amusing topic of the book. The speaker is their bachelor uncle, who has agreed to take care of them for a time, and who relates his experiences with an agreeable mixture of exasperation at their naughtiness and affection for their angelic qualities. These opposites are sufficiently contrasted to make the plot, in so far forth, available for the dramatic form, had the author thought to cast it in that shape; or, one may rather say, were the dramatic line a feasible one in the present state of the stage. The more angelic of the two boys, little Toddie, has a capital trait in his persistence in clamoring for whatever he has set his heart upon. The contrast between the seraphic look of this small imp and his openly expressed preference in the way of stories is an excellent hit:

"Tell us 'bout Bliaff," suggested Toddie.
"Oh no, Tod," remonstrated Budge; "Joseph's coat was just as bloody as Goliath's head was."

* *Helen's Babies*, with some account of their ways. By their Latest Victim. Loring, Publisher. Boston. Small 8vo, 206 pages: price 50 cents.

Then Budge turned to me and explained that "all Tod likes Goliath for is 'cause when his head was cut off it was all bloody."

And then Toddie—the airy sprite whom his mother described as being irresistibly drawn to whatever was beautiful—Toddie glared upon me as a butcher's apprentice might stare at a doomed lamb, and remarked:

"Bliaff's head was all bluggy, an' David's sword was all bluggy—bluggy as everyting."

This is the tone of the book: light and laughter-provoking. The language used throughout is the reverse of conventional: in fact there are one or two instances of bad grammar in the serious parts, such as the word "laying" for "lying." A moral has this tale also, namely, that a man can have no idea what the mothers in Israel have to suffer from the torments of lively children; and the apostrophe to women in which this moral is conveyed has, it must be confessed, good sentiment but very poor rhetoric. The love-making between the bachelor uncle and the inevitable Miss Mayton is also rather poor, notwithstanding that the general outlines of the young lady are cleverly drawn. But all apostrophes and love-makings are secondary to the children. These two are the central figures; all else is merely an accessory, and may therefore assume a lower degree of excellence with a good grace. It is a book which makes one laugh, and leaves a pleasant sensation after it; its tone is wholesome and refreshing. We cannot have too many such novels—if they will only supplant those of the lurid sensational variety with which the world is flooded.

French and German Books.

Sendschreiben an Herrn Professor Whitney, von Rudolf von Raumer. Frankfurt, 1876.—An open letter from one German savant to another is no unusual affair; but it is not often that one meets with such an address to an American. Professor Whitney, of Yale College, is the scholar who has received what may very well be termed the honor of a *Sendschreiben*. Not that such epistles are always complimentary to the one for whom they are destined, or comforting to his pride. Sometimes the open letter finds grievous fault with some unwary position he has assumed in print. But it may always be termed an honor that a philologist living in Europe, where the greatest part of the scientific achievements of the present time are taking place, should take so much notice of a scholar residing in remote America, where only a small fraction of the higher work of progress is being done. In this sense we may call Professor von Raumer's pamphlet an honor to Professor Whitney. Its tone is all that the most exacting could ask in point of courteousness, and therefore makes sharp contrast with the utterances of Professors Steinthal and Max Müller in regard to the Yale Sanskrit Professor. But not alone is its tone a reproof to their intemperate language, but its existence further demonstrates what these other two Professors have clamorously

denied, namely, that Mr. Whitney has any claims to recognition as a savant. The abuse heaped upon him by those two learned men was proof enough that his word was really of importance in philology, for otherwise they would never have taken notice of his criticisms; the *Sendschreiben* of Von Raumer only confirms the fact. Professor Whitney, it now appears, according to the testimony of both friend and enemy, is worthy of a hearing.

Von Raumer takes exception to certain passages in Whitney's "Life and Growth of Language," where the latter maintains that, for the present, nothing can be done to prove a former identity of the Indo-European with the Semitic family of languages. He calls attention to the so-called "weak" roots in Hebrew, as the point where the wall between the two families may be broken down, and gives a number of examples showing a possible connection between Semitic and Indo-European (sometimes called Aryan) words. He also traces a likeness between the methods of forming the different tenses in verbs, and deprecates the assumption that certain changes of vowel in Semitic words have great weight in deciding the knotty point to be attacked. Von Raumer is the author of "Gesammelte Sprachwissenschaftliche Schriften," Frankfurt, 1863; and "Untersuchungen über die Urverwandtschaft der semitischen und indoeuropäischen Sprachen."

Die Generale der Deutschen Armee, Zehn Jahre Deutscher Heeres Geschichte. 1864—1874. G. von Glasenapp.—This is a meritorious compilation which will supply patriotism with careful tables of the lives and deeds of her modern heroes. The work is issued in installments of ten loose sheets, large folio size, containing alternately a photograph of a general and a tabular record of his life, the orders he has received, the battles he has seen, etc. etc. Each page contains a lithographed *fac-simile* of a signature of some great man, beginning with *Unser Fritz*. Each *Lieferung* costs nine marks in Germany; the work might prove useful to those who need full details of German military men.

All' Aperto. Liriche di G. C. Molineri. New York: L. W. Schmidt, 24 Barclay street.—Italy is not wanting in modern poets, and this is one of the most modern. Signor Molineri addresses one poem to the Shah of Persia, writing from the stand-point of a radical and a republican; another is about the events of the year 1870, and still another on the burning of the city of Paris. There are dainty sonnets, with a slender thread of thought running through them, and somber subjects treated in a polished but freer style of versification; in both cases the beauty of the Italian language is such that it is difficult for a foreigner to criticise from an unbiased position. Yet it is evident that with much delicacy Molineri has nothing great to show in this prettily printed little volume, although occasionally excessive polish and simplicity produce the fine effect which repression and elaboration give. He is also unexpectedly direct in striking a meaning with apt phrases, and introduces modern words which

the general public would call far from poetical, in close connection with expressions concerning whose poetical qualities there is no question. Petroleum, for instance, has no very poetical associations to most people. But he also takes you into his confidence and speaks unreservedly of himself and his family, in what we would call a thoroughly foreign way, and Frenchmen would call a thoroughly Italian manner. One of the charms of foreigners is a certain lack of

consciousness, which shows itself in a thousand artless ways, and by no means indicates egotism. Americans and Englishmen, on the other hand, seem to be always thinking of themselves, and whether they are going to be ridiculous or not. One of Molineri's sonnets sets forth how he drops the *Vita Nuova*, and lets Dante, Beatrice, heaven and all go—when he happens to glance over at the cradle where lies his *bimba* or baby.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Novel Water-heater.

A GAS stove, designed to furnish hot water for domestic purposes, and constructed upon a novel plan, has been introduced. It consists of a fire-box and a kind of tubular boiler placed above it. The fire-box is intended to hold gas jets or lamps, and may be made of any convenient size, according to the supply of water to be heated. Above this fire-box is a cylinder of iron, containing a great number of fine copper tubes, 1 centimeter (3-16 inch) in diameter, and twisted in a spiral, the turns being about 4 millimeters apart. These tubes open into the top of the fire-box, and stand upright in the cylinder, and at the top they enter a flue communicating with the chimney. Above the tubes is a tank for the water that is to be heated. The bottom of this tank has a number of small holes, each about 1 millimeter in diameter, and opening into the cylinder containing the tubes. To use the heater, the gas is lighted, and the products of combustion escape up the tubes, and they become intensely heated. Cold water poured into the tank above them trickles down over the outside of the tubes, following the turns of the spiral in a thin film that becomes heated before it can reach the bottom. The falling water then collects at the base of the tubes, and may be drawn out at will. It will be seen that this device changes the usual form of tubular boiler, as the water merely runs down the outside of tubes, and the flame is within. The water is exposed to the heat in a film, and is quickly heated, while it is unconfined, and free from danger of explosion. In such a heater, 10 liters (40 gallons) of water were raised to 100° Fahrenheit in five minutes, and in a small heater, 1 liter of water was raised to 100° in sixty seconds.

New Uses for Refined Oils.

A NEW process in the reduction of ores employs petroleum or other oils in place of wood or other fuel in roasting, smelting, and calcining. In porous and friable ores, it is sufficient to saturate them with the oil. In more tenacious material, the minerals must first be crushed, and then intimately mixed with the oil. It is then intended to put the saturated

ones in a suitable furnace, and to fire the oil, and to depend upon the flame thus made to roast, calcine, or smelt the ores cheaply and quickly. This process, while it is adapted to all ores requiring such treatment, is specially applicable to cinnabar and sulphur ores. Another use for oils has been found in the preparation of lands that are used for the culture of tobacco. The practice has been to burn off the stumps in the old plantations by means of wood fires; but the use of oil is found to be more economical, and quite as effective. To cause the oil to penetrate deeply and burn the stumps and roots of old plants, and to destroy insects, the ground is first stirred deeply with a hoe, and then the oil is applied with a watering-pot at the rate of 4 liters (1 gallon) to 90 square meters (about 100 square yards). Set on fire, the oil will burn down into the soil as far as it has penetrated, and effectually destroy stalks, insects, and the seeds and roots of weeds, and leave the ash ready for the crop in the soil.

Steering with Reversed Screw.

PADDLE-STEAMERS in danger of collision, or on approaching a dock, may be controlled by the helm with comparative certainty, even if the engines are reversed to deaden the headway. With screw-steamers, the case seems to be very different, and serious accidents have resulted from a refusal of the ship to obey its rudder after the screw had been reversed. These accidents have led to a series of experiments to test the matter, and the reports that have been recently made concerning them seem to point to the fact that the reversal of the screw when under full headway reverses the action of the rudder on the ship, or renders it so capricious as to be dangerous. These experiments were made with three different steamers, two having right-handed screws, and one provided with a "Griffith" screw. In the first experiment, the reversal of the screw did not immediately reverse the action of the rudder, but greatly reduced it, and ultimately turned the ship 8° out of her course. In the second experiment, the ship (a large hopper barge) turned 30° from the direction she was headed when the reversal took place, and as she would have turned 60° in the

other direction under ordinary circumstances, the reversal of the screw turned her 90° out of the course she would have taken if steaming ahead. The ship fitted with the Griffith screw was put ahead at full speed, and then suddenly reversed, and the helm at the same time put to starboard, when she went to starboard till her headway was lost. Again, the same ship was steamed full speed ahead, and the helm was put to port, and shortly after the screw was reversed. The ship first turned to starboard, and then turned to port, till the way was lost. Here the first direction was plainly the previous effect of the putting the helm to port, and this was continued till the opposing influence of the reversal of the screw made itself felt. These experiments, with some others made with twin screws, are considered by experts as establishing the fact that the reversal of the screw first diminishes the action of the rudder, and then reverses it, or renders its action unreliable. While these experiments appear to establish a law in this matter, it is plain that each ship should be tried separately to discover its particular movements under these circumstances. Every ship exhibits individual vagaries in steering, and, as in ordinary practice the sailing-master allows for them, so he should try his ship under the reversal of the screw, and learn the exact sum of the opposing forces thus brought into action, and from this he can calculate the ship's course with certainty.

Flexible Shafting.

ALL branches of manufacture now employ machine tools in a greater or less degree. A machine tool differs from a tool for the hand both in size and power; the aim and construction of both may be nearly identical. An auger and a drill-press both make holes; one may be turned by the hand, the other demands power. This fact has led to the introduction of various appliances whereby power could be brought to the tool. Among the media employed for this purpose are gearing, belts and shafting; but all these imply that the tool shall be fixed in one spot, and that the work be brought to the tool. The hand tool may be taken to the work, and this is so great an advantage that efforts have been made to produce some kind of flexible shafting, or elastic method of transmitting power that would enable the operator to move the tool about within certain limits. Elastic rubber belting accomplishes this within the limits of its elasticity, and is employed for certain tools like horse brushes, etc. Another method, already described in this department, employs compressed air delivered through a flexible pipe. Under this head may be classed all pneumatic machine tools, the rock-drill, etc. Some of the smaller tools of this class use a cylinder without valves, and depend on the pulsation of alternately compressed and rarified air, as in the tailors' cloth-cutter, or use a rotary fan, and thus transform elastic pressure into motion as in the sheep-shearing machine. To dispense with these air-engines, and to transmit direct rotary motion without loss, a new form of shafting has been recently introduced that

is at once rigid against strains of torsion, and yet perfectly flexible. This shafting is of various sizes, from 7 to 35 millimeters ($\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ in.) in diameter and from 1 to 3 meters in length. It is made by twisting two iron wires together in a spiral, and then brazing the ends so that they cannot unwind. Over this, two more wires are wound in the opposite direction and securely fastened to them at both ends. In this way, layers of wire of constantly increasing diameter twisted in spirals in alternate directions, are placed one over the other till the required thickness is reached. The result is a solid wire cable that will not twist, and is perfectly pliable in every direction. Over this cable is drawn a sleeve to protect the hands, and to keep the shafting from friction when at work. Such a piece of wire shafting may be attached to other shafting in any convenient manner, and then may be used to convey rotary motion to any form of machine tool. For drilling, boring, polishing stone, cleaning castings, clipping horses, etc., this shafting gives the utmost freedom in moving the tools, and in employing them in any position, and at any angle that may be reached by a perfectly flexible wire rope. The shafting has already been employed with success in moving dental power instruments, and is now being introduced into more common branches of work.

Filtration of Liquids.

IN the purifying of water and other liquids used in industrial processes, two new kinds of apparatus have been introduced,—one being a mechanical separator, the other a hydrometric water purifier, so called. The mechanical filter consists of two cylindrical vessels placed one within the other. The outer and larger cylinder is fixed, and the interior vessel is pivoted so that it may turn freely about its longer axis. The larger vessel has two or three stop-cocks placed at various heights, and the inner vessel has a single escape through which the contents may be drawn out at the bottom. It is also provided with a series of longitudinal slits or openings into the outer vessel. In use, the liquid to be purified is poured into the inner vessel, and at the same time this is made to revolve rapidly. The water pervades both vessels; and in the centrifugal force set up by the inner vessel, the sediment is driven through the slits into the outer vessel; and when the process has been carried far enough, the inner vessel is brought to rest, when the suspended matter sinks in the outer vessel, and the clear water may be withdrawn from the inner vessel without disturbing the sediment. By the aid of the stop-cocks, the remaining water may be still further withdrawn in a more or less pure state, according to the level. The other apparatus is more complicated, and combines chemical and mechanical means in clearing the water. It consists of two iron vessels placed side by side, one smaller than the other, and designed to hold such chemical solutions as the particular liquid to be cleared may demand. The water to be filtered enters this under pressure through a pipe at the top, and follows it nearly to

the bottom, when it strikes a spring and causes it to vibrate, and thus agitate and stir up the chemical solution and mingle it thoroughly with the water. At the top of this vessel is a branch pipe leading to the larger filter that stands beside it. This has another branch pipe fitted like an injector, and having stop-cocks so arranged that the water may be taken directly into the large vessel, or indirectly through the smaller vessel. The smaller cylinder having been filled, a cock is turned and the stream of inflowing water is directed into the larger vessel, and as it passes it sets up an exhaust action that drags part of the water in the small vessel mingled with air after it into the larger filter. The air tends to agitate the water and to mingle the chemical solution still more thoroughly with it by the escape of the bubbles as the water fills the filter. In the larger vessel are a number of felt filters, through which the water soaks into a tank below, from which it is finally withdrawn both chemically and mechanically purified. Suitable escapes are also provided for removing the impure water and sediment. Such a filter may be used in either way, by direct filtering or by first applying chemical precipitants in a greater or less degree as may be desired; and an apparatus of moderate size is reported to give pure water steadily at a rate of 1000 liters (220 galls.) per hour.

Dairy Ventilation.

A NEW method of obtaining a uniform temperature and abundant fresh air in dairies is reported. The dairy is built of brick or stone, and is placed on the side of a hill and close to an ice-house, or near enough to it to bring the drip from the melting ice into an open tank on the floor of the dairy. To secure an even temperature, the building is sunk 2.13 meters (about 7 feet) in the ground, and the walls, doors, and windows are made air-tight. To ventilate the place, two pipes, lined with slate, are laid from the floor of the dairy, underground, in opposite directions. One extends about 30.50 meters (100 feet) uphill, and is then brought to the surface. The other pipe extends an equal distance downhill, in the opposite direction, and is then brought to the surface. The open ends of these pipes are protected by wooden wings from the influence of the wind, otherwise, they are entirely open at all times. In the summer, when the temperature of the atmosphere is higher than the ground, the air in the upper pipe being cool, settles down into the dairy, passes through it and escapes by the lower pipe. The tank of ice-water serves to lower the temperature to about 50° Fahr., and the temperature of the air in the sunken pipes is about 60° Fahr., so that the dairy is kept sweet and cool by constant supplies of fresh air at a comparatively low temperature. In winter, the ground being warmer than the atmosphere, a reverse current is maintained through the pipes. The warm air in the upper pipe rises and escapes, and draws fresh supplies of air into the dairy through the lower pipe. This, in its

turn, raises the temperature of the inflowing air, and prevents the entrance of freezing draughts. This device is said to work well in practice, and to keep the dairy well ventilated, and at very nearly the same temperature at all seasons.

Memoranda.

In the manufacture of gas, two new processes are reported,—one employing coal, and the other spent tan, a by-product of tanneries. In the first, small coal is placed in a cylindro-conical retort, and treated directly with superheated steam. The heat of the steam serves to release the volatile parts of the coal, and its pressure serves to drive the resulting gases over into the gas-holder. Here the condensation of the steam precipitates the injurious soluble gases, and renders the fixed gas sufficiently clean to be fit for use after one washing in water. The spent tan process employs the common retort used in gas-works, and is chiefly interesting on account of the new products resulting from the distillation and the employment of a by-product hitherto considered valueless. For making a gas for heating purposes, no particular efforts are needed in carbonizing the tan or in purifying the resulting gases, except to wash them in water. For an illuminating gas, the smoke and steam are first driven off by a slight change in the mode of roasting, and the gas is carefully purified. Besides the gas, other products are secured. A good tar is obtained, and mixed with it, an essential oil suitable for lubricating. The carbonized tan may also be used as a charcoal for burning, making gunpowder, or may be floured for making an impalpable black.

To correct the hardness of the water obtained from the artesian wells at Woolwich and render it fit for use without the trouble of boiling, a concentrated solution of lime is added to the water till the bicarbonate of lime is thrown down and the water softened. The solution also has the advantage of precipitating organic matters if they happen to be dissolved in the water.

For the protection of soft-brick walls against moisture, it is recommended to make a paint by dissolving about 250 grams ($\frac{3}{4}$ lb.) of mottled soap in 4 liters (1 gallon) of boiling water, and to apply the solution while hot with a soft flat brush. When this coat is dry, it may be covered in the same manner with a solution made by dissolving 100 grams ($\frac{1}{4}$ lb.) of alum in 8 liters of water. The alum and soap are designed to decompose each other, and thus to form an insoluble varnish that will resist rain.

In place of the ordinary coat of plaster applied to interior walls, a fabric composed of woody fiber, and resembling coarse bagging, is proposed. This is to be nailed to the wall, and then to be covered with a thin coat of cement composed of lime, sand and plaster. When dry, this is covered with the usual hard finishing coat as in the common process.

BRIC-À-BRAC.



DELICACY.

CONSIDERATE PARTY.—“Dear me! there's Ludovic, with the toothache. Poor fellow, how he must suffer! I'll pretend not to see him, for he might be embarrassed.”

Her Treasures.

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE.

I KEEP them in the old, old box
That Willie gave me years ago,
The time we parted on the rocks;
His ship lay swinging to and fro,
At waiting in the lower bay.
I thought my heart would break, that day!

The picture with the pensive eyes
Is Willie's? No, dear, that's young Blake,
Who took the West Point highest prize:
He went half crazy for my sake.
Here are a lot of rhymes he wrote,
And here's a button off his coat.

Is this his ring? My dearest May,
I never took a ring from him!
This was a gift from Howard Clay.
Just see, the pearls are getting dim.
They say that pearls are tears,—what stuff!
The setting looks a little rough.

He was as handsome as a prince—
And jealous! But he went to Rome
Last fall. He's never written since.
I used to visit at his home,—
A lovely place beyond Fort Lee:
His mother thought the world of me!

Oh no! I sent *his* letters back.
These came to me from Washington.

But look, what a tremendous pack!
He always wrote me three for one.
I know I used to treat him ill,—
Poor Jack,—he fell at Chancellorsville.

The vignettes—all that lot—are scalps
I took in London, Naples, Nice,
At Paris, and among the Alps:
Those foreign lovers 'act like geese.
But, dear, they *are* such handsome men.
We go to France, next year, again!

This is the doctor's signet ring.
—These faded flowers? Oh, let me see:
Why, what a very curious thing!
Who could have sent these flowers to me?
Ah! now I have it,—Count de Twirl:
He married that fat Crosbie girl.

His hair was red.—You need not look
So sadly at that raven tress.
You know the head that lock forsook;
You know,—but you could never guess!
Nor would I tell you for the world
About whose brow that ringlet curled.

Why won't I tell? Well, partly, child,
Because you like the man yourself;
But most, because—don't get so wild!
I have not laid him on the shelf,—
He's not a bygone. In a year,
I'll tell you all about *him*, dear.

The Mississippi Witness.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

YOAII HONAH, AN' DE JURY: Ef you'll listen, now,
to me,
I's gwine to straighten up dis case jes like it
ought to be:
Dis heah's a case ob stealin' hogs—a mighty se-
r'ous 'fense—
An' you'll know all about it, when I gibs my
ebbydence.

Dis Peter Jones, de plainter, is a member ob de
chu'ch,
But Thomas Green, de fender, goodness knows
he's nuffin much—
A lazy, triflin' nigger is dat berry Thomas Green—
Dese is de dif'rent parties you is called to judge
atween.

Now, gib me stric' contention while I 'lucidates
de fac':
Dere's two whole sides to eberyting—de front one
an' de back—
What's dat de little lawyer say? To talk about
de case?
Dat's jes what I wuz comin' to; you makes me
lose de place.

Whar wuz I? Oh! I 'members; I wuz jes about
to say,
I heered a disputation 'bout a p'int of law, to-
day—

'Bout how to turn State's ebbydence—dat's what
dey's dribin at—
Now aint it strange some niggers is so ignorant
as dat?

Why, when you wants to turn it, you jes has to
come to town,
An' fin' de Deestric Turner—he'll be somewhar
loafin' 'roun'—

An' den sez you—"Mahs Turner, sah, I zires
my compliments;
I's come in town to see you, for to turn State's
ebbydence."

As soon's you tells him dat, he knows perzackly
what you mean,
An' takes you to his office, whar he's got a big
mersheen,
An' dar you cotches hol' de crank, an' den you
turns away,
Untell at las' dar's somefin clicks, an' den you's
come to A.

"Is dat de letter ob de thing de feller done?"
says he—
Ef you says no, you turns ag'in untell you comes
to B;
An' so you keeps a-turnin', tell de right one gits
aroun',
An' dar de Deestric Turner looks, an' dar de
law is foun'.

An' den you gibs de fac's, an' den he reads de
law to you,
An' axes you to 'vise him what you think he
ought to do;
An' den he say "good-mornin'," an' he gibs you
fifty cents,
An' dat's de way you has to do to turn State's
ebbydence.

Well, gemmen ob de jury, dis heah case is under-
stood,
I doesn't *know* de hog wuz stole, but Peter's word
is good—
He up an' sesso manfully, dout makin' any bones;
An' darfore, sahs, ef I wuz you, I think I'd 'cide
for Jones.



THE REVIVAL OF BUSINESS.



THE PICKED NINE AT PRACTICE! A CASE OF FOUL.

What Does it Matter?

A SONG OF DOLE.

BY A FRE-RAPHAELITE POET.

WHAT does it matter? Life fleeteth fast,
A flight of bubbles, an empty show;
The moment that was is now the past,
Gone forever and—let it go!

We are a part of nature's plan,
Evolved from the depths of the dusky ages;
What was once a monkey is now a man,
And flowers are made from the dust of sages.

Why should we look with arrogant scorn,
And a pitying smile at lesser things?
Where was the mortal ever was born
Could muster a pair of working wings?

Show me a man with the scent of a dog!
Show me a man with the eagle's eye!
Or one with the clean-cut limbs of a frog,
To leap with one bound from the earth to the sky!

What does it matter? Life fleeteth fast,
A flight of bubbles, an empty show;
The moment that was is now the past,
Gone forever and—let her go!

Late News.

BY PARMENAS MIX.

IN the sanctum I was sitting,
Engaged in thought befitting
A gentleman of letters—dunning letters, by the way—

When a seedy sort of fellow,
Middle-aged and rather mellow,
Ambled in and questioned loudly, "Well, sir,
what's the news to-day?"

Then I smiled on him serenely—
On the stranger dressed so meanly—
And I told him that the Dutch had taken Hol-
land, sure as fate;
And that the troops in Flanders,
Both privates and commanders,
Had been dealing very freely in profanity of late.

Then the stranger, quite demurely,
Said, "That's interesting, surely;
Your facilities for getting news are excellent, that's
clear;

Though excuse me, sir, for stating
That the facts you've been narrating
Are much fresher than the average of items gath-
ered here!"

It was "*Pennsylvania Day*" at the Exhibition, and she was in a rolling chair near the Russian department. Looking down the aisle, she saw a large crowd around the malachite and rhodonite slabs, which have exchanged stares with so many thousands of visitors.

"Push me up there," she said.

The attendant picked his way carefully, but could not get near enough for her to see what was attracting so much attention.

"Can't you get me up closer?" she said, sharply.

"Impossible, lady," he replied.

"But you *must*," she insisted with great emphasis.

"I'm TAKIN' NOTES!" settling back with an air of having given the pass-word.

So the attendant, by dint of crowding this one, and looking appealingly at that one, after much twisting and backing and side-tracking, succeeded in pushing the chair alongside the largest specimens. The occupant gave one sweeping glance at the array and wrote:

"*Rooshy—some green and red things.*"

"Now go on to Germany!" she said.

Perhaps you were in the Castellani rooms that day when, after a careful study of the "*Personal Ornaments*," in routine and by catalogue, delighted with the simple beauty of the Etruscan art, we heard, with some exasperation, this disappointed comment of an old farmer, who looked hurriedly in at the door toward one of the cases—"Trinkets! trinkets! trinkets! trinkets!" like the ticking of an old-time clock.



TURKEY, *counting fingers*.—"Three and three are six, and three to carry—that makes just nine days to Thanksgiving. How much longer must I be an exile!

It is not difficult to tell whom Bayard Taylor "echoes" in the following galloping lines:

Far on the hot Apache plain
I cinched the girth and I buckled the rein.
The glorious girl behind me sang,
But I sprang to the saddle without a pang,
And gave the spur to my wild mustang;
And a coil of the loose riata's fold
Over his flanks like a serpent rolled,
As his hoofs went forward, and forward, and on,
Till the plain, and the hills, and the girl, were gone,
The forests of cactus stabbed and stung,
The sun bent down on my skinless tongue,
The dust was thick in my simmering mouth,
And a whirlwind of flame came out of the South,
From the dry bananas, whose fiery hair
Singed the monkeys and parroquets there.
I crashed through the flame, I dashed o'er the sand,
Bearing my songs in my red right hand,
Bearing the songs of the Western land,
Tender and glowing, and fierce and grand.
Take them and read them, and yield me the crown
Which the old Sierras on me cast down
From peaks untrodden, of gorgeous glare,
Cast down upon me and bade me wear!
And whoso denies it, he shall be
Struck, and despised, and spit on, by me,
As a loathsome snake, as a venomous thing,
Fit but to swelter and crawl and sting,
And build his cell in the rotten, rank
Recess of a noisome toad-stool bank,
While I, like a hawk in the splendid sky,
Scream revenge as I wheel on high,
And the sound of my screaming shall never die!

The Unopened Letter.

BENEATH the arches, high and wide
Of an upspringing forest dome
Walks Rosalind, the village pride,
With tardy footsteps, home.

A letter in her slender hand
She turns and views; but still remains
The seal unbroken, still unscanned,
The message it contains.

It is her own; upon its face
Her name is writ in tracings fair.
Then wherefore that uncertain grace,
That hesitating air?

Mayhap, sweet maid, some aged friend
His store of wisdom strives to bring,
To guide you to your journey's end
By his sage counseling.

Perchance a blithe associate,
Full wise in girlish mysteries,
Has sent you news of love or hate,
Of faith or feud that is.

Or, rather,—is it not?—the wight
Whom, secretly, you scarce despise,
Has gathered courage from the light
Of your own starry eyes.

And now his pen seeks to express
The words his lips denied to call—
But hold—no further need I guess!
Your blush betrays it all.

But, still uncertain, on she strode,
Her letter turning left and right,
Till, by the curving of the road,
Her form was hid from sight.

Ah, well! for all of us there are
Some fleeting moments here below,
When what we long for, near or far,
We haste and halt to know!

And, though our after years seem bright,
Full oft we live that sweet time o'er,
Nor find fruition such delight
As longing was before!

ANDREW B. SAXTON.

